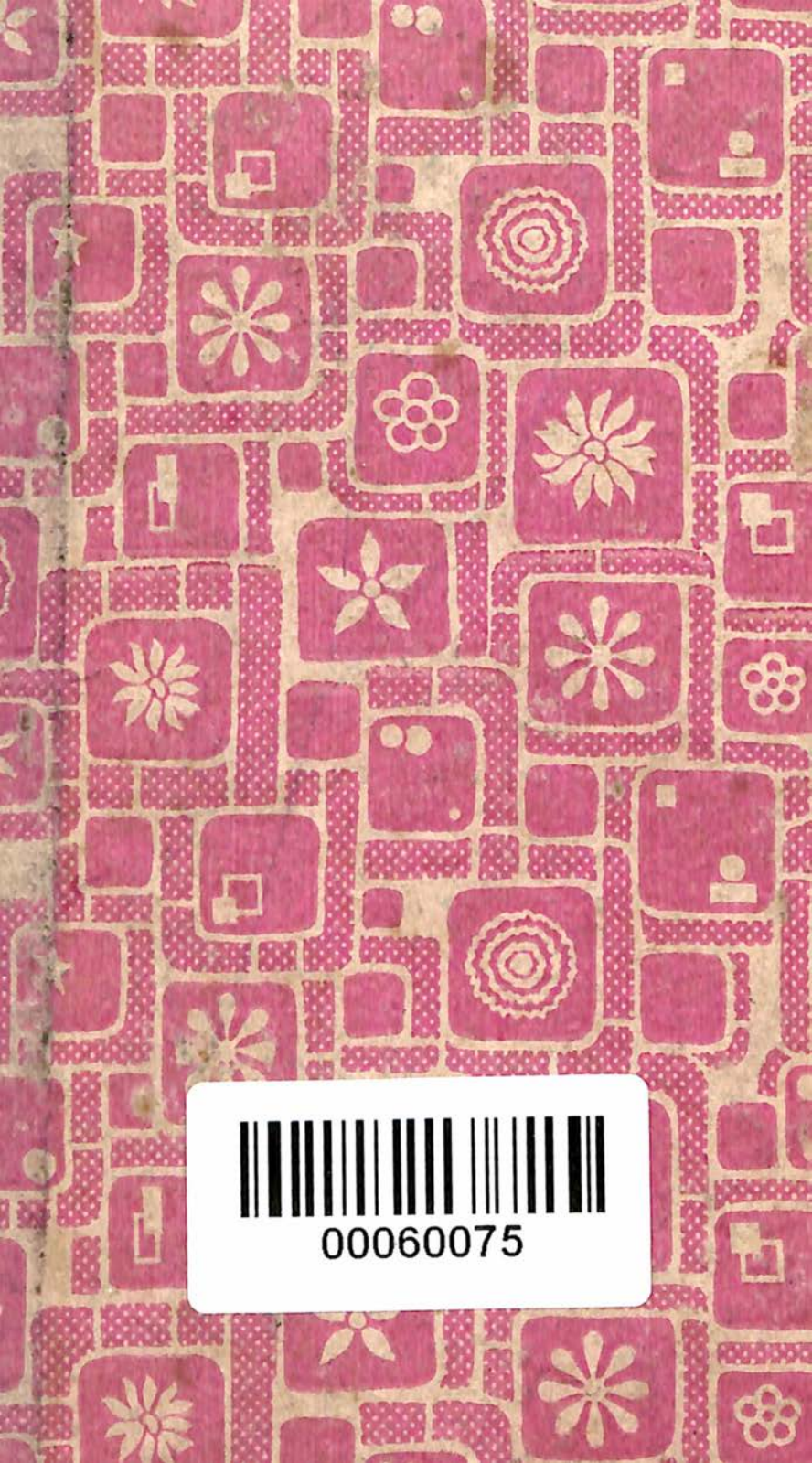
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TANGIER, FROM THE SANDS.

Frontispiece.

A WINTER IN MOROCCO.

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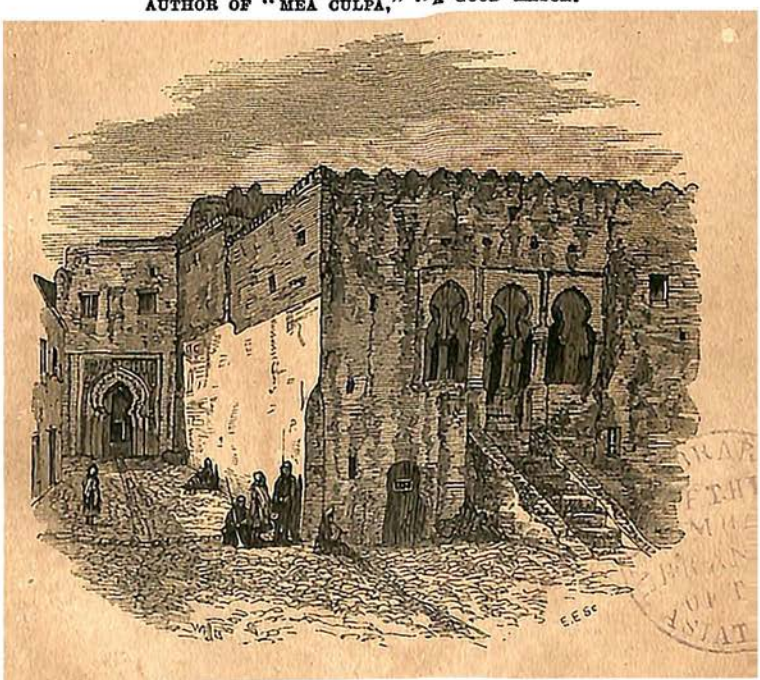
BY

AMELIA PERRIER,

AUTHOR OF "MEA CULPA," "A GOOD MATCH."



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A WINTER IN MOROCCO.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

When first my attention was attracted to Tangier, by circumstances which afterwards rendered it necessary for me to undertake the journey to, and reside for some length of time in, that town, my knowledge of its geographical and historical position was limited to the facts, that it was somewhere in the north of Africa, and that it had once belonged to England, having been received as a portion of the marriage dowry of Catherine of Braganza, wife of Charles II.

Such deplorable ignorance as this, is not, I am aware, universal, neither, I should hope, is it very, very common. That it is not very uncommon, however, I became painfully aware when I was about to commence my journey, by the queries and comments of many of my valued friends and acquaintances on the subject.

"Tangier is in Algeria, isn't it?"

"Tangier! Oh, that's where the Tangerine oranges come from."

"How do you get there? Go to Tunis first, I suppose?"

"Going to Morocco? Morocco belongs to Spain, does it not?"

"Doesn't Tangier belong to England? We conquered it once, didn't we?"

"Tangier! How nice! That's near Mount Atlas, you can climb up some day!"

By this it will be seen that I was not at all more ignorant than many of my friends. And I may add that my friends are not at all more ignorant than other people's friends.

For the ignorant, then, I write this chapter. Any one who feels, on reading the title-page of the book, that he already knows "all about," Morocco in general and Tangier in particular, may as well skip this chapter; or rather, under those circumstances, he may as well skip the book altogether, as he will find nothing in it that he is not already acquainted with. I have candidly confessed that I knew nothing about the country or the people when I went there. Everything I saw was novel and interesting to me. And it is for that section of the reading public whose minds may be in the same blank condition on the subject that mine was, that I have written down my experiences in Morocco, and described, as well as I could, all that I saw and heard there; in the hope that, even thus at second hand, it may afford some amusement, and perhaps a little instruction, to them also, as it did to me.

Morocco is an independent empire situated on part

of the north and north-west coast of that portion of Africa, known as Barbary. It was formerly divided into four kingdoms—Fez, Morocco, Suz, and Talifat; later on into two, viz., Fez and Morocco. All are now united into the one empire of Morocco, subject to the rule of the sultan, Sidi*-Mohammed-ben-Abderahman. Tangier is the principal seaport town of the northern portion of the empire, that which was formerly the kingdom of Fez, of which the city of Fez was and is the capital. Morocco was the capital of the kingdom of Morocco, and now shares alternately with Fez the honour of being the residence of the sultan; Mogador being the chief seaport.

The population of Morocco is a mixed one. There are the Berbers, a race of wandering shepherds the descendants of the ancient Libyans, who are supposed to have been the primitive inhabitants of the country, before the Phœnician colonization, B.C. 900 years. These, besides differing in their dress, are easily distinguished in their appearance from the Moors, who chiefly inhabit the cities. There are the wandering Arabs of the plains; the Jews, who also confine themselves entirely to the cities; Negroes, and, in most of the coast towns, small colonies of Spaniards. The Moors are the most nu-

* Sultans or princes of other names than "Mohammed" use the higher title "Muley" as a prefix instead of "Sidi." But as the Prophet was never addressed by any title but "Sidi," the Moors think that it would be impious to apply the higher title to any one bearing his name, even to the Sultan himself.

merous, and of course the dominant race, and use their power cruelly, towards at least one portion of their subordinate fellow-country men, viz., the Jews. The Negroes are all either slaves or released slaves, or the descendants of released slaves. But these latter, though free, seldom attain to wealth, or any position above that of menial labour.

For any one anxious for further information with regard to the history of Morocco and its former and present inhabitants, I can only say that there have been several excellent works written on the subject which are easily procurable. The above will suffice, I think, for the present purpose.

I will only add that Tangerine oranges don't come from Tangier, but principally from Tarifa in Spain. They are very scarce in Tangier, and the few that do grow there, the people wisely keep for themselves.

Also, the best way to get to Tangier is by the Peninsular and Oriental mail steamer from Southampton to Gibraltar. That is the quickest. But there are excellent lines of steam-packets from both London and Liverpool, notably Hall's from the former, which though taking two or three days longer on the voyage, possess the double advantage of being cheaper, and affording an opportunity of spending a day in Lisbon on the way. Tangier, in fine weather, is but about three hours' steam or sail from Gibraltar. In bad weather it is better not to go at all—if one can help it.

CHAPTER I.

P. & O. S. S.

I COMMENCED my journey on a cold foggy winter morning. Every one knows what it is to get up and breakfast, in winter and in London, three hours before the rest of the family have begun to awake. A sleepy servant, that you feel yourself a wretch to have called out of her warm bed; a gasping fire that is trying to go out; one gas jet illuminating the darkness of a big dining-room; weak tea, a drop of milk saved from the night before, blotchy toast, spotty bacon, etc., etc.

The first excitement of my journey was produced by the non-appearance of the cab which I had fondly supposed to have been ordered the night before by the boy-of-all-work of the establishment. I sent the sleepy servant out to look for one, but she returned unsuccessful. I then issued forth on the quest myself, and after wandering some time in the fog, round streets and squares that all looked alike in the grey pall in which they were enveloped, I found one. It was drawn by the lamest night-cab horse I have ever seen, but I was fain to take it. It required some persuasions, however, to induce the driver to take me; but moved either by compassion, or the baser feeling of the hope of gain, he at length consented; I got in, and

we drove to the house. Day was then just beginning to glimmer, and by its light my boxes were dragged out and flung on the top of the cab with all speed, my smaller baggage tossed inside, and I set off.

The lame horse had more "go" in him than I thought, and my watch was a little fast, and in consequence I did not miss the train, as I had feared I should have done. There was a considerable disparity between the number of passengers going by the train, and the number of seats to accommodate them in it, and the competition was in consequence sharp. An elderly gentleman wanted to appropriate mine, and with it my black leather bag which I had had put in the netting above, and my roll of rugs and umbrella, which I had placed on the seat to mark it as mine while getting my ticket. He protested that all were his. I was obliged to summon the guard, who succeeded in convincing him that his black bag, rugs, and umbrella, were occupying exactly similar positions three carriages off. His apologies were profuse; he even insisted on taking me to his carriage, and showing me how precisely similar in appearance his property was to mine, which I readily admitted to be the case; though I was quite willing to have taken it for granted without personal inspection, knowing the strong family likeness between all black leather bags, and most rugs and umbrellas.

The weather was clear and bright and warm, for the season, at Southampton, though there was a stiff

breeze blowing. This latter was the remains of a fearful gale of the night before, and prognosticated a tolerably ruffled condition of the ocean, and all the unpleasing sensations accompanying it, to bad sailors.

There were a great number of people on board the *Niger;* and having nothing else to do, I occupied myself for some time with speculations as to which of these were to be my fellow-passengers, and which were only come to see friends off. There were evidently a great number of the latter.

At twenty minutes to two o'clock the mail train from London arrived. A few passengers for the *Niger* had come by it also, and the frantic exertions of some of these, who had a large quantity of baggage, to get it and themselves on board in time, afforded a pleasurable feeling of self-gratulation to those among us who had taken time by the forelock, and in obedience to the published injunctions of the P. & O. S. S. C. had come down by the earlier trains. The railway vans containing the mail bags were run alongside the steamer, and it supplied another little amusement to watch these being brought on board and tumbled down into the hold, a service which was performed with marvellous celerity and regularity of arrangement. We were taking the Australian and New Zealand mails, which, of course, gave an enormous addition in quantity. Before this was quite concluded, whistles began to sound, signals to shore-folks to quit the ship. I then found

that more than half the people who had crowded the deck belonged to this category. It took a good deal of whistling to get the farewells over and all ashore; but at last it was done, and then the anchor was weighed, and we were off.

Of the earlier part of the voyage I have nothing to relate. On that first day we were in comparatively smooth water until dinner was served. I descended with the rest, and made a noble effort to partake of the meal. A slight motion commenced towards the end of the soup. It increased with the *entrées;* but on the appearance of the legs of mutton and sirloins of beef, the *Niger* gave a roll that sent all the weaker vessels on board flying to their cabins, from which we only emerged one by one, at prolonged intervals, during the five following days that the voyage lasted. It would be needless cruelty to describe my sufferings during this period. It could serve no purpose but to remind some of my fellow-creatures of similar seasons of misery they have themselves undergone, and which they would doubtless prefer to let sink into oblivion.

By the fifth day I was sufficiently recovered to go on deck and mingle with the well people. There are always on board steamers a number of dreadfully stout strong people who never get sick; and who eat, drink, laugh, and talk, as if no such misery as that by which they are surrounded were in existence. We had several of these on board, particularly a number of horribly

hearty Australians, who had made the voyage several times, and frequently by long sea. They tried to look and speak commiseratingly to the wretched shadows of their fellow-passengers as they appeared among them; but it was evident that the feeling was not genuine. I am afraid that very few people who are not sea-sick, ever do feel the amount of compassion they ought, for those who are. Sea-sickness, like toothache, must be known to be appreciated. Those who have experienced them will acknowledge that they are two of the most distressing forms of suffering with which humanity can be afflicted.

On the sixth day, almost every one was up and about. On this day we began to indulge in playing "Bull," and other games on the deck. I can't say they were any of them of a very enlivening nature. Still they made us move about a little, and kept us warm: a good thing, as the weather was bitterly cold. One good point about them was that they did not require any great exertion of the intellect, or any particular dexterity, to take part in them; had they done so I fear they would not have suited all that joined in them. To people of a Gradgrind turn of mind it may indeed appear rather shocking that four rational human beings should spend two of the precious hours of their fleeting existence, in an endeavour to throw rope rings into buckets, placed at a certain distance, the only object in view to each being to get fifty rings in before any

of the others. This amusement—in which I must confess I made one of the four—did however serve one good purpose: it gave a transitory gleam of pleasure to the existence of the miserable and incarcerated fowls outside whose prison bars we played. These birds appeared to take the most extraordinary interest in the game. At every throw they stretched their necks through the bars, and clucked and crowed in high excitement. One old white hen in particular, who was in a top coop, let her feelings of interest so carry her away that she nearly strangled herself in her efforts to see well, and I thought she would have choked in her exultation whenever a ring fell into the bucket nearest to her. It was agreeable to me to reflect that I was to leave the steamer next morning, if for no other reason, that I should thus escape any chance of eating a bit of that lively but dilapidated old fowl. Her exceeding vivacity, combined with her extreme age, strongly reminded me of Mrs. Skewton.

About eight o'clock that evening we anchored in the bay of Gibraltar. The rain fell in torrents, but almost every one went on deck to gaze at the famous rock towering up above us to the sky; nothing being visible through the shadows of the night, save its great dark outline, and the twinkling lights of the town clustering around its base. Every one now—who had never been there before,—began to call Gibraltar "Gib," particularly the knowing old men of seventeen

or thereabouts, who drank brandy and soda-water, and ate devilled bones for breakfast. In the morning we were up early to stare at the rock again, but were considerably disappointed to find it enveloped in a dreary cloud of mist, which hung about it, almost completely hiding it from view. The clouds too quite overhung the Spanish mountains opposite; and the little town of Algeçiras at the other side of the bay, directly facing Gibraltar, was only visible now and then, when the sun, which was vainly struggling to assert his rightful ascendency in the skies of this part of the world, occasionally broke through the dense fog that interposed itself between him and the earth.

CHAPTER II.

GIBRALTAR.

We landed immediately after breakfast. As the steamer had to coal, she went right alongside the New Mole, so we could walk on shore, and were saved the trouble of boats. A band of what appeared to my unsophisticated mind to be brigands disguised as porters, rushed on board and seized on the luggage. I selected the least ruffianly-looking of these freebooters to carry my possessions from the steamer. He, however, on this instantly retained under him quite the two most villanous-looking of the band; when, each having seized one of my boxes (I had three), and divided the small articles among them, they rushed on shore and away out of sight. I followed as fast as I could go, feeling terrible doubts as to whether my property was not being carried off to some hidden fastnesses, there to become the booty of the brigand porters. But my fears proved unfounded, for having pursued the ruffians to their lair, I found it was only a car-stand; where, however, my boxes had already been taken possession of by another ruffian, a car-driver, who was piling them up hastily in his vehicle. I instantly followed my property into the car,—which was like a tea-caddy with the top off,—and sat down among it, having some sus-

picion of a confederacy between the porters and the driver; the part of the latter being possibly to drive off with the booty to the den, in which case I was resolved to go too and defend it with my life. However I was wrong again; for, the luggage being in, the driver showed no disposition at all to drive away, and I perceived that the confederacy, if it did exist, was for another object. I had paid the least objectionable-looking of the crew, he whom I had first selected, the sum which I had been informed was sufficient for the service. Now I found that the second and third ruffians, whom he had retained under him, claimed each severally a like amount on his own behalf; and that the fourth ruffian, the car-driver, purposed detaining me there until I had paid it. Knowing no Spanish I was unable to express in words my indignation at these demands, and my determination to resist them; so I was obliged to have recourse to pantomime, which, however, proved equally effective. I first pointed with my umbrella at the coins in the open outstretched palm of ruffian number one, and then pointed at ruffians number two and three, to signify that they were to be paid out of the sum I had bestowed on their leader. They, with many gesticulations, and much that I have no doubt was forcible but was to me incomprehensible language, expressed their abhorrence of this arrangement, and their resolve not to agree to it. At that I laughed to show my astonishment at

their audacity, frowned to express my resentment at it, shook my head determinately to show its inutility; shut my purse, put my purse into my bag, shut my bag, opened my umbrella, held my umbrella down over my head, and said to ruffian number four—the driver—in simple English, that I doubted not from previous experiences of the same kind he well understood,—"Drive on."

This course of conduct proved satisfactory to me. The first three ruffians began to clamour more loudly, and gesticulate more violently, and the fourth hesitated, but I said, "Yes; drive on," again from under the umbrella, and more decisively, and then the villain felt compelled to obey, and he drove off under a torrent of bad language shouted after us by his baffled and frenzied *confrères*. At least I am sure that the language these persons made use of was bad; for though I had never travelled before in foreign lands, my knowledge from home experiences of that portion of humanity which carries luggage for the rest of humanity, led me inevitably to the conclusion that, under the above circumstances, bad language is the certain conclusion to such negociations.

We had a drive of nearly a quarter of an hour to the town. The horse was a most wretched animal, but the driver used his whip to such effect, that the brute darted off at a pace that sent all my luggage tumbling about in the vehicle, and rendered it a matter of no small

difficulty for me to keep my place in it myself. One box was outside under the driver's feet, but the other I was fain to secure by jamming my back against it. The smaller baggage I had to hold, that on the seat with my hands, and those in the bottom of the vehicle with my feet. Thus attitudinized, however, and as the horse continued to progress in a series of rushes and jumps, as the driver lashed him with his whip, and insulted him with abusive epithets, my position was anything but a dignified or comfortable one, so that I was very glad when we arrived at the hotel at which I intended to stay if detained in Gibraltar. This experience convinced me that a tea-caddy with the top off is anything but a safe or comfortable vehicle to travel in.

I soon ascertained to my regret that I must stay in Gibraltar for a day or two, possibly for much longer. No steamers had crossed between Gibraltar and Tangier for four days, owing to the bad weather. A steamer was to go over next day if the weather were better, but it was expected to become worse. These circumstances, though annoying to me, appeared to afford considerable comfort to a small, fat, yellow, black-eyed, hooky-nosed man, evidently attached to the hotel in some official capacity, whom I supposed to be the landlord, and who had received me when I came with a manner that combined the deference of a slave to a potentate, and the delight of a father over a long-lost child. This individual instantly assumed the entire responsibility

of taking charge of me, adding to the strange combination of behaviour which he had already exhibited towards me, a dash of the keeper looking after a dangerous lunatic. He escorted me to my bedroom. So did the oldest individual, acting in the capacity of chambermaid, I had ever seen; a waiter came also, and several other people. They all talked a great deal, very loudly and very fast, in broken English and mangled Spanish, to me and to each other. I was somewhat puzzled to know what it was all about, but after a time I concluded it was about nothing. Having arrived at this determination, I thought it better to dismiss the assembly. As the main object and desire of all was evidently to do something for me, to effect my purpose and gain a few moments' solitude I sent the waiter to see after lunch, and the chambermaid to fetch some hot water, and I satisfied my self-constituted guardian by giving him some letters, written on board the *Niger*, to post. Seeing I was without a waiting-maid I think that he contemplated remaining in my room to perform the duties attached to that office. The mob, which was chiefly composed of men who had brought up my luggage, and who wanted to be paid, I unceremoniously dismissed, having settled previously the claims of those who had any to make. Marie returned with the hot water, and I found it somewhat difficult to get rid of her again. She wanted so much to do something, anything, else for me. I felt half inclined to gratify

her, and request that, "an she loved me," she would take a Turkish bath within half an hour, and abstain from eating garlic while I tarried beneath that roof. But, notwithstanding her protestations of regard, I scarcely thought her devotion would bear such a strain upon it as this, so I only begged once more for solitude, promising to again avail myself of her services at some future period.

I descended presently to the *salle à manger*, in search of the lunch I had ordered, and which I found ready for me on a little table at the further end of the apartment, the whole of the rest of the room being occupied by a long table, which the waiter was engaged in laying, apparently for a considerable number of people. He relinquished this employment to wait upon me, when a few questions which I put to him, revealed the, to me, somewhat startling facts, that the small table at which I was sitting, and which was spread for two, was at present the *table d'hôte*, and that the diners that day at the *table d'hôte* would be only one English gentleman and myself, probably only myself, as the English gentleman often dined out; that the large table was for the use of a jury who were then engaged in trying a case of incendiarism in the town, and who during the time the case lasted were, when absent from the court-house, kept secluded in this hotel, in charge of two policemen, taking their meals and sleeping here. They occupied every bedroom in the house, ex-

cept those appropriated to the English gentleman and myself; the drawing-room, the only sitting-room, was also retained for their sole use. Their dinner and the *table d'hôte* dinner were to go on at the same time. The waiter assured me that I should find the jury very nice people, very nice people indeed. I didn't at all doubt their niceness, but I had never before dined with a jury and two policemen, and I didn't feel that I cared to begin just then. It would seem so like being "sat upon." Even the novelty of the situation, and the probability that it might be my only chance through life of being "sat upon," failed to lend it sufficient charm to reconcile me to its endurance. Hunger being satisfied, I retired to the window of the *salle à manger*, and looked into the street.

It was still misting, but the sun continued struggling to show himself. Every now and then a bright though watery beam broke through the clouds overhead, and glanced across the sloppy street. The main street of Gibraltar presents a panorama of perpetual interest and amusement to a stranger contemplating it for the first time.

A perpetual stream of people passed up and down the street, as if engaged in business; but slowly, as if the business was not very urgent, and could wait. Every open doorway, too, had its little crowd of loungers. Of the passers-by, some were unmistakably English,

but the majority, even of those in English dress, were unmistakably foreign, and apparently belonging to every different European type. Amongst them were a considerable number of Jews, dressed in Jewish garb, of dark blue gabardine, black cap, and white cotton trousers, the latter flapping about their ankles as they crept along with that stealthy gait peculiar to their nation. Besides these there were tall Moors from the opposite coast of Africa, who strode along, the hoods of their gelabs* drawn up over their heads to protect them from the rain; but apparently quite regardless of the wet under foot which soaked through their yellow morocco slippers, that were the only covering to their feet. Then there were Spanish peasants, the men wearing short jackets, bright coloured sashes, and high sugar-loaf hats; the women dressed much like English women of the same class, only with bright handkerchiefs on their heads, instead of bonnets or caps. There were also Spanish ladies, some of them in black, and wearing the mantilla that suits them so well; others in coloured dresses, and in English bonnets and hats, that suit them so very ill. Spanish soldiers, with baggy crimson trousers, blue tunics, and peaked caps. And among all, English

* A long garment worn by the Moorish men. It is made straight, like a sack, and is closed all up, but is open at the top and bottom. It has straight narrow sleeves, and a large hood attached to the top, which can be worn either thrown back or drawn over the head.

soldiers in various uniforms; Highlanders in full costume, adding not a little to the general incongruity.

After a little time, to diversify the amusement of looking out of the window, I began talking to the waiter. There was one subject connected with the hotel about which I felt a little curious. The waiter was still engaged in laying the table for the jury. His name was Louis.

"Was that the landlord who showed me upstairs, Louis?"

"Oh no, madame—mister—sare."

Louis' English was limited in quantity, and eccentric in quality. He was evidently quite abroad as to the correct title to be used in addressing me, so he tried all those with which he was most familiar.

"Who is he then?"

"Sare—madame—he is de guide."

"Is there any landlord then?"

"Oh yes, madame—sare. But he is in bed! He did break her leg."

This announcement somewhat horrified me. Had the landlord broken his wife's leg? But if so, why did he take to his bed? Was it remorse?

"What do you mean, Louis?" I felt that I should like to have the matter explained.

"Why, madame—sare," said Louis, evidently surprised at my want of comprehension, "she fell down and broke his leg."

This presented a total reversion of the case. Evidently it was the landlady who had fallen down on the landlord, and broken his leg. But I would make sure.

"Oh, the landlady broke her husband's leg?"

"No, sare—madame. It is de landlord. In August he fell down one time and broke her leg; after Christmas he fell down two time, and broke her leg again."

"Broken three times! Poor creature!" Still I did not feel sure as to whose was the leg.

"No, madame—sare," said Louis, bearing my stupidity with patient politeness. "It was as I told to you. He fell down one time and broke her leg, and then he fell down two——"

"Stop, stop, Louis please!" I felt that at this rate I should never know whose leg was broken, and how many times. "I beg your pardon, but just tell me *whose* leg was broken? The landlord's, or the landlady's?"

"De landlord's." Nothing could disturb the gentle courtesy of Louis' speech; but he looked as if he thought he had never met any one so hopelessly stupid as the person now addressing him.

"And how many times was it broken?"

"Why, as I have said! He fell down one time, and broke——"

"Oh stop, Louis? Please just tell me how often was it broken *altogether?* One, two, or three times?"

and I held up in succession, one, two, and three fingers.

"*Two times!*" cried Louis, holding up two of his fingers, in reply.

I gave a sigh of relief. So did Louis. We understood each other at last.

But notwithstanding the conversational difficulties in which I had involved myself by this attempt to converse with the waiter, after a little pause to collect my scattered senses, I began again.

"I suppose you're a Spaniard, Louis?"

But my second effort was nearly as unfortunate as my first. An expression of mingled surprise, displeasure, and disgust, overspread his countenance.

"No, madame—sare," he replied coldly, but politely still.

I hastened to correct myself.

"Oh, I beg your pardon; French, of course!"

"No, sare—madame," almost angrily, "I am *Ingleesh*," and Louis proudly elevated his chin.

"Are you really? I beg your pardon, Louis," I said humbly, though really the error did not appear an unnatural one. Louis' appearance was as anti-British as his speech. He was small, and had a small, pale, clear complexioned face. He wore a small black moustache, his black hair grew thick and low on his forehead, and he had large dark eyes, and even, white teeth.

"Yes, madame—sare," said Louis gently, his feelings

evidently mollified by my humility into pity for my ignorance and stupidity. But to clear all doubts from my mind—

"Yes, madame—sare," he continued. "It is true. My fader he was Spanish, and my moder she was Maltese; de fader of my moder he was Italian, but *de moder of my fader*, she was Ingleesh; and I am Ingleesh too; I was born under de Ingleesh flag;" and Louis elevated his chin again, proud of having thus clearly proved to me his right to be called my countryman.

I was silent. The shock at discovering the error I had committed in supposing Louis to be a foreigner, had taken away my powers of speech.

He passed round the table, placing the decanters which he had been filling during the progress of this colloquy. When he came near me again, he said gently,

"Yes; I am British subject; and I spik Ingleesh, madame—sare."

Evidently no doubt of his perfect acquaintance with his mother, or rather his grandmother, tongue had ever entered poor Louis' brain.

CHAPTER III.

THE HOTEL.

My colloquy with Louis was interrupted by the entrance of the guide, whom I had supposed to be the landlord. He came to inform me that he had been twice to the post-office to inquire for letters for me, and once again to the steam-packet office, to ask about the steamer to Tangier. That he had dried my waterproof cloak and umbrella, and got my boots cleaned; and that as the weather had so cleared up, he was at my service to accompany me forth wherever I might like to go.

I looked out of the window again, and saw that the sun had indeed established a temporary superiority over the rain, and was shining brightly. Banks of cloud and mist, however, that had retired for a time from directly overhead, were still visible in the sky, and were evidently gathering themselves together to come on again in greater force, and overwhelm the enemy. So I declined the guide's kind offers of a carriage to drive to Europa Point, or a pony to ascend the Rock, under his guidance. I would not even consent to his taking me out to see the town, and purchase Maltese lace and jewellery and Moorish curiosities at the shops.

However, I announced my intention of going out as far as another hotel in the immediate neighbourhood,

where some of my fellow-passengers, with whom I had become rather intimate during the voyage, were staying, and whom I had promised to visit. But I would not permit the guide to come with me to show me the way, as I could already see the hotel, not a hundred yards off, from the window; or to carry my cloak and umbrella for me, as I was still blessed with the use of my arms, and able to do it myself. The kind fellow looked bitterly disappointed at discovering this unnatural independence in me. But I was not out long. Having stayed a short time with my friends, we sallied out together, accompanied by some other of our late companions, to walk about and see the town; but the rain soon came down again in torrents, and we were all driven back to the shelter of the hotels. I was heartily welcomed back by the guide. He appeared quite glad to see how wet my cloak and umbrella were again, anticipating the pleasure of drying them once more for me. By this time, I had become fully aware of the causes that rendered me an object of such affectionate solicitude to this man. It was not alone my sex, age, and unprotected condition, that called forth such an overflow of his regard as he bestowed on me. It was the fact that the rest of the hotel being occupied by the jury, who had no necessity for being guided anywhere, except to and from the court-house, and that duty was performed by the two policemen; and the English gentleman, who was an old and frequent visitor to Gibraltar, and

knew the place as well as the guide himself, possibly better, the only person in the house to be "guided" was myself; and consequently the attentions usually distributed amongst a number of visitors, were now concentrated altogether upon me.

The suggestion of my friends, that I should join their party at dinner at the *table d'hôte* of their hotel, relieved me from the embarrassing prospect of the little table at the top of the room all to myself, with the twelve jurymen and the two policemen at the other table. But there were still a couple of hours to be got through before dinner, and I ruefully contemplated the by no means cheerful or comfortable apartment that I was destined to pass them in. It was a room about twelve feet by eight, with one small window, looking right into the similar small window of an opposite and very near house, and nowhere else. It was blue whitewashed (the term is odd but descriptive), and the look of the walls dazzled my eyes, and the feel of them set my teeth on edge. There was a small bedstead with a rather undesirable-looking bed, a minute washstand and dressing-table, and all the rest of the room that was not occupied by a huge chest of drawers, was filled up with my luggage. I sat upon my largest trunk, and contemplated the dismal scene.

But I was not left long in gloomy solitude. Soon there came a hasty knock at the door, and the guide entered with a note.

"For you, señora, from de lord and de lady"—he gave them brevet rank—"at de Garrison Hotel. I wait to take de answer."

I had to disappoint him: there was no answer for the present. It was only to say that they had received an invitation out to dinner, that I should receive a similar one, and that they would be happy if I were to accompany them.

I dismissed the guide. But scarcely two minutes had elapsed, when a knock came again. This time it was Louis, ushering up visitors: a gentleman belonging to Gibraltar, with whom I had some business to transact, and his clerk.

I was just awkwardly and anxiously interrogating Louis as to the possibility of my conversing with these gentlemen for five minutes in the drawing-room, or *salle à manger*, when Marie, the ancient garlicky chamber-maid, appeared in haste and excitement, with another note.

Following close upon her heels, came the guide. He evidently considered himself as defrauded of his just rights by Marie's having got possession of the note before he had been able to seize upon it. But he was determined she should have nothing more to do with the matter. He evidently knew where the note came from, and what it was about.

"I wait for de answer, señora!" he cried in excitement. "And you vill vant a carriage to take you. I go to order one!"

I was not accustomed to having five strangers in my bedroom all at once. It made me feel as if I had been having a fit, or had taken poison, or something. I promised the guide to write the answer in a few moments, and convinced him, to his chagrin, that I should not require a carriage, as my friends would call for me. I then got rid of him and Marie, and descended to the drawing-room with my visitors.

But we were not there two minutes, when the guide came again in haste and agitation, to urge me to write the note. For peace' sake, I complied, and sat down and wrote it, and gave it to him, and got rid of him for a time. But I felt that if he plagued me much more, my overwrought feelings would give way, and that, yielding to a sudden fit of frenzy, I should find myself throwing something at him.

I returned to my room to dress for dinner. The guide only came twice again. First, to bring me candles, and the second time as an ambassador from the jury, who had now returned from the court-house, and who made him the bearer of a civil message, begging me to consider the drawing-room—retained for them—as mine during my stay, and assuring me that they would do all in their power to avoid incommoding or inconveniencing me in any way.

This was a stretch of courtesy and politeness that I certainly had not expected. Juries, I considered, could not be nearly such disagreeable people as I had supposed.

I accepted the offer with great satisfaction, and sent back an urbane message to that effect by the guide. I am very much subject to the influence of outward circumstances, particularly when alone; and I had regarded with some consternation the prospect, in case I were detained by bad weather in Gibraltar, of passing the time seated on a trunk—than which there was no other place, unless I chose to go on the chest of drawers in my blue white-washed den.

But my acquaintance with the jury was not destined to be limited to messages. While waiting in the drawing-room for my friends, who were somewhat late, the jury came in one by one to fetch their hats, coats, and other possessions which they had left there; and as they did, each made me some polite speech to the same effect as their collective message by the guide, with a few individual additions of offers of assistance in any way that I might need or that might be in their power to render. I was considerably touched by this behaviour. Their presence in the hotel, when first I had heard of it, had filled me with consternation. I had regarded them in their collective and judicial capacity, and in this they had inspired me with feelings somewhat akin to those with which I would have regarded a hangman, or other representative of the terrors and majesty of the law. Now that I saw them, however, I was not at all frightened. I did feel a little like a criminal certainly, as they inspected me one by one; a sensation that was

increased by the presence of the two policemen, who stood and looked in at the door. But it was like a criminal on whose side the case is all going, and who feels sure of a clear acquittal. I should not have much minded now if Calcraft had come in to have a little chat.

I was almost sorry, however, that I had not stayed upstairs, as then I might have locked my door and kept out the guide. When the jury had retired to their dinner, he kept continually coming in and out, to remind me how the time was passing. He had somehow ascertained the hour named in the invitation; and he came to tell me that now it wanted a quarter of an hour to it, now ten minutes, now five minutes, now that it was *exactly* it, now it was five minutes past, etc., etc. He was urgent with me to permit him to go down to the other hotel, and see what was keeping my friends. I felt that, had I been a man, even a gentleman, I must have sworn at him; but as I was sure that any such remonstrances and expostulations as I could use would have been quite useless, there was nothing for it but to bear his importunities with as much patience as I could command. At last the carriage came. He had been at the door on the look-out for it, and as he saw it coming, rushed upstairs to announce the fact; and then rushed down again to be in waiting with an open umbrella to protect me, as I walked across the flagway, from the rain, which was still falling heavily. Unfortunately for me,

my friends had a courier, who also opened an umbrella and held it over me; and as the guide would not relinquish his post, the consequence of the two umbrellas struggling for supremacy over my head, was an undesired rearrangement of my hair from the points of one, and a cold shower-bath down my back from those of the other. This was a crowning aggravation. Time, I felt, might inure me to the blue dungeon, and even attach me to the jury; but no lapse of time could render that guide anything but a most intolerable nuisance. Revenge took possession of my soul; and I registered a vow that, were my stay long or short in Gibraltar, that guide should never guide me anywhere.

There was no fear that my existence while I stayed in Gibraltar would be one of dull placidity, as, independently of the tortures inflicted on me by the guide, I was doomed to be kept in a state of perpetual excitement by continual but contradictory reports as to the departure of the steamer for Tangier. My business in the place was of an urgent nature, and I was therefore naturally anxious to get over as soon as possible. Several other people, belonging I think to the boatman and porter tribes, appeared to be very anxious for me to go over too; as about every half hour during the course of the next morning, some one of them arrived to announce that the steamer was about to leave "immediately." As the guide, however, had no such desire to speed the parting guest, at each announcement he darted off to the steam-

boat company's office, always returning in five minutes to inform me that the report was a false one. I was awoke early by the receipt of one of these messages, which was however contradicted by the guide before I was half-dressed. Marie smiled a wondering and pitying smile at my request for a bath.

"But to be sure, other English señoras who had stayed there had asked for baths too! And English señors also. They were nice people, the English; very nice. But they were strange in some of their habits; very strange."

I feared there was not a bath in the hotel.

Oh, yes, there was: they had two on purpose for the English who came. Many English came to that house, and they knew their odd ways, and were able to accommodate them all.

But when she fetched the bath, she urged me with affectionate solicitude to use warm water. To which, of course, I did not accede. "It was dreadful. I should be sure to catch cold. Oh! how could I bear it!" she expostulated, shuddering as she filled it.

I felt very much inclined to bribe her to take it instead; not from any dislike to the bath, begot of her expostulations; but that I might thus feel assured she had been once washed all over in her life. But I felt that the bribe should be heavy, and probably more than I could afford.

I heard a great noise of laughing and talking going

on all about me while I was dressing, with a clatter of cups and saucers; while a strong odour of tobacco crept under the door. I had jury "to right of me," and jury "to left of me;" and when I came out of my bedroom, I found the doors of the rooms on either side open, and jurymen finishing their toilets, and jurymen sipping coffee; and one juryman sitting in one of the doorways, with a towel pinned under his chin, and one half his face covered with lather, and the other very pink, as he underwent the operation of shaving at the hands of a barber, while conversing with two or three more jurymen who were smoking in the lobby.

They all greeted me with the greatest friendliness and cordiality, even the one who was being shaved. But his salute I found it exceedingly difficult to return with suitable composure. A man who gets shaved every morning, probably sees nothing ludicrous in the performance; but not so a spectator for the first time, particularly when the process is just half through.

In the *salle à manger* I found a row of pretty, olive-complexioned, dark-eyed little boys and girls, seated patiently next the wall. These, Louis informed me, were "de children of de jury." It appeared that it was their custom to come every morning, and visit their hapless imprisoned parents before going to school.

At breakfast, I had the company of the one non-juror besides myself who was staying in the hotel. One of the reports as to the departure of the steamer arrived

before the meal was concluded, and this time the guide reluctantly brought confirmation of the announcement from the office. Seeing me, however, preparing to depart at once, the gentleman I have mentioned tried to dissuade me. He was only waiting for fine weather himself to go over to Tangier; but as he had crossed frequently, he was able to assure me that in the present condition of the weather, the voyage would be most unpleasant, besides dangerous; a statement which the guide, waiter, and those of the jury who had come downstairs, fully endorsed. I was, however, fully determined to go in the first steamer that ventured to cross. But the matter settled itself for the present by the arrival of a fresh announcement of the postponement of the departure of the steamer until next day.

Twice again that morning I was deluded by false reports. On the last occasion I was actually dressed, had my luggage taken downstairs, and was paying my bill, when the message arrived to put me off again. A gentleman from Tangier, who called to see me directly after breakfast, was also waiting to go over, and he was enduring the same annoyance. While with me, messages were brought to him twice on the subject. He upheld me in my resolution of crossing the first opportunity, and he intended to do so himself; so I was the more fully determined to disregard the advice and admonition of my kind friends the jurymen, two or three of whom came to me before going to the court-house, to warn

and entreat me not to think of crossing that day, or the next, even if the chance offered.

The question of the steamer being, however, at last settled for that day in the negative, the last hour at which she could have started being past; I turned my attention to sight-seeing.

In the town there is nothing to be seen except the market, which is worth a visit; and the Garrison Library, which contains a large, varied, and choice collection of books, to which all new works of any merit are added immediately on publication, and has a fine reading-room attached, supplied with all the leading periodicals. The interest with which I should have regarded the library and reading-room was considerably marred, however, by my being told that, in accordance with a recently made rule, its benefits were reserved altogether to the military portion of the population. An exception, I believe, is made in favour of clergy even non-military; but the civilian and lay portion of the population are all excluded. After this, I was not surprised to hear that ladies, even belonging to the officers' families, were not admitted to the reading-room. The idea until lately has been so prevalent even in England, that women were better for not having their minds enlightened, and better still for not having any minds to enlighten, that I was not surprised to find the theory carried out in Gibraltar. Indeed it is not very long ago that the same idea was current with regard to officers. Taking this fact into

consideration, one may say that Gibraltar is even more progressive than the mother country. In England we have come to think that officers should not be more ignorant than other men; in Gibraltar they have arrived at the conclusion that all men should be ignorant but officers—which is a great advance.

The drive to Europa Point affords a magnificent view of the Straits. On one hand the Atlantic, on the other the Mediterranean, stretching away into blue and apparently boundless distances. Behind and overhead the great Rock towers up bare and black. Opposite rise the glorious African mountains, in particular the other great "pillar of Hercules," the Gebel-Mousa (Mons Abyla of the ancients), or to give it its better known title, "Ape's Hill." To see this view alone is worth coming from England, even to return the next day.

The Gebel-Mousa (Mountain of Mousa), is so called after Mousa-ben-Nosair, viceroy of Caliph Walid I. He successfully invaded Spain, early in the eighth century, and his general, Tarik-ibn-Zeyad, gave his name Tarik, to the rock; Gebel Tarik (Mountain of Tarik), becoming afterwards corrupted into "Gibraltar." This information was not derived from my tormentor, the guide. He did not accompany me to Europa Point.

It rained several times during the day, however, so he found some occupation in drying my waterproof cloak and umbrella, which I brought in wet after each

excursion. In the evening he had the pleasure of escorting me on foot to the neighbouring hotel, where I dined; and he afterwards had the supreme felicity of coming and fetching me back.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ROCK.

NEXT day I joined a party to ascend the Rock, visit the Galleries, the Signal Station, and St. Michael's Cave.

It is possible to make the excursion on foot, but as this would have been exceedingly fatiguing, we preferred to go mounted; the gentlemen of the party on ponies, and the ladies on donkeys, with queer trestle-shaped saddles.

We mounted by a gentle ascent from the main street, passing through a large square, one side of which is taken up with the Garrison Library, a pretentious-looking building on the outside, and having a well trimmed garden and row of shady orange-trees in front. Leaving this on our right hand, our road for a quarter of a mile led through steep narrow lanes, lined on either side by the dwellings of the poorer inhabitants. Like the poor quarters of most towns, this one of Gibraltar is most prolific in children. They swarmed in the streets like ants; the dark-skinned, Murillo-looking little Spaniards fraternizing admirably in their play with the sandy-haired, freckled "bairns" of the Highland soldiery. The "lingo" used by the children of both Spanish and British parents for the interchange of their young ideas, is almost unintelligible to unaccustomed ears.

Having left the streets, we ascended by a steep dusty road to a guard-house, close to the old Moorish castle, whose walls are still pitted with the holes made in it by the French and Spanish shot and shell during the memorable siege. Here we were met by the sergeant of the guard, to whom we showed our pass. He placed us in the charge of a white jacketed artilleryman, who led the way, swinging in his hand as he went a most "Bluebeard" looking bunch of keys. Here we dismounted from our ponies and donkeys, and a few minutes' walk along the covered way formed for the passage of troops from the lower range of excavations (which are not shown to the public) to those on the higher level, brought us to the entrance of the galleries, which is guarded by a strong palisaded gate, secured by enormous bolts and padlocks.

These fastenings having been opened by our attendant, we entered a lofty tunnel, cut through the solid limestone. At short intervals were smaller tunnels, cut at right angles, their openings to the daylight forming the embrasures to so many guns, commanding the isthmus which connects Gibraltar with the mainland.

We emerged from the main tunnel, and a short ascent by another covered way brought us to a rocky platform, where our guide paused, and called our attention to the fine panoramic view to be obtained here. The neutral ground spread out like a map below us, its boundaries marked, on the English side, by a row of black sentry-

boxes; on the Spanish, by an equal number of small white stone huts; the intervening space uncultivated, bare, and desolate. Beyond were the green gardens and orange groves of Campomento, the hill known as "The Queen of Spain's Chair," the town of San Roque (the refuge of the Spanish residents of Gibraltar during the siege), and, far in the distance, the mountains of Ronda.

Another palisaded gate was now opened by our guide, and we entered another tunnel, similar to the last, except that it was of greater length, and the embrasures were more numerous. From each of these a different view could be obtained, and the gun with which each was furnished commanded some different point of the isthmus or the bay. The walls still retained the marks of the fuses used in the blasting operations connected with the construction of the galleries, and at intervals strong iron rings were inserted, for the purpose of dragging the heavy guns up the steep incline. We ascended at every step, until we came again into the open air. After a short time, passing through another covered way, we came to the long gallery, leading to the great wonder of the Rock, St. George's Hall. This gallery is the most considerable of the excavations, and is of great length, having a large number of embrasures cut through the rock, each being in itself of the dimensions of a large room, and affording plenty of space for the requisite number of men to work the gun. We were told

that when a royal salute is fired from this gallery on the queen's birthday, the whole rock seems to be shaken to its foundations.

Having traversed the great gallery, we at length reached the Hall, a vast chamber excavated in a crag that juts out from the main body of the rock, and having a dozen portholes, from which guns command every part of the neutral ground, and would effectually hinder any landing from the Mediterranean. A shaft leads to a small cavern below the great Hall, from which one or two guns command the approach to the small fishing village of Catalan Bay, the only practicable spot for a landing on the eastern side of the rock.

We ascended by a spiral wooden staircase up a shaft that led to the outside of the pinnacle in which the hall is scooped out. The wind at this elevation of eight or nine hundred feet above the sea, was so strong that it almost took the skin off our faces; while we were made quite giddy by watching our artilleryman, who, in spite of the orders which forbid the plucking of wild flowers, ventured into the most perilous places in order to obtain for us some sweet-smelling narcissus blossoms from the recesses of the grey limestone cliff.

We then returned to the Hall, to rest awhile before completing our inspection of the galleries.

This grand old hall, formed for the deadly purposes of war, is now chiefly used as the resting-place for frequent picnic parties, given by the garrison to the fair ladies of

the Rock; and instead of the loud booming of guns and other martial sounds of war, its walls re-echo the ringing laughter of merry girls, and the pleasant popping of champagne corks.

We quitted the wonderful works with the feeling of the Duc de Grillon who, on visiting them, even in the unfinished condition in which they were after the great siege, pronounced them to be "worthy of the Romans."

On leaving the long gallery, our guide locked the last gateway, and accompanied us part of the way to the Signal Station, stopping at times to explain to us the mechanism of the great breech-loading Armstrongs which were placed at salient parts of the road. He unfastened the breech, and exhibited the beauty of the brightly polished spiral grooves of the interior of the gun. Still larger guns, three hundred and fifty pounders, were already landed, he told us, at the New Mole, and waiting to be dragged up to their positions. These are muzzle-loaders, and there is a talk of monsters weighing five-and-twenty tons, and carrying a shot of six hundred pounds weight, being on their way out from England. "Such guns as these," he said, "play the deuce with the gas and water pipes, when they are dragged up by a team of twenty strong mules through the streets of the town below."

He took leave of us at a powder magazine, round which large heaps of the cylindrical shot were piled, and we made our way, unattended, up a long straight road, the

stony banks at the sides of which were ornamented with curious fleshy rock plants and gaily coloured wild flowers, to the central point of the Rock of Gibraltar, where is situated the Signal Station, from which the approach of vessels is made known to the inhabitants of the town by a species of semaphore, consisting of an arrangement of certain large black drums on the yards of a mast erected on a platform.

At one side of the platform was a clean, comfortable, English-looking cottage, in which the signalman resided with his wife and family of little children. The rosy cheeks and chubby forms of these latter testified to the beneficial effects of the mountain air and fresh sea breezes. The signalman supplies refreshments for visitors; and after our hard climb up the rock, we were able to do ample justice to the meal, and its accompaniment of sundry bottles of "Bass," fished up for us from some cool underground cellar.

It would be difficult to imagine a more lovely view than that from the Signal Station. On the one side can be seen the coast line of Spain from Malaga to Cape Trafalgar, the background of which is formed by the mountains, thrown up ridge behind ridge, till in the far-off horizon are dimly seen the snow-capped summits of the Sierra Nevada and the southern spurs of the Sierra Morena, the boundary of the land rendered famous for ever by the exploits of the Knight of La Mancha. On the other side, the long irregular coastline of Africa is

broken by the lofty Abyla, jutting out boldly to the sea, and by the Riff Hills, whose grey peaks go towering away till they are lost in the distant summits of the mountains which join the northern range of the Lesser Atlas. Thirteen hundred feet below is the town and bay, the latter crowded with the shipping of every nation; while we overlooked the whole length of the Straits, and could view the wild Atlantic at one extremity, and at the other the calmer Mediterranean,—the deep cobalt blue of its waters being relieved by many a white sail of the bird-like feluccas as they sped swiftly through the rippling waves.

We quitted the Signal Station, leaving on our right hand the zigzag wall which runs from the central summit of the rock down to the water's edge at the Ragged Staff Battery, dividing the town from the south district of Gibraltar. This work goes by the name of Charles the Fifth's Wall, though it is probable that the Spanish monarch merely repaired and strengthened this and other defences previously erected by the Moors, who for a period of nearly seven hundred years held possession of the fortress.

From the Signal Station our path was along the sharp narrow ridge which runs from the northern to the southern extremity of the Rock. The vegetation here was almost exclusively formed of palmetto bushes, which attain a great size, and grow in great profusion. Clinging to the stems of many of them we observed the elegant Davallia fern, with its curious hare's-foot-like rhizome.

The palmettos are much resorted to by the famous Gibraltar apes, who may frequently be seen plucking the bunches of yellow fruit, or tearing away the leaves from the young shoots in order to get at the soft edible interior. These apes were formerly very abundant, but of late years, notwithstanding their being strictly "preserved" by the authorities, who forbid their being molested in any way, their number has very much declined. Indeed they have dwindled down to three or four individuals, and there was some fear that they would have disappeared altogether, like the dodo from Mauritius, or the moa from New Zealand. The late governor of Gibraltar, however, imported several fresh specimens from the opposite coast of Barbary, and turned them loose on the Rock, in the hope that they might breed with the old residents. This expectation has been happily realized, for the birth of several infant apes has been recorded this spring in the *Gibraltar Chronicle*.

It is a curious circumstance that, notwithstanding the decrease in their number, no dead body, nor even single bone, of an ape has ever been found on the Rock. There is a belief current among the Spaniards, that the apes, on the approach of death, make their way by a submarine tunnel to the African shore, so that their bones may rest among the remains of their kindred. It is a special duty of the keeper of the Signal Station to record in a diary kept for the purpose, the number of apes that he may obtain a sight of from his residence. One of the favourite

haunts of these animals is a sequestered nook facing the Mediterranean, where, sheltered from the cold north and west winds, they bask in the sun, or frisk and gambol about among the rocks. This stone ledge, which is inaccessible to the foot of man, is known as the "Monkey's Alameda." They occasionally venture down to the gardens in the south in search of fruit; and sometimes when very hungry, will pay a visit to the rocks immediately below the platform of the Signal Station, where the keeper feeds them. Each of the apes has a name given to it by the soldiers, who are in the habit of seeing them frequently; the biggest one is popularly known as "the Town Major."

A rough path led us to St. George's, or O'Hara's Tower, situated at the southern extremity and loftiest elevation of the Rock. This tower was erected by Governor O'Hara at the close of the last century, with the idea that from its upper storey a view might be obtained on clear days over the western hills of Spain to the Bay of Cadiz, by which means the presence of a hostile fleet might be distinguished. Unfortunately, however, the tower, a short time after its completion, was struck by lightning, and rent from top to bottom. It has never been repaired, and is now entirely in ruins. By its side are the walls of a guard-house, long since disused.

A flight of steps cut in the rock lead down from O'Hara's Tower to the sea. These are known as the Mediterranean Steps.

We descended by a winding road from O'Hara's Tower to the entrance of St. Michael's Cave, the most extensive of the stalactitic grottos with which the Rock of Gibraltar abounds.

Fortunately for us, as we had come unprepared, a large picnic party of "Scorpions" (as the Spanish inhabitants of Gibraltar are nicknamed) were assembled on the terrace in front of the cave. They were all well provided with candles, which, as they invited us to join them, gave us an opportunity of viewing the interior to far greater advantage than if we had gone alone.

On entering the cavern a rapid slope led us to a vast hall, from the roof of which depended stalactites of all sizes; the largest being of very considerable circumference, and apparently rising from the floor and seeming to form a necessary support to the roof from which it had had its origin. To the great cavern succeeded a series of smaller ones, to which access was obtained by difficult climbing and scrambling over pieces of detached rocks and broken stalactites. The assistance of candles was required to view the chambers farthest from the entrance. In one place a cluster of stalactites bore a striking resemblance to a cathedral organ. Below some of these further chambers are other caves, which have been reached by means of ladders and ropes, but which could not be explored by ordinary visitors.

In 1867 a thorough exploration of St. Michael's Caves was undertaken by the late Captain Brome, Governor

of the Military Prison, who was aided in his examination by a number of the "good conduct men" under his charge, their time being much more profitably employed in this work than in that usually assigned to delinquent soldiers, of carrying shot from one side of a yard to the other, and then back again; or of arranging them in pyramidal heaps, and then painting them red, white, or black. The result of Captain Brome's researches was the discovery of an interesting series of caverns, lying to the north of those previously known. These have been termed the Lenora Caves, in compliment to a lady relative of Captain Brome's, while his own name has been Latinized in giving the title of "Genista" to the outer cave.

No one who objects to soil their clothes and fears to undergo a considerable amount of fatigue should attempt the descent to the Lenora Cave. Many members of the picnic party which we had joined, had come specially attired for the occasion, the women in brown holland dresses, and the men in washing duck unwhisperables and linen coats.

The door placed to guard the entrance to the cave was unlocked, and we entered a kind of tunnel, in some places eight or nine feet in height, in others so low that we had to stoop down in order to avoid striking our heads against the stalactites which hung down from the roof. The tunnel was only sufficiently wide to admit of our passage in Indian file, and in some places

the walls approached together so closely, that it was with difficulty we could squeeze our way through the narrow opening.

The tunnel terminated in a cavern of enormous size, its walls incrusted with glittering spar of the palest straw-colour, while from the ceiling hung stalactites in every stage of formation, from the delicate quill-like cone, to the enormous pillar of three or four feet diameter, descending to the floor. The smaller stalactites were semi-transparent, and were seen to advantage by the aid of the large number of lights which we had brought with us. The variety of form assumed by the stalactite matter in different situations, renders the scenery of these subterranean recesses singularly striking and in some places beautifully picturesque. Occasionally a mass of calcareous tufa took the shape and semblance of a large curtain suspended from the ceiling to the ground, and exhibited a most lovely appearance when shown by the light of candles placed behind it. Another mass bore a striking similarity to a pulpit, with a spiral staircase leading up to it; while yet another little group of stalactites, might easily have been mistaken for one of those alabaster groups of the Virgin and Child so common in Catholic churches.

Many of the party were content to rest here, leaving the further exploration of the caves to the more adventurous. These latter had to creep on all fours through a sort of rabbit burrow of considerable length, but of

only sufficient diameter for the body to pass through. The earth of the floor was very damp, in consequence of the continual exuding of water from the sides of the "burrow," so that between mudstains and the droppings of our candles, our clothes were, as may be supposed, in anything but a pleasant condition when we arrived at the last chamber of all.

This was much smaller than the one we had last left, but, like it, exhibited great beauty in the stalactite formation with which it is decorated. The stalactites here are, also in much more perfect condition; as in the outer of the newly discovered caves, all the smaller stalactites within reach have been broken off or disfigured by those most incurable of kleptomaniacs, the memento collectors, who leave traces of their destroying presence in every place where they may have gained admittance. These shameless depredators are unfortunately not confined to the lower classes, but are found amongst the vulgar of every order, from the highest down. In this particular case of the Gibraltar caves, it has been told to me as a fact, that a titled member of the English aristocracy has been seen toiling down in the hot sun from St. Michael's Cave, carrying over his shoulder a stalactite as thick as his leg, and weighing half a hundredweight, which he had somehow managed to detach, and then smuggled out under his coat!

We retraced our steps, and returned from our sub-

terranean expedition with grimy hands and faces, and mud-stained habiliments. When we at length emerged into the open air, our eyes were for a few minutes dazzled and half-blinded by the bright sunlight. We found that a cloth had been spread on the terrace in front of the cave, on which the members of the picnic party who had not accompanied us through the more difficult recesses, had occupied themselves with spreading a lunch with which they had come provided. With Spanish politeness they insisted on our joining them in the repast.

Before, however, concluding this account of my visit to the caves, I must not omit to mention that, as one of the results of Captain Brome's excavations in the floor of the great cavern (the original St. Michael's Cave), a large quantity of bones and teeth, some belonging to animals not at present existing in this part of the world, were discovered. These were interspersed with a great number of limpet and other sea shells, the occupants of which had probably formed part of the food of a race of human beings whose existence has been left unrecorded by history or tradition. The animal remains, which have been placed in the Blackmore Museum, Salisbury, consisted of bones and teeth of the spotted hyena (*H. crocuta*), fallow deer (*C. dama*, var. *barbarus*), red deer (*C. elaphus*), goat (*Capra hircus*), black rat (*Mus rattus*), rabbit (*Lepus cuniculas*), fox (*Canes vulpes*), ibex (*Capra ægoceros*), and pig (*Sus scrofa*).

Some portions of human skulls and bones were found associated with these; but their antiquity is open to some doubt.

Notwithstanding our recent refreshment at the Signal Station, we availed ourselves of the hospitable invitation of the party whom we had accompanied through the caves, and sat down to lunch with them. However, whether it was that cave-exploring was not as provocative of hunger as rock-climbing, we did not feel equal to consuming much of the dried sausages flavoured with garlic, and the heavy doughy pudding studded with raisins, which formed the staple of the banquet. The merry good temper of our hosts, however, more than atoned for the unpalatableness of their viands to untravelled tastes. The meal concluded, and having thanked these kind people for their courtesy and good fellowship, and with a hearty "*adios*," on both sides, we made our way down to the Alameda, and returned to the town very tired, but very pleased with all that we had seen during the day.

CHAPTER V.

THE "WOLF."

THE next morning was in all respects similar to that which I have already described. There were the same alarms and the same contradictions as to the steamer, and I saw the same juryman being shaved upon the lobby.

However, about ten o'clock, Mr. Lyons, the gentleman from Tangier, who was with me again, received intelligence from a really trustworthy source, that a steamer would positively leave in half an hour's time; and this information proved to be true. The guide and the jury in vain tried to dissuade me; assuring me that the steamer which was to go, the *Wolf*, was wretchedly small and uncomfortable, and that the weather was still quite too bad and unsettled to make the voyage, particularly in such a boat. I had quite made up my mind; so after paying my bill (over which I puzzled some time to discover whether the sum total was two pound six, or two and sixpence,—the former of which would have made it the dearest hotel I had ever been at, and the latter the cheapest, but which turned out to be two dollars and six reals); saying a kindly farewell to the jury, and bestowing upon the guide a largesse very, very short of what, I have no doubt, he had hoped to make out of me, but which, as he had got it for doing nothing, I considered was sufficient, I took my departure.

I sent on my luggage on a cart to the Waterport, and walked down afterwards with Mr. Lyons. We were followed by a crowd of importunate persons in seafaring garb, who, from the wildness and daring of their aspect, and the lawlessness of their behaviour, I should have been inclined to conclude were corsairs, but Mr. Lyons informed me they were only boatmen emulous of conveying us and our baggage—for remuneration—to the *Wolf*. Remembering my triumphant encounter with the bandits on my arrival, I felt tolerably easy in my mind with regard to these persons even should they hereafter develope any piratical tendencies. When we got to the Waterport, however, and were about to embark; whether the result of misunderstanding, or of deep design on their parts, two of them claimed me severally as their prey, each avowing that I had engaged him and his boat. I was perfectly innocent of having engaged either, as I had left all the business to Mr. Lyons, who had kindly undertaken the charge of me and my belongings to Tangier. Of course we did not need to go in two boats, and equally, of course, we declined to pay for more than the one that we were going in. This called down the maledictions of the disappointed boatman on my innocent and unoffending head. He screamed, stamped, shook his fist at, and gnashed his teeth upon, me; and at last, as we put off, made as though he would leap into the boat after me, if not restrained by the bystanders; not that I think he had the least intention of doing it. So I de-

parted from "Gib" as I had entered it, under the maledictions of its inhabitants.

None of my previous experiences or imaginings of passenger steamers in any way prepared me for the *Wolf*. She was a very small screw tug-boat, and excessively dirty. She was crowded with cargo, the entire of the stern below being given up to it, and most of the deck both bow and stern. There was a small black hole in the bow which was called a cabin, but one look down into it, and one whiff of the odours arising from it, was sufficient to determine me that under no possible conditions of weather or sea-sickness would I take refuge there The passengers, with the exception of Mr. Lyons and myself, and another English lady and gentleman, were all Moors and Jews, most of them apparently of the lowest class, and indescribably filthy and wretched in their aspect. Each one carried a dirty bundle containing his bedding and cooking utensils, without which latter these orthodox religionists never travel. Some of the Moors appeared to be of a better class, but the majority were clothed in ragged, dingy, flannel gelabs and burnouses; and their baggy cotton drawers looked as if they might have been white when the world was in its infancy. There were fewer Jews, but what there were appeared to be all on a par of dirt and misery. The deck where they all lay, or crouched, or squatted, was strewed with garbage and refuse of all descriptions; and looked as if it had been spat upon for genera-

tions, and never once mopped. Having seen our luggage hauled on board, and I having had the satisfaction of beholding my largest trunk nearly go to the bottom of the sea, owing to the rope by which it was being dragged up breaking suddenly, Mr. Lyons and I settled ourselves on camp stools up at the extreme bow of the boat, as far away as possible from our Mohammedan and Hebrew fellow-passengers. But "Pride cometh before a fall," so I experienced that day before I arrived at Tangier. Not that it was pride that induced me to make a figurehead of myself to the *Wolf*; but the fact that my nostrils are undesirably sensitive to unpleasant smells, and I am unfortunately prone to sea-sickness.

We weighed anchor, and started only an hour after the time named; a remarkable instance of punctuality on the part of a Tangier steamer, two hours being the usual, and three the not unusual, margin allowed for delay.

The sun was shining brightly when we left the bay. There was little wind, and the water in the bay was smooth on the surface, though there was a slight ground-swell, the result of the previous galès, that augured ominously for the state of the sea outside in the Straits. But the captain predicted a smooth sea, fair weather, and a tolerably quick passage. It was one o'clock when we left, and he promised we should be in Tangier about half-past four.

All went well at first, and there seemed no reason to doubt but that his agreeable prognostications would prove

correct. For the first couple of hours we coasted along Spain, hugging the shore pretty closely. The wild mountain scenery was exceedingly beautiful, and presented a continually varying panorama as we steamed along. Mr. Lyons had travelled a great deal, and had many tales of adventure to narrate that whiled away the time. Sometimes we were joined by the captain, a Gibraltarian, and the engineer, an Englishman and a pleasant intelligent fellow. Both of these added their quota to the general entertainment, and in pleasant chat the time passed by quickly enough.

But after a time I began to perceive that the day had got much colder. A sharp breeze had sprung up, the sun had disappeared, and a misty rain had begun to fall. Mr. Lyons buttoned me up in a spare coat of his, outside my own wraps, which had proved quite insufficient to keep me from shivering with the cold, which was getting more severe every moment. He also "requisitioned" a mackintosh belonging to a young Spanish clerk of the steamboat company who was on board, and who, I gratefully acknowledge, devoted it most cheerfully to protecting me from the rain, which now came down thick and fast. The captain began to admit the possibility of our encountering worse weather than he had anticipated, and as he and the engineer returned to their posts, warned Mr. Lyons that we would be unable to retain our positions in the bow for very much longer.

His words were soon verified. The sea all about us

was now covered with white crested waves, and for some little time a most unpleasant motion had been apparent. But the captain had scarcely quitted us, when suddenly a great wave came rolling up. We rose on it, but the spray dashed over the bow, drenching us in a moment; then the *Wolf* pitched forwards, and then pitched backwards again, and then she gave a great roll to one side, and then a great roll to the other, and Mr. Lyons and my camp stools pitched and rolled with her, and we were only saved from going clear and clean overboard, by clinging to the gunwale as hard as we could.

All was now excitement and confusion on board the *Wolf*. Besides Mr. Lyons and myself and our camp-stools, everything else on board,—except the captain and crew—Moors, Jews, and infidels, boxes, bags, bundles, and birdcages (there were several on board with canaries in them)—was pitched, knocked, and flung about; up and down, over and under, and from one side to the other. We had got into what the captain called a "boil,"—a meeting of contrary currents,—and the poor little *Wolf* dashed and rolled about in it, in a manner most hazardous and uncomfortable for her and her living freight. In a moment or two, we got out of the boil, and then in the comparative calm, every one rushed and scrambled and crawled about; to secure themselves and their properties in positions of security, before we should get into another; which it was only necessary to take one glance at the wild angry

sea about, and the lowering threatening sky above, while feeling and hearing the storm of wind and rain all around us, to know would be in a very brief space of time indeed. Our course was now changed, and we were making across the Straits for the African coast.

Mr. Lyons and I took refuge on a covered hatchway, still forward of the funnel, and also of the wheel, where two Moors were already reposing with their bundles. These gentlemen did not welcome our company very cordially. They gave vent to many groans and grunts, and spread themselves out, and took up as much room as possible; but as the little space they had left was the only unoccupied position of comparative comfort and safety, Mr. Lyons and I pocketed pride, and pushed ourselves in between them. Finding we were not to be got rid of by cold shouldering, they huddled themselves and their bundles more together, and drew their garments in about them to protect them from contaminating contact with the clothes of "Christian dogs."

But we were not long here when the *Wolf* got into another boil. As before, a great wave broke over the bow, and the spray dashed right up to where we were, drenching us again from head to foot; while the steamer pitched and rolled about again in a terrible manner, and everybody clung as hard as they could to anything that offered security. The Moors had obtained possession of the ring-bolts of the hatchway, and held tightly to them; but though the hatchway was more

secure than the camp-stools, being only a few inches from the deck and immovable, this boil being a much worse one than the last, Mr. Lyons and I found it exceedingly difficult to keep our position, having nothing to hold on by but the edge of the hatchway. Mr. Lyons fixed himself into a prop for me, and besides I held to the edge with my fingers till they strained as if they would dislocate; still when the *Wolf* had made her escape out of the boil, and shaken and shivered herself straight again, my kind protector and I found ourselves, not on the hatchway, but prone on the wet and dirty deck. We replaced ourselves in our former position; but scarcely had we done so, and while Mr. Lyons was still trying to get himself into a position to ensure better security for us both next time, than I saw a great wave like a mountain come rolling towards us. I held my breath as we rose up on the top of it, and I shut my eyes as we went down, down on the other side of it. Then we rose again, this time sideways, up on another still greater one, and then sank sideways down; and as we did, I felt my prop leave me, and opening my eyes, I saw Mr. Lyons slip away, and roll over and over, as the *Wolf* went lower and lower on her side, until he lodged under the gunwale.

"I am afraid I shall have to desert you," he said, as he scrambled back. "I can't keep on here any longer if we have another wave like that." He had scarcely spoken the words, when we had another wave. There

was an exact repetition of the former performance, and again Mr. Lyons was lying under the gunwale, while I only kept my place by grasping to the Moors, who were grasping to the ring-bolts of the hatchway.

After this Mr. Lyons was fain to leave me, and go and stand with his back to the gangway ladder, to which he could hold tightly with his arms. The Spanish clerk was clinging there too, wofully sick, poor boy, and tolerably frightened.

I had been sick, too, when the pitching and rolling first commenced. My conscience smote me then for having been so disdainful about the condition of the deck, and now, in consequence of that, and the exertion of clinging to the hatchway, I was in a thoroughly exhausted condition. Deprived of my prop, I could no longer make an attempt to keep upright, even when the motion of the vessel was moderate enough to permit me to do so. I had no resource but to lie back on the hatchway among the Moors, to their great disgust. I was obliged to rest my head on the bundle belonging to one of them, in doing so having to dispute possession with his head, which was already there. There was plenty of room for my head there as well as his, but still he seemed to think I had no right to put mine there. Of course I had not, and also of course I would much rather have put my head anywhere else, but unfortunately I had no alternative. But after a time the Moor seemed to see that he must succumb to circumstances, as I

had done; and he moved his head aside sufficiently to allow me to nestle mine in tolerable comfort on the bundle. I must say it was a rather unsavoury pillow, but I felt that this was not a time to be too particular. The other Moor had propped up his bundle and his head on it, high above his friend's bundle and my head, but in very close proximity. He had glowered fiercely and furiously at me when I got sick. Now he was groaning and gurgling in a manner frightfully indicative of approaching sea-sickness in himself; and I could not but be conscious that from the respective position of our heads, if he were to become so, it would be exceedingly unpleasant for me; and the feeling in no way added to the comfort of my situation. But I was perfectly powerless to move; besides that, there was no other place to move to, and even had there been, with the fearful pitching and rolling of the steamer, it would have been impossible for me to have stirred.

For the weather meanwhile had been getting worse and worse; the wind howled and raged about us now, the rain came down in a thick drizzling mist, that completely shrouded the coast of both continents from view, and nothing was visible but the huge waves rolling and tumbling all around; amid which the *Wolf* looked a wretchedly small and insecure bark to be tossing in among them. Sometimes as she turned over on her side when up on the top of a great wave, I felt as if I were suspended in mid air, as I looked straight down

into the sea beneath me; while every muscle of my body was brought into play with the effort it cost me to cling to the hatchway.

I don't know how I managed to keep my position there so long as I did; but at last, after one great roll, I came to the painful conclusion that at the next roll, if the *Wolf* turned over one hair's breadth more, I must drop off, so nearly had I been gone the last time. Then she took the other roll, turned the hair's breadth, and I fell off!

To save myself, I made a desperate clutch at the nearest Moor, but the unkind wretch when he saw my danger dragged himself away, and I missed him.

But I didn't drop into the sea as I thought would have been the case; I only rolled down the deck, and lodged under the gunwale, as Mr. Lyons had done.

A sailor dressed in yellow tarpaulin rushed forward, and kneeling beside me held me down while the *Wolf* rolled again two or three times from side to side; had he not done so, I must have rolled with her from side to side, as I was perfectly powerless now to help myself, and not a soul on board except the sailors could attempt to move.

As soon as the *Wolf* righted again, the man in yellow tarpaulin, the captain of a small trading schooner, but now taking a passage to Tangier in the *Wolf*, picked me up, and helped me back to my place.

But I only stayed there until we got into another boil, then I fell off again. So when he brought me back a

second time, the Spanish captain unceremoniously pushed aside one of the Moors; and seating himself alongside of me, held me there for the rest of the time. It was no easy task; and several times we were near being off together. But I held with all my might to the edge of the hatch as I lay back, and whenever we saw a very tremendous wave coming, he threw himself across me, and so kept me in my place; once or twice we did slip off on to the deck, but by great exertion on his part, we were able to regain our places without going farther. One of the Moors, the owner of my pillow, got pitched off several times, and was at last obliged to crawl away and jam himself in among boxes. However, as he left his bundle on the hatchway I didn't mind. The other Moor managed to keep his place.

Day fell and the darkness came on, and the *Wolf* was still rolling and tumbling about amid the boiling sea of the Straits. I began to wonder how it would end. I was wet and cold, but I was not sick any more, and that was a comfort. The rain ceased, and the sky overhead became clear, and the stars came out. When a wave broke over the bow, and sent a shower of spray over us, I had to shut my eyes, but at other times it was pleasant to look up and watch the stars appearing one by one. I don't think I was frightened. My friend in the yellow tarpaulin seemed to expect me to be so, and in the moments of apparent peril would whisper words of reassurance to me. I

didn't know what the words were because they were Spanish; but by the expression of his face, I guessed their purport. Some of the Moors and Jews were praying vigorously, and one Moorish boy who had jammed himself securely between my two large trunks wept copiously. He had a canary-bird in a cage, which he had clutched to his breast all the time. The captain, on the gangway, was perfectly cool and composed, but he looked grave and anxious, and had given up smoking cigarettes for some time. The man at the wheel too, who faced me, looked in a very serious frame of mind, but still it was pleasant to see the steadfast composure with which he went through his difficult duty. The other English passengers whom I have mentioned, had secured themselves somewhere behind me, so I could not see them. Actuated by curiosity I did manage to turn round and look at them once or twice, and they appeared to be preserving as much equanimity as the circumstances—that of clinging for bare life to anything —would permit.

Not but that I think everybody on board must have been quite aware that our reaching Tangier that night, or ever, was a matter that admitted of considerable doubt. Had a wave broken over us so as to get at the furnace, and put out the fires, our chance would have been but a very poor one indeed.

But the *Wolf* was a good little sea-boat, albeit so dirty; and she battled bravely through those terrible

waves, and managed to catch them, so that none got in to extinguish her vital spark.

I was still wondering in my own mind how it would end; in Tangier, with a dinner, though necessarily now a late one, and the prospect of a bed; or with an opportunity for making a personal investigation into the much talked-of, but little known-about under-currents of the Straits of Gibraltar; when my companion pulled my arm as a sign to me to look; and following the direction of the finger with which he was pointing, I saw the mountains of the African coast looming out black and indistinct through the darkness of the evening, close beside us.

"*La tierra!*" he cried, and smiled and nodded to me. I smiled and nodded to him in return, and felt that I was very glad to see *la tierra* again; and felt also that my curiosity as to the under-currents in the Straits of Gibraltar, could be quite satisfied with the reports of Dr. Carpenter's experiments, without going down to investigate them for myself.

But we were not into Tangier yet though. It is true that I had been told that by the course we had taken, once across we ought to be right into the bay; but the winds and the waves had been terribly against the poor little *Wolf;* and so, instead of having arrived at our destination, we were a considerable distance from it up the coast. We had another full hour of battling with the adverse elements before we rounded the headland

of the bay, and saw the lights of Tangier twinkling before us.

Then the captain lit a cigarette again, and the engineer emerged from his den, wiping his face. The passage had lasted seven hours, and was one of the worst, they said, that they had ever made. The sea was comparatively smooth in the bay, so every one now rushed about collecting his scattered property, and preparing gladly to go on shore.

But some time had to elapse before this latter was possible. The gates of Tangier are always shut at sundown, which was now some hours past, and it was necessary that the water-gate should be opened specially for our admittance; but so unusually late was the hour at which we had arrived, that there seemed to be some doubt in the minds of those familiar with the habits and customs of Moorish officials, as to whether we should be let in or not that night.

Of course in the darkness the steamer had not been seen coming in, so the whistle was blown long and loudly to apprise the inhabitants of our arrival, while we waited in anxious expectation; nobody feeling very much inclined to pass the night on the deck of the *Wolf*, wet, cold, and hungry as we were; and without any means of drying, warming, or feeding ourselves there. At length when we had almost begun to give up hope of getting in, the welcome sound of the splash of oars in the water was heard, and soon afterwards

a boat was seen coming struggling through the sea towards us. Though smooth in comparison to what we had gone through outside, there was a tolerably rough sea running in the bay, and it was no easy matter to bring the boat alongside.

The getting into her was a still more difficult process. The *Wolf* was rolling heavily to her anchor, while the boat bobbed up and down on the waves at her side like a piece of cork.

But the boat was soon filled to the water's edge with the Moors and Jews, who scrambled down over the side, pushing and jostling each other, and managed to get into her somehow. She was so dangerously full that Mr. Lyons and I resolved to wait for her return. In the darkness, haste, and confusion, the other English lady was very nearly dropped into the sea as she was being put in.

We had a tedious wait of fully twenty minutes before the boat came back. All the most agile of the Mohammedan and Hebrew passengers had gone on her first trip, and only the halt, the maimed, the blind, and the aged among them, with the captain, engineer, a couple of sailors, Mr. Lyons, and myself, remained to be taken. We were enough, however, to cram her again to the water's edge. The mode of getting in I found awkward. Mr. Lyons went before me, and the captain was to come after. The descent had to be made backwards, down a little ladder hung over the side, with

nothing to hold on by, but two loose rope-ends. This, with the steamer rolling heavily all the time, was, to say the least, precarious. Having got down, I had to wait suspended so, until the rolling of the *Wolf*, and the bobbing of the boat, should so accommodate themselves to each other as to permit me to let go. While I stood, the captain above and Mr. Lyons below adjured me to "hold fast and not let go," until I was told; while all the Moors and Jews shouted and screamed what I conclude were directions to the same effect, in hideous unknown tongues. At last the steamer rolled towards the boat, just as the boat bobbed up to the steamer, and then I was told, and shouted, and screamed, to let go, and step down. It required, I felt, considerable confidence in my fellow-creatures to let go, and step out backwards, on the chance of finding a footing on the edge of the boat, and arms ready to catch and hold me up. But I did it, not seeing anything else possible to do. I let go, stepped, or rather dropped back, was caught, held up until the boat steadied for a moment, and was then handed down, and stowed away in the stern of the boat.

The same performance had to be gone through with an unfortunate old Moor with a sore and disabled foot, and on crutches; who had been pushed and knocked aside by his more nimble friends, and who had a very good chance of being left behind altogether had not Mr. Lyons called the captain's attention to him; and

then the captain having got in himself, we started for shore. We were packed like figs in a box,—they squeeze closer than herrings in a barrel I think,—Jews, Moors, Infidels, and Christians; and our progress through the heavy sea was a tedious one.

Suddenly I was alarmed by a hideous yelling and screaming close at hand, which was responded to by the boatmen. We stopped, and with some difficulty the boat was turned stern on to the land, which was, however, not yet visible. Then I perceived that we were surrounded by a swarm of brown half-naked monsters, of the wildest aspect, who clung to the boat, shouting and yelling in the most frightful manner. These proved to be amphibious Moors and Jews, who make it their employment to wade out through the surf to the boats, and carry ashore the goods and passengers, boats not being able to approach, sometimes in bad weather, within a hundred yards of the shore. Two of these, with frantic cries and gesticulations, held aloft a chair, into which I was informed I was to entrust myself to be carried ashore. It was almost an exact repetition of the getting from the steamer to the boat. In the rolling surf it was impossible to keep the boat steady for an instant, so I had to stand on the gunwale held by my fellow-passengers, and wait until the boat rolled to within sufficient proximity of the chair, when there was a general shout, I was let go, and dropped backwards into it. The bearers of the chair then turned,

and waded through the surf to the shore. They were stalwart fellows (Jews,—Moors will only carry goods and True Believers), but still the waves rushed in with such violence, that it was with difficulty they kept their footing; and though they held the chair high above their shoulders, I enjoyed a cold foot bath all the way. They shouted to me all the time what I concluded were words of encouragement and reassurance. At last we reached the beach, up which they ran, and deposited me beyond reach of the waves; then they seized the chair again, rushed back into the sea, and disappeared in the darkness.

In the days of my early youth I had heard a good deal, at missionary meetings, of "Afric's golden sands." I was on them now for the first time; I couldn't see in the dark whether they were "golden" or not, but I could feel that they were horribly wet and cold, under my already wet and cold feet. Such as they were, however, I was glad to be on them, instead of being on the deck of the *Wolf*, or among the mysterious under-currents of the Straits.

CHAPTER VI.

TANGIER.

TANGIER is the principal seaport of the northern portion of the empire of Morocco, what was formerly the empire of Fez. Situated as it is, within or between two or three hours' sail of Europe, it possesses great advantages over every other town in Morocco; from which it might be expected that it would exhibit a commensurate superiority in its public and social conditions. It would not be unreasonable to look for some noteworthy effect of the advancing tide of western progress and civilization that washes its very shore, in its public and domestic institutions, and in the manners and habits of its people. But no such result is to be seen. Everything remains in the same state of primitive barbarism that it was centuries ago. Life seems to have stood still in Tangier. It has grown old, it is true, but it has not grown wiser or better. Or rather, it seems, not as if it had grown old, but as if it had never been young.

To an artist, and many artists visit Tangier, it must be an enchanting place; but it would disgust a thrifty farmer or an enterprising trader, and make every hair on the head of an inspector of nuisances stand on end.

However, as I am not a farmer nor an inspector of nuisances, and though not an artist either, have more

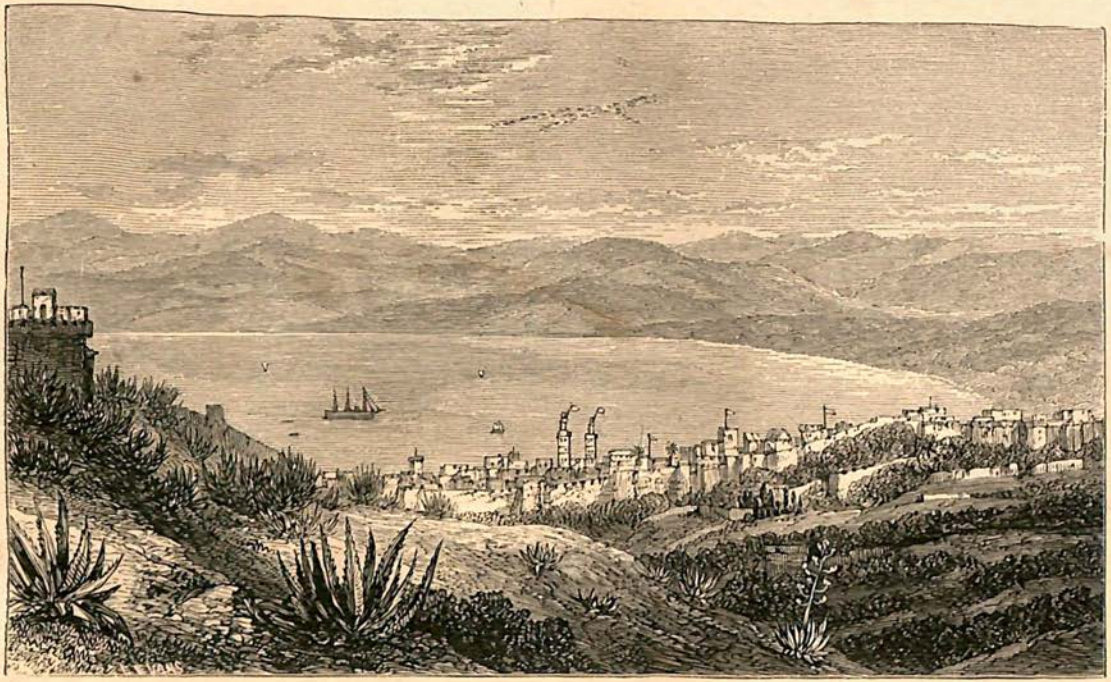
inclination and taste that way, I found much more here to delight and interest than to disgust me; at least as far as the outward aspect of things went. The picturesqueness of the town, the varied aspects of the people, their strange dress, the brilliant and bracing atmosphere, with the exceeding beauty and grandeur of the scenery of the surrounding country, more than atoned to me for the dirt of the streets and the laziness and superstition of the population.

The town is built on the slope of the inner side of the promontory that forms the western horn of the bay. The other side of this promontory is a steep precipice down to the sea. The top is a smooth grassy plain about a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, called the Marshen. A curious feature of this place is a number of excavations from about one to three feet wide, and varying in length from two or three to seven or eight feet; hewn in the solid rock on the edge of the precipice. No human remains have been found in or near them, nor are there any inscriptions to give a clue to what they were intended for, but they are generally supposed to have been graves made by the Phœnicians. At present they are frequently used as washing troughs by the Moorish women, as after heavy rains they are generally half-full.

The houses of Tangier are all built square, are flat-roofed, and have no windows. They are all white-washed, and many have in the courtyard, or *patio*, round

which they are built, a fig-tree planted, whose outstretched branches, covered with wide leaves, afford a grateful shade in summer; the dark foliage, too, contrasting pleasantly with the white walls.

Descending from the Marshen, and entering the town from the top, the best view of it is to be had. A narrow paved path leads through a high gateway with a fine pointed arch, the picturesque beauty of which is in no way diminished by its half ruinous and crumbling condition. On passing through, the way for a time leads through large open spaces and narrow passages, all surrounded by high walls. Here is the Casaba, the Bashaw's harem, the prison, the old treasury house, and one of the principal mosques. All here is completely shut in from any view of the outer world. Turning down one of the narrow passages, however, and passing through another gateway, that opens on the brow of a steep hill, we come suddenly upon a view of wide extent and surpassing beauty. Beneath and immediately around lies the town, all glistening white under the sun's rays. Here and there among the houses, rises the tall minaret of a mosque, brilliant with its many-coloured mosaic; the broad waving leaves of a palmetto palm, or the dark foliage of a fig-tree. Underneath again is the bay, blue with a blueness that can only be compared with its own hue or that of the sky overhead, surrounded by its belt of shining yellow sands. Beyond the bay, to the right,



THE BAY, FROM THE ROAD LEADING TO THE MARSHEN.

See page 70.

rise the African mountains, shaded with every rich and lovely tint of purple and green and gold, and some white-tipped with everlasting snow. To the left the blue sea of the Straits and the purple mountains of Spain, which on a clear day look so near that the little town of Tarifa, nestling in the sands at their base, seems but a stone's throw off. In the farther distance Gibraltar is plainly visible, even to the houses clustering about the base of the Rock, and the zig-zag wall running up its side. Fleets of merchant vessels passing through the Straits, with their snowy sails spread to the breeze, add to the wonderful variety and beauty of the scene; all above which spreads the limpid azure of the glorious sky.

The foreground is in keeping with the general brilliancy and variety of the picture: the gateway, with its pointed arch, and jagged uneven walls, every nook and cranny of which forms a bed for some bright and graceful climbing or clinging plant; the steep hill, down which a precipitous path winds into the town, clothed in the verdure of springing corn; the edges of the path bordered with the gay blue borage and a brilliant yellow starry-blossomed flower. Nor is life and movement wanting. Up and down the path passes a continual stream of people; Moors, civilians, wearing mostly gelabs of dark-blue cloth, with haiks and turbans of snowy white; soldiers in jackets and burnouses of every bright hue, carrying

their gaily inlaid matchlocks; Moorish women wrapped in their large white haiks, and struggling awkwardly along with their loose scarlet slippers; Jews in dark blue gabardines and black skull caps; burly negro slaves lightly clad in white cotton garments; with now and then a stranger in stiff sombre European garb. Some are riding horses, donkeys, or mules; others driving these animals along laden with heavy burdens. About the gateway, enjoying the beauty of the scene and that simple unadulterated idleness which seems to form one of the principal pleasures of Eastern life, lie or squat groups of the same people—except the women.

This is the outward aspect of Tangier, in fine spring weather. There is, it must be owned, a reverse side to the picture. It sometimes rains in Tangier; and when it does, it does it with a will. Then vanish the mountains, hidden in clouds of mist, and sea and sky and land are lost in one indistinguishable mass of dull grey.

This, however, is not often the case. There is a good deal of rain sometimes in November and December, but from Christmas out the sky is generally exquisitely clear, and the sun shines brilliantly; really brilliantly; as it never condescends to shine over our foggy isles. Picturesque and beautiful as Tangier is, however, looked at thus from the outside; within it is like that cup and platter mentioned in Holy Writ, "full

of all uncleanness and rottenness." The steep, narrow, ill-paved streets are strewed with filth and offal of every description. Rotting orange peels and refuse of vegetables, the entrails of fowls and fish, dead rats, new-born puppies and kittens—these cast forth living—are not the worst of the abominations that are thickly strewed or sometimes accumulated into heaps under foot.

The streets are exceedingly narrow, some not being more than three or four feet wide. In proof of this I may state that the cats jump across them from roof to roof, even when, as in many cases, the houses at one side are a story higher than those at the other. They are wretchedly paved. The principal street of the town, running up from the Waterport to the Soko (Market-place), though very much wider than any of the others, is in this respect and that of cleanliness, in no way superior. No attempt was apparently made to level its surface before paving, so that in addition to being a steep ascent the whole way, its configuration consists of a series of miniature hills and valleys. Then the stones with which it is paved are of all sizes and shapes, and laid without any regard to its geographical peculiarities. The large ones have been placed on the tops of the hills, the little ones in the valleys. Round ones like cannon-balls are in juxtaposition to square ones fixed corner wise; while a broad, flat, smooth stone, for the pedes-

trian to slip on, is sure to have a jagged rock next it to receive his shins when he falls.

At the top of the street are many fruit and flower and vegetable stalls; the keepers of which cast all their refuse and unsaleable wares out under the feet of the passers-by. In another part are stalls for the sale of eggs and poultry; the condemned portion of this stock being disposed of in the same manner. Fowls are always sold to the retail purchasers alive, but many die before sale from unnatural causes: such as suffocation, from being a little too closely packed in the basket in which they are brought to the town; determination of blood to the head, from hanging a trifle too long head downwards, all tied together in a bunch by the legs; or occasionally concussion of the brain, when in the heat of the bargain, the bunch is thrown indignantly, and a little too violently, on the pavement by the vendor or the intending purchaser. The bodies of these unfortunates are cast forth into the street, where they lie in every stage of decomposition, until the flies have carried them away bit by bit. This office, indeed, these volunteer scavengers would perform quickly enough if left undisturbed at their work; so numerous are they in Tangier. Every now and then a black cloud flies up under your feet, as you interrupt these useful, but it must be owned objectionable, little animals, at their work of love and charity. Now and then a starving dog or two will

come to dispute for the dainty morsel; but the street dogs of Tangier are altogether in too wretched and far-gone a condition to carry off the prize wholesale; so they wrangle for it in a weak and miserable manner under the feet of the passers-by, until kicked away by some irate pedestrian. The flies in Tangier are particularly stout, healthy, and well-nourished, and in general get the best share of these contested feasts. The dogs mostly abide in an open space at the top of the street where the butchers' stalls are. The odours here are quite indescribable. The dogs are mere mangy skeletons, some of them quite hairless, and masses of sores that to see makes one's blood run cold. One of them will occasionally lie down and die in the daytime in the middle of the street. Juvenile Moors and Jews surround him, and poke him with sticks as he dies. When he has drawn his last gasp he is left there to be walked over, until the flies have performed his obsequies at their leisure.

And yet this is the principal street in Tangier, one of the principal seaport towns of a rich empire; and not three hours' journey from European civilization!

Walking up the street from the Waterport, the first object of interest is the Jamaa Kebeer, the Great Mosque. Into this or any other mosque in Morocco, no Christian is allowed to enter; but a passing glance through the open doorway shows it to be of consider-

able size. Large screens are jealously placed around the doorway inside, but between them a glimpse can be caught of the central courtyard paved with green, black, and white, glazed tiles. All within seems to be scrupulously clean. The exterior of the mosque is without decoration, except the minaret and the doorway, which are ornamented with a mosaic of coloured tiles, the latter having in addition Moorish tracery and sentences from the Koran. From the summit of the minaret floats a white flag.

Opposite the mosque are the offices of the learned talebs, the lawyers of Tangier, who, in addition to the "six and eightpence" which they pick up at occasional intervals from their wealthier clients, are not too proud to earn an honest penny by conducting the epistolary correspondence of those who do not themselves possess the necessary accomplishment of writing. The offices, like the shops of the wealthiest traders, are mere holes; resembling the cobblers' stalls still to be seen in old-fashioned English villages. Seated cross-legged on a mat within, the talebs place the sheets of paper on their knees, and with a pen formed of a thin piece of cane, they write from right to left the tale of love or woe, poured into their ears by their employer.

Farther up, the street is lined on either side with shops for the sale of articles of native or European manufacture. The former are mostly kept by Moors.

They too sit cross-legged, surrounded by their stock, which is so arranged that they can reach almost any article without change of position. A fine, fat, sleepy cat; seated or curled up alongside of him, is the frequent companion of one of these active and enterprising traders.

Where the street widens a little, are seated the bread, vegetables, fruit, eggs, and milk sellers; mostly women from the neighbouring villages. These sit on the ground, their wares spread out before them. They are clad in haiks, which consist simply of five yards of dingy flannel, ingeniously wrapped about the person, so as to envelope it all save one eye; which has to perform the double duty of taking care of the stock and looking out for customers. In addition to the haik, many wear a straw hat, with a high crown, and a brim the diameter of an ordinary-sized English gig umbrella; so wide, indeed, that to prevent it from flapping down and extinguishing the wearer, it has to be supported by strings tied outside from the edge of the brim to the top of the crown. These hats are necessary in this climate, where the sun, even in January, is sometimes more powerful than on the brightest July day in England. These poor creatures have to walk miles over the burning sands and bare mountains, to bring their miserable little stock to sell in Tangier. But their appearance, thus habited, is ludicrous in the extreme.

Near the top of the street, is the principal Jewish

Synagogue in the town; looking exceedingly dirty in its outer aspect. Close by, sit the Jewish money-changers, each with his little pile of silver, and basket of copper coins beside him. Near here are the sweetmeat sellers. These never *sell* to their juvenile customers—the business is entirely transacted by gambling; not by tossing, as our English street youth are addicted to, but with a dice-box.

Close by is the residence of the Belgian consul, rendered striking by the neatness and elegance of its exterior. Three or four handsome, well-dressed Moors, soldiers (there are two attached to each consulate), and servants, lounge about the doorway; where, in the afternoons, a beautiful black barb, a centre of attraction to a crowd of idlers, is generally standing, waiting for his master to take his usual ride. Within, the house is built in the Moorish style, with an open, central courtyard, paved in coloured marbles. A pretty fountain plays in the centre, and beautiful flowers and tropical plants are placed around. Curtains of rich Moorish material hang at the doorways. It is stored with an interesting and valuable collection of Moorish and other curiosities, exquisitely kept, and arranged with great taste and ingenuity. During his absence in the afternoon, Mons. D——, with great kindness and courtesy, permits these to be shown to visitors. Opposite, is a large, bare, white-washed house, formerly the residence of the Swedish consul, now appropriated to the Franciscan monks. It

is a pity that it has not been turned instead into a hotel, as it is in one of the best situations in the town; while three at least of the hotels are poked away in the narrowest back streets.

Up and down this street passes a perpetual crowd of camels, horses, mules, and donkeys, Moors, Jews, Infidels, and Christians. The Moors, mules, Jews, and donkeys, decidedly predominate, the rest being but a sprinkling in comparison, a leaven which does not leaven the whole lump. The four-footed beasts and the two-footed mingle together in a manner highly unpleasant to the latter, if hitherto accustomed to the security of side walks. The unfortunate biped is shoved, pushed, and jostled about amongst his intellectual inferiors; and he is lucky if he escapes without having his toes trodden upon by iron-shod hoofs, or his ribs contused by the widely protruding packs with which most of these animals are laden. The donkeys are wonderful little beasts. It is not uncommon to see one, little larger than a good-sized Newfoundland dog; carrying, besides a pack-saddle weighing about a quarter of a hundredweight; a couple of panniers filled with fruit and vegetables, a crate full of cackling poultry, and a big Moor seated on the pack-saddle in the midst! The Moor will generally have a long gun, which he apparently uses as a sort of balancing pole; whilst, lest any particle of the animal's strength be wasted, a small boy will probably hang on by the tail, to be dragged thus up the steep street. Truly, there is a fine opening

in Morocco for the establishment of a branch of The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals!

But the most dangerous animal for the unwary pedestrian to encounter, is the camel, which possesses a power of doing mischief that would hardly be believed by those who have been taught in their youthful days to repeat the lines, commencing,—

> "Camel, thou art meek and mild,
> Gentle as a little child."

And have had subsequently no experience of him beyond the precincts of the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. The author of the above quoted poem had probably never seen one of the "Ships of the Desert" in its native country, or he would have known what a vicious brute it is; particularly in the breeding season, which is in the beginning of the year. Fortunately, however, the "camels" are not "coming" every day, nor do they come through every street; but on market days (Sundays and Thursdays), the market-place is full of them, and a good many pass up and down the main street. Woe to any one who incurs the displeasure of a camel! "If thou be hurt with horn of hart, it brings thee to thy bier," says the old huntsman's adage; but "if thou receive the bite of camel," the result will probably be the same.

Besides this, they have unpleasant habits of unceremoniously knocking down people who come in their way, or jamming them up against walls. But if, to avert

these dangers, the foot passenger confines himself to the narrow back streets, he has to keep very wide awake indeed to avoid the donkeys. These small creatures do the chief part of the carrying of the place, and their panniers protrude so far both to starboard and port, that the animal and his burden will frequently occupy the whole width of the street, and the pedestrian is forced to retreat into doorways and recesses whenever he sees one coming, to avoid being "squashed" up against the wall. It is true that the owner, who is perched up safely between the panniers on the donkey's back, gives notice of his approach by shouting, "Baaluk! baaluk!" But this, which is apparently analogous to the "By your leave" of the porter, who has already knocked you down with his truck at an English railway-station, is not of much practical use to the injured sufferer.

There are two or three fountains in the main street, round which a noisy crowd of Moors, Jews, and Negroes; of both sexes and all ages, fight and scramble for their turn. To hear them, bloodshed one would suppose could be the only result of the infuriated gesticulations and hideous vituperations that the rival claimants indulge in; but blows are seldom struck, and having filled their vessels, men, women, and children, go away quietly enough. The overflow from these fountains runs down the street in little rivers among the stones. Most unsavoury and ill-smelling little rivers, owing to the filth over which they flow.

I was told that Tangier was the cleanest town in the empire. If it be so, the condition of the dirtiest one baffles the powers of my imagination. As to the dangers of the streets, from the nature of the paving and other causes I have named; no better testimony can be offered than that of Mons. Blondin. He has recorded in the visitors' book of the hotel in which he stayed while in Tangier; that previously to coming to that town he had thought that he *could walk upon anything;* but the main street of Tangier convinced him that he had been labouring under an error. Even his walking abilities were baffled there.

It was suggested to the Bashaw (Governor) of the province in which Tangier is situated, that he should "mend his ways" for the benefit of his subjects. But in the same spirit in which the Sultan refused to allow a mole to be built at the Waterport, lest passengers should land at it, and so destroy the trade of the men who now carry them ashore through the surf; he replied to the suggestion, "No; for if the streets were well paved, *what would become of the lantern makers?*" as people could then walk with some chance of safety without a light after nightfall. The same conservative feeling which prompted Demetrius of Ephesus to oppose the preaching of St. Paul, on the ground that it would interfere with the gains of the manufacturers of the silver shrines for Diana, is still rife in Morocco; and forms an impenetrable obstacle to the

progress of a country of great natural resources, and one which under more enlightened and liberal rule might rank now, as she once did, among the first powers in the world.

Passing through a gateway at the top of the main street, we are in the *Soko*, or market-place, just outside the walls. This on a market day is a strange and picturesque scene. Besides the stall-keepers and their various wares,—vegetables, fruit, eggs, flowers, firewood, bundles of grass for fodder, pottery, baskets, etc., etc.,—there are the throngs of purchasers, whose moving shifting figures, clad in their strange garbs, lend life and animation to the scene. Horses, donkeys, and mules are tethered in every direction; and here and there is to be seen a drove of camels coming in or going out, or kneeling in parties of a dozen or so, round their meal of corn or green stuff spread on the ground for them.

Besides buying and selling, there are recreations of different kinds going on in the Soko. The most popular of these are snake-charming and story-telling. In the first, the spectators are ranged in a circle round the performers, about six deep; the front row being formed of a circle of small boys squatting on the ground, who squat it out from beginning to end. Half-an-hour is occupied with tambourine playing to attract the audience; and addresses on the part of the principal performer to Muley Abd-Sulam, a native saint many years demised,

calling his attention to the meanness and stinginess of the audience there assembled, exhibited by the paltriness of the sum they have bestowed to see the miraculous deeds which he, the snake-charmer, is about to perform. Between each address a tambourine is passed round into which such of the audience as have consciences to be touched by these observations, cast a few coppers. At last, when a sufficient number of people has collected and bestowed a sufficient quantity of money, the performance commences. A leather bag is cautiously opened, and a listless uninterested snake is placed on the ground. A small dog then advances, and pretends to wish to snap at its tail. The reptile resists in a lethargic manner, while the small dog barks a good deal, and jumps about as if to avoid the snake; a most unnecessary proceeding on his part, as the snake has evidently not the slightest intention of doing him any harm. After a time the dog gives up snapping, and then the snake curls himself up and goes to sleep; apparently very glad that his share of the entertainment is concluded. Then the tambourine goes round once more. If the result be unsatisfactory, Muley Abd-Sulam is again called upon, some more money is produced, and then another snake is taken out of the bag. This is generally livelier than the first, and the dog jumps a little higher and barks a little more. Two or three more snakes are produced, each generally livelier than the one before. They wriggle a little, put up their heads, and protrude their

long forked tongues. Sometimes a slight excitement is produced by one of them wriggling out among the spectators (there is no sort of barrier interposed), which causes a good deal of hustling and a general rush from that quarter; but the snake is always caught by the charmer, and brought back, before he has been able to get among the bare legs of the assemblage. A very sensational part of the entertainment then comes on, when the snake-charmer, producing a long skewer, thrusts it into his cheek, through a hole perfectly visible there under his scanty beard; an operation about as difficult and dangerous as a lady's putting her earring in her ear. The end of the skewer comes out through his mouth; he leaves it sticking there, and again appeals to Muley Abd-Sulam, and to the pockets of the audience, who witness all with the most perfect equanimity and composure. Then comes the grand scene, when the charmer with his skewer still sticking in him, takes up the snakes and twists them about his neck and arms, and invites them to bite his bare flesh; which, being, I suppose, rather dainty and fastidious snakes, they decline to do.

This entertainment is mostly patronised by the great unwashed of Tangier. It requires a considerable amount of courage on the part of even the most inquisitive and persevering sight-seer not "native there and to the manner born," to stand it out. Not from any fear of the snakes, which are evidently of the mildest pos-

sible disposition, and thoroughly trained, in some way, to good behaviour. But from having to stand jammed in among a crowd of "unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered," humanity, many of them afflicted with ophthalmia and other horrible diseases; and in every progressive stage of convalescence from small-pox; all clad in filthy cotton, and, still worse, filthy flannel, garments, in various conditions of rag, patch, and tatter. I did it however, valiantly shut my eyes to everything but the snakes and the charmer; and witnessed the whole performance from beginning to end. But I took the consequences, a complete change of raiment, and thorough ablutions, when I returned to the hotel.

The following is the Moorish account of the origin of the Eisowys or "snake charmers" of Morocco, and the mode in which they are supposed to have obtained their power over venomous reptiles.

The founder of the sect, for as such they are recognised, of Khouars, or as we call them Eisowys, was the famous Marabout, Sidi Mohammed ben Aissa, who lived some three centuries since in the town of Mequinez, in Morocco. He was a poor man, whose wife and children had not always a meal to eat, but in God he always found a ready helper. One day, after no member of his family had tasted food for upwards of forty-eight hours, he went to the mosque for the purpose of worshipping the Lord. Returning to his house he saw a leg of mutton roasting in front of

the fire. In his unbounded confidence in the goodness of God he did not inquire whence came this abundant meal. The following day he went again to the mosque, and returning to his home found once more the table laid. The same thing happened every day without Aissa displaying the slightest curiosity to know the name of his benefactor, who was no other than an angel sent by Allah. The city was attacked with famine; and Aissa, with the fragments from his meals, was able to nourish the sick, and feed the starving poor. One time his wife, looking in the water she was about to use for her ablutions, found that the bucket was filled with gold coins; and this miracle was several times repeated. This gold was placed in a cupboard to furnish daily alms for the poor.

Encouraged by so many marks of Divine protection, Mohammed ben Aissa founded the order of Eisowys, whose special tenets are implicit faith in God, and passive obedience to their marabouts, to whom they should be "as a corpse in the hands of a layer out."

In order to establish his authority over his new-made followers, Mohammed ben Aissa employed the following means. He assembled his disciples, and said to them, "El Aid Hanwela"* is approaching: in place of the sheep

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* "The ram feast," or El Aid Kebir "the great feast," known in the East as the Greater Bairam, and called in the Koran Id Al Korbên, "the feast of the sacrifice."

which it is the custom to slay on that holy occasion, it is my wish to sacrifice you all. Those who truly revere me will follow me into my house."

Amongst all his frightened followers, but one could be induced to enter.

"Kill me," he said to the marabout, "if such be your pleasure, or if my death be of any service to you."

Aissa embraced him, and giving him a sheep, ordered him to kill it in such a manner that the blood should run from beneath the doorway into the street. The devoted follower obeyed. Mohammed ben Aissa then went out, and addressing the rest of the people, renewed his proposition; while the rivulet of blood was still reddening the earth. After a little hesitation a second disciple followed the marabout, who acted to him in the same manner that he had done to the first. After this, thirty-six other men one by one presented themselves, resolved to submit blindly to the will of the marabout; and each, in recompense for his obedience, received a sheep in place of the death which he expected had awaited him.

It was with these thirty-eight apostles that Aissa established his religion.

Some time after, when he had gathered golden fruits from the branches of olive-trees, and after having broken his arm while wrestling with the fourth angel of heaven, it happened that as he returned in a triumphant march along the highroads, accompanied by

a crowd of his followers, these latter complained to him of the length of the way, of hunger and of thirst.

"Eat poison then," exclaimed the impatient marabout.

Notwithstanding this speech, at the end of the journey he wished them to seat themselves round a table, well laden with savoury viands; but finding that they were no longer hungry, "What have you eaten?" he exclaimed.

"We have had confidence in thy words," they replied, "and have collected serpents, scorpions, and whatever else we could find that we thought might satisfy our hunger."

"As you have not doubted my power," said Aissa, "but shown the faith that you ought, you and your offspring, and all your descendants, and whoever like you shall enter upon the path which I have opened to you, shall have nothing to fear from venom or poison for evermore."

The story-telling is a more select and fashionable entertainment than snake-charming, the audience being largely composed of the rich and well-to-do, and consequently well dressed, Moors. They also sit cross-legged in a semicircle, round the story-teller, who stands, repeating his narrative in a monotonous drone, every now and then, apparently to mark the commas,—there seem to be no full stops in his tale,—striking a small drum. He is listened to with the most perfect silence

and attention, but his narrative appears to excite no emotion whatsoever in the breast of his auditory.

But the Soko with its business and amusements is, like the rest of Tangier, better viewed somewhat at a distance—from the gateway, or from the rising ground beyond; that is, for any one at all sensitive to disagreeable smells, or particular about what they walk on, or about what walks on them.

CHAPTER VII.

INDOORS IN TANGIER.

HAVING described some of the peculiarities of the streets of Tangier, I will now try to give an idea of the houses, which are as unlike European habitations as possible. On the outside of a Moorish house there are no windows, the walls are plainly white-washed and destitute of any ornament; nor are there any eaves, the roof being quite flat, so that seen from the outside the house looks like a solid block of masonry on every side but that on which the door is situated. This is small, but strongly made, studded with nails, and generally having a smaller door, "the needle's eye," cut into the centre of it. The sill is of stone or brick, and is kept constantly coloured with vermilion; while on each side of the door, will be depicted, in the same material, an open hand, as a charm against the evil eye; or a rude imitation of a palm branch, the emblem of fertility, which latter serves the same purpose as the old white kid-glove wrapped round the knocker in a London square. This, like many other customs, more or less of a superstitious nature, is common to both Moors and Jews in Tangier. The interior of the house is formed of a square *patio*, or courtyard, round which the rooms are built. Entrance to those in the upper stories is afforded by means of galleries

running round the inside of the house, after the fashion of the old English coaching inns of former days. The patio is paved in geometrical patterns, with red and green tiles, or in houses of the better class with coarse marble mosaics. In the centre is generally planted a fig-tree, for the purpose of shade in the summer heat, which is excessive in this climate, but sometimes the patio is roofed in, with a skylight overhead.

Most of the rooms have folding doors, some of which, in houses of the better class, are curiously carved, and coloured in Arabesque patterns. Domestic privacy, and the exclusion of the heat of the sun, are evidently the main points in view in the building of Moorish houses. The rooms are generally very long in proportion to their width, and are paved with tiles of various colours, over which are laid mats of *esparto*, or richly coloured rugs, the peculiar manufacture of the town of Rabat. At one end is generally a pile of mattresses covered with rugs, which serves as a sofa or bed. Chairs there are none, the Moors preferring to sit cross-legged on the ground; and the table is nothing but a round stool, not more than nine inches in height, just capable of holding the large scallop-edged brass tray upon which the dishes are placed. A few embroidered cushions, one or two chests, and some curiously carved and ornamented brackets and gun racks, complete the scanty furniture of the apartment. The kitchen of a Moorish house is small, and there being little variety in the daily bill

of fare, the cooking utensils are few in number. There is one standard national dish, *kesksoo,* which is peculiar to the country, and which I may most appropriately describe here. The manner of its preparation is as follows. A woman sits upon the ground, having at her side a basket of flour, made from the finest inner particle of wheat, a bowl of water, a little salt, and a sieve; and in her lap a large wooden tray. Having wetted her right hand in the water, in which she has first sprinkled a little salt, she dips it in the flour, and then, by dexterous rubbing on the tray, forms the flour into little pellets of the size and appearance of sago. Each handful is placed as it is finished in the sieve, which is composed of a hoop covered with bladder, which is pierced with holes. In this it is sifted, which separates the grain into two sizes, and they are left to dry for a time in the sun. A rich stew composed of fowls, game, or kid; flavoured with onions and a suspicion of aniseed, is prepared in a large earthen jar; and when this is almost cooked, some of the kesksoo is placed in a basket-work bag, and steamed over the stew. When sufficiently steamed, the grain is placed round a large dish, the centre of which is filled with the stewed meat, covered with the onion, and the whole is garnished with hard-boiled eggs.

The use of this dish is universal in Morocco, both in town and country, and amongst all classes and creeds. It is, however, always recognised as being essentially

a Moorish speciality in cookery; and, indeed, it is generally supposed that only the Moorish women can acquire the art of manufacturing the kesksoo—the little pellets of flour. In Jewish or Spanish families, when a supply of kesksoo is required, a Moorish woman is always engaged to come and make it.

But the Jews also have a special dish of their own, which as I am upon the subject of cookery, I may as well describe here, for the benefit of curious English housewives; not that I think any of them will be likely to add the receipt to their private cookery-book. It is called *dafina*, and is the Jews' Sabbath dinner dish. The Jews, it must be remembered, are not permitted by their religion to light a fire on the Sabbath, or cook, though they may eat what has been cooked in another house and by another person; provided always that that other person has not touched the food while cooking it. Now this appears to present a very difficult problem. It is hard to think how even a pie could be baked without some slight risk of the baker touching the crust with his fingers by accident; therefore how can even pies satisfy the scruples of devout Jews who yet have a weakness for a hot dinner on the Sabbath? Dafina is the solution of the enigma. The Jewish wife or cook takes an earthen jar (probably very dirty, for the Jews are not at all particular about dirt,—Jewish dirt), and puts into it, mutton, beef, chicken, rice, peas, beans, barley, wheat, garlic, red pepper, salt, oil, water, eggs

with the shells on, and anything else that her fancy may suggest and that is not forbidden by the Law and the Prophets. It is then covered with a lid, over which is put a plaster of moist clay. It is then sent to one of the public ovens before sunset on the eve of the Sabbath, and baked until the following midday. The Jewish community pay a man specially to stay all this time at the baker's, and keep guard over their dafinas, so that no polluting hand of Moslem or Christian shall remove any of the lids. At midday on the Sabbath, the dafina is fetched home by boys also specially employed for the purpose.

I am sorry that I cannot tell what dafina is like. The receipt I found quite enough for me. The Jews, however, consider it a very delicious dish, and Spaniards I believe also appreciate it highly. The dafina, indeed, is most probably the origin of the Spanish *olla podrida.*

There is a considerable affinity between the customs of the Moors and the Jews in matters relating to food. Thus the prohibition to eat pork is common to the religious code of both nations. It is generally believed that the Moors have adopted this from the Jews, though there is another and totally different origin assigned to it by some of the learned Moslems; which makes it a genuine and independent Mohammedan law. The story is as follows. A wild boar that had been slain in a hunt was cut up and divided among the families

of the small *douar* (village) near which it had been killed. One poor widow, however, was absent at the time of distribution; and coming a little after to the place where the meat was divided, found that her portion —which had been duly cut and put aside for her—had been stolen by one of her neighbours. She complained to Mohammed, who, however, was unable to restore it to her or punish the thief; but instead pronounced a curse upon that particular portion of the flesh of the hog, both at that time, from henceforth, and for evermore. As neither the widow nor any one else knew what exact bit had been cut for her (the thief of course would not tell) Mohammedans have always since abstained from pork, as eating it they might chance to put, as they say, "a curse into their stomachs." Rumour says that some of the very learned men have found out the exact part forbidden, and consequently, knowing which part to avoid, are able to eat the rest in safety; but if so they keep the secret to themselves.

I mentioned hall-doors, but I think I have omitted to mention hall-door knockers; or the very novel purpose to which they are applied in Tangier. In Christian countries they are generally made use of to attract the attention of the inmates of the house. Here, on the contrary, they are used by the inmates to attract the attention of people outside. Their principal utility appears to be to summon the boys whose business it is to run on errands, and fetch and carry for the inhabitants. A

door will be seen opened sufficiently to allow the fat, brown, braceleted, arm of a Moorish female to protrude, and her hand perform a solo on the knocker. Presently five or six barefooted half-clad boys will be seen running from all directions, and the first who arrives goes into the house, and reappears in a moment, generally with a small board covered with the flat-shaped loaves that the Moors delight in, which are taken off to the public bakehouse. Sometimes he is summoned to take some confidential verbal message to a distant part of the town, which message he probably tells to all his companions and friends whom he may meet on the way; so that it becomes public intelligence long before it reaches its destination. Sometimes, when there are any public amusements going on to occupy the time and attention of the ragged youth of Tangier, it takes a good deal of knocking to fetch one. I have known a knocker, knocked unremittingly for half an hour, with two or three others also going, not very far off. Under these circumstances knockers become a most intolerable nuisance.

I must not omit to observe with regard to the furniture of the houses in Tangier, that the above description is strictly applicable to those occupied by Moors alone. Most of the Jews, of the better class, use European tables and chairs, at any rate for meals; and their principal room is always furnished with a large sofa. Houses occupied by Europeans, though many of them

are destitute of carpets and curtains (superfluities, not to say nuisances, in this climate), are in other respects furnished suitably to European tastes and requirements.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MARINA.

TURNING down instead of up the main street brings us to the Marina, a portion of the beach enclosed by walls. Here the custom-house is situated, and the goods for exportation collected and stored. How miserably small the export trade of Tangier is, considering that it is the principal seaport town of the country, may be estimated by the few bales and boxes of merchandise, the accumulation of several days, waiting here; which will all be carried off by one small tug-boat. It consists chiefly of hides, grain of various kinds, and, in their season, dates and oranges. Among the grain is a very large quantity of the little seed that we call canary seed; and I am told that it forms a staple article of exportation all down the coast. What it is used for I do not know, but surely it cannot be alone for feeding pet canaries.

The principal trade, indeed, is in cattle for the supply of the Gibraltar garrison, for which purpose also a large quantity of fowls are exported; but even of these the supply sent is, I was told, very unequal to the demand.

The Marina is a favourite lounge on fine afternoons when a steamer is expected in. There is a considerable

dearth of amusements, properly so called, for visitors in Tangier; and when, as was the case when I arrived, the roads are impassable, and country excursions and picnics are consequently out of the question; it is a pleasant variety to the afternoon's ride or walk on the sands; to go down to the Marina and see the passengers land from the steamer. Quite a crowd assembles for this purpose—a motley crowd, made up of all the various elements of which the population of Tangier is composed. There are the Moorish officials of the custom-house; tall handsome fellows, richly dressed in dark blue *sulams*, burnouses, embroidered waistcoats, crimson silk sashes, baggy white trousers, and large white turbans twisted outside the fez; and sometimes with a white haik, made of a finely woven woollen material resembling barège, and generally striped with silk, thrown over the head and shoulders, and falling in graceful folds below the knee. Their feet are bare, except for the inevitable yellow slippers. These native swells lounge or lie about, in every attitude of idleness and ease; some sit cross-legged, gossiping, smoking, or sipping coffee. Besides these are numerous other Moors belonging to the better class; and Jews of every grade are very plentiful. A throng of the half naked porters, who rush into the surf to carry ashore the passengers and goods; a sprinkling of shabby, lounging Spaniards smoking cigarettes; another sprinkling of the consuls and vice-consuls of the different nations

who hoist their flag in Tangier, with maybe one or two of the doctors; these forming the *élite* of the European population; and again, another sprinkling of English and American tourists from the hotels. The crowd of course includes an hotel-keeper or two, and a small army of touts. In addition a rabble of all the boys of the town, and two blind beggars with their leaders. The beggars smoke cigarettes, while their leaders, small pertinacious urchins, drag them about and do the begging.

The first boat from the steamer is the pratique boat, distinguished amongst the rest by its carrying the Moorish ensign, apparently a dirty red-cotton pocket-handkerchief. No other boat is allowed to approach the steamer until the captain has delivered the bill of health to the captain of the pratique boat. She brings besides, the mail-bag; which a young Jew who officiates as postman to the English legation takes charge of. It is impossible in so public a place to attempt to kidnap this young man, and take instant possession of one's own particular share of the letters and newspapers, a desire to perpetrate which act of violence is, however, strong in many an English breast. The mails, particularly in bad weather, are tardy and irregular in their arrival; and it is no uncommon occurrence to be five days without news from England.

When the next boat approaches, a general rush takes place. A swarm of porters, who have waded out through

the surf, hang on to her stern, yelling and shouting to the boatmen and passengers, and struggling among themselves for the vantage ground. The unhappy passengers are brought ashore one by one in the chair, or on the backs of the tallest and strongest of the Jews, in various conditions of fright, exhaustion, wrath, and excitement with regard to their property; which has been seized on promiscuously by the horde of noisy half-naked savages. They are scarcely on their feet on the beach when they are laid hold of by the touts, who also struggle with the porters for the possession of stray rugs, umbrellas, and bandboxes; by which they may endeavour to found a claim to the persons of the owners besides, and so bear them off in triumph to the hostelry which they represent. In the midst of the struggle a wave generally rushes in over everything, the feet and luggage of the new comers included, which causes another rush to higher and drier ground. The same scene is enacted with the second boat, which arrives while the contents, animate and inanimate, of the first is still being fought over; and also with the third; and so on, with as many as come. Many of the passengers are of course in parties, some members of whom may come in the first boat, some in the second, and others in the third. Under these circumstances, a heart-rending separation of families and an awkward division of property often appears inevitable. A husband, with his wife's bonnet-box, coming in the third boat, will be

seized upon by one party, while his wife and his portmanteau, landed from the second, are being struggled over by another, the nurse, the baby, and the tin-bath, which came in the first boat, having been carried off by a different band. Elderly ladies get lost by their sons, children are seized shrieking from the arms of their mothers, and timid daughters are taken from under the very eyes of their fathers. Occasionally some resistance is made by the victims. A young Briton will use his fists for the recovery of his mother or his valise, and an enraged parent will turn his umbrella, if he has fortunately retained or recovered it, into a weapon of offence to good purpose. But the best fight I ever saw made was by a waiting-woman, who soundly thumped a big Moor, who had snatched her bandbox and her mistress's dressing-case from her; until he was fain to drop his booty and make off, with maledictions on the head of his spirited opponent.

Parties and properties being at length collected, the wrangle for payment with the boat and chair men ensues. It gives rise to an awful amount of screaming, shouting, foot-stamping, and fist-shaking; and is generally settled by the travellers, if new to Tangier, paying half what is demanded of them, and four times what is justly due. Then the luggage is carried up to the gate, where it is inspected by the officials; another trying ordeal. This concluded, the new arrivals proceed to the different hotels, escorted by the touts and guides belonging to

these establishments, and preceded each by a long file of porters carrying the luggage. According to Tangier rules, the smallest article requires a separate man to carry it. Arrived at the hotel, all the luggage is flung down in the patio, and then arises another altercation with regard to payment for this service. Three people with a moderate amount of luggage will have from fifteen to twenty Sons of the Prophet and Children of Israel clamouring for remuneration. All the *employés* of the hotel, male and female, crowd about, and occasionally joining in the controversy, add to the liveliness of this first scene in Tangier life.

CHAPTER IX.

THE UNITED NATIONAL HOTEL.

THE weather for some time after my arrival in Tangier was very wet; and that, and other circumstances connected with my visit, confined me a good deal indoors during the earlier part of my stay. But even within the precincts of the hotel there was a good deal that was novel and interesting; and, I thought, worth observing. More especially in the system of its management, which was quite unlike anything I had ever before experienced.

The house was built in the Moorish style,—square, inclosing the patio, which was completely unroofed, and open to the sky. The patio was floored with squares of black and white marble, and was in size disproportionately large to the rooms which ran round it. There was no fig-tree in this patio to afford shelter, so that when it rained the visitors at the hotel had to hold up umbrellas, and when it rained very hard, to put on waterproofs, in crossing the patio to get to the *salle à manger* for meals. As the rain lodged in the marble pavement too, goloshes were in request on these occasions. The *salle à manger* was on the ground floor, with the kitchen, pantries, and the landlady's bedroom. There was but one upper story, and here was the saloon, an apartment about ten feet

square, and three bedrooms. This was all the accommodation the house afforded. The rooms were all whitewashed and floored with red tiles, and had each one very small window. These latter, however, the landlady had put in at her own expense; and it was part of her agreement with her Moorish landlord, that when she left she was to build them up again. Some of the doors could only be fastened from the inside, some only from the outside, and some could not be fastened at all.

The domestic arrangements of the United National Hotel, were of an exceedingly primitive and original character. From the above description of the premises, it will be seen that the accommodation for visitors was very limited in its extent, consisting as it did of only three bedrooms. To in some measure remedy this defect, a partition had been run up across one of the rooms to divide it into two. This partition was formed of planks of wood, not covered in any way; and to secure ventilation—I suppose—a slight space was left between each plank. There had originally been many knots in the planks; but these had all been pushed out, either by the ingenious architect, to secure further ventilation, or by travellers curious as to the proceedings of their neighbours in the next room. The apartment had originally had a folding door, one side of which was now made to do duty for one room, and the other side for the other. The

partition was run down between the two half-doors, and where it met them, another door was placed in that. The doors were hung in such a manner that to open or shut one, it was necessary to open or shut the other two. The fastenings were contrived on the same plan; all three had to be fastened together.

The probability of some awkwardness being likely to arise out of these arrangements might strike the ordinary mind. But the hostess of the United National Hotel at Tangier must have had, I think, an extraordinary mind. I don't know exactly what countrywoman she might be called; but she was born, I believe, in Gibraltar, and she could claim, I fancy, as varied an ancestry as did Louis, the waiter at the hotel I stayed at there.

In her fertile brain—to which I believe the credit of designing the peculiar architecture I have just described was entirely due—was conceived and completely laid out, a plan for disposing, with ease and comfort, of all the travellers who might seek for accommodation at the United National Hotel. One of the larger rooms was fitted up with one large bedstead; a married couple was to occupy this. The other large room had two smaller beds, one at each end; these were to be filled by two brothers, or two sisters, or a father and son, or a mother and daughter, or two friends of the same sex. The latter clause was a *sine quâ non*, as the hostess, when confiding these arrangements to friends,

always took care to inform them. She was very strong upon the proprieties, and prided herself considerably upon this, what might be considered, quixotic observance of them. The two rooms, divided by the ventilating partition and accommodated with the happy triumvirate of doors, were for single people of either sex, two of the same sex at the same time being considered more desirable, but not essential.

But unfortunately for the success of these excellent plans of Mrs. Caterina's,—as she was popularly called,—for the comfortable accommodation of the visitors who sought her hotel, they would not always come in the order which she had arranged for them. Sometimes four single gentlemen, all totally unconnected with each other, would arrive, and necessarily occupy all four rooms. With the next steamer two married couples would appear upon the scene. To ordinary minds, as I have said, it might appear impossible to take these in at all. But thus to turn money from her doors, and into the doors of her rivals, the other hotel-keepers, would in the eyes of Mrs. Caterina have been a sin and a sacrilege; and accommodated they must be, somehow. To do so the benevolent feelings of the single gentlemen had to be worked upon; and for this purpose all the powers of speech, the gifts of rhetoric, and the arts of persuasion (and they were not few) of which Mrs. Caterina was possessed, were brought to bear

upon these individuals. But sometimes it would happen that the single gentleman occupying the room with the one large bedstead, would be of a disobliging disposition, not susceptible to female rhetoric or persuasion, and would refuse to turn out of it, absolutely, under any circumstances whatsoever. The gentleman occupying that with the two beds might be more kindly disposed, and yielding to the pressure put upon him, would agree to give up his chamber, and accept the landlady's own, from which she retired for the purpose, in lieu of it. But though one of the newly arrived parties might be thus accommodated, there would still be the other to be disposed of. For this it would be necessary to arouse the sympathies of the gentleman occupying one of the partitioned rooms, in order to induce him to vacate it. If this unfortunate bachelor was intending probably to leave in a day or two, and was possessed of a particularly feeling and confiding heart, he might be brought to renounce his rights in favour of the more fortunately circumstanced new arrival, and consent to couch himself on the drawing-room sofa, which was short, narrow, hard, and slanted outwards.

But even all these concessions might not prove sufficient to meet the exigencies I have stated. And this exemplifies in a most marked manner the exceeding obstinacy of the English character and its adhesion to the prejudices of its country. If the lady and gentleman happen to be of English extraction, nothing will

persuade them to occupy the partitioned chamber, while the remaining fourth single gentleman occupies the other; notwithstanding all its advantages of ventilation, and its, in a mechanical sense interesting, complication of doors. In vain Mrs. Caterina takes the lady aside, and confidentially assures her of the upright and honourable character of the gentleman sleeping at the other side of the partition. If this does not suffice to overcome her scruples, Mrs. Caterina resorts to argument. What, she protests, with uplifted eyebrows and outstretched hands, can the señora have to fear when her husband is with her to protect her from all harm? If indeed it were an unmarried young lady! But in her case, etc., etc. But these are circumstances under which all argument and remonstrance are alike in vain; and the hostess of the United National Hotel is compelled to see these customers depart, to swell the weekly receipts of an opposition establishment. Sometimes when the other rooms, including the landlady's, were already properly apportioned, and none remained but the partitioned chambers, difficulties would arise through the advent of new arrivals, both single, but unfortunately not both of one sex, and so—owing to insular prejudice—not easily disposable in the limited sleeping room at the landlady's command. Again there is a display of female obstinacy, which Mrs. Caterina uplifts her eyebrows and hands in a vain attempt to combat. She is ready to offer "the señorita" every assurance of the honourable conduct

of the gentleman in the next room. It is a remarkable fact that the gentleman occupying this apartment, or about to occupy it, *is* always a man of the nicest honour, and most extreme modesty and delicacy of feeling; even though Mrs. Caterina does not know his name—she seldom knows her lodgers' names—or has possibly never seen or heard of him until ten minutes before. In fact any man wanting to make a good character for himself (and I fear there are some in that predicament), need only go to Tangier, sleep in one of these rooms, and he is a made man for the rest of his life. But though she can make no excuse at all for the foolish objections of married ladies on this subject, Mrs. Caterina is ready to concede something to the natural timidity of an unprotected spinster. The gentleman in the next room may be all that a gentleman ought to be or could be, still the señorita, she grants, may be afraid. But Mrs. Caterina has then a proposal always ready that cannot fail to satisfy all scruples. She, Mrs. Caterina herself, will come in and sleep with the señorita. Yes, in the same bed! There! What objections can the señorita have to make now? But the señorita has objections still; one of which is possibly; though this of course is not brought forward; the obese habit of body of the worthy landlady, and consequent danger of death by suffocation for her proposed bedfellow. Such objections as the señorita can urge, are of course combated; and an attempt is made to shame the young lady out of them. What is the señorita

thinking of? Does she suppose that any man in the world would dare to enter a sleeping apartment protected by her, Mrs. Caterina's, presence? Such objections as these cast a slur upon the establishment! Of course the young lady protests her faith in the honour of the gentleman in the next room and in the virtue of the landlady. Then what is it she fears? She explains that she fears nothing, but that habit, custom, feeling, etc., etc., preclude the possibility of her occupying an apartment in such very confidential relation to one occupied by a gentleman. It would be very awkward, it might be very unpleasant, etc., etc. The landlady never heard such objections suggested against those rooms by any lady before! Of course she has forgotten the lady of last week, and also the one of the week before, and half a dozen during the previous season. She plainly insinuates that there must be a certain impropriety in the mind that can conceive or entertain them. She always then brings forward for reproof and admonition the case of a young lady who occupied that apartment for two whole months of the previous winter. She had objected at first slightly, it was true; but when she, the landlady, offered to sleep with her, she had expressed herself perfectly satisfied. And she was an Irish young lady, and the Irish, so she, Mrs. Caterina, had heard it said, were even more sensitive and particular in these matters than the English. A young lady, this one too, of such exceeding modesty and bashfulness

of disposition, that when there were no other ladies staying in the hotel, she could not bring herself to appear at the dining-table amongst the male visitors. Yes; and so much did that Irish young lady like that room, that she continued to occupy it, even when other rooms were vacant; and, protected by the virtuous presence of the landlady, was indifferent as to the occupation of the adjoining chamber by any number of gentlemen, of any age or country. To object any further after hearing *this*, will be to impugn the veracity of the landlady, and the hitherto unsullied purity of the character of the Irish young lady. Unawed by the fear of such dread consequences as these, the new comer still objects, and carries her objection to the extent of altogether declining to occupy the room. As to "the Irish young lady," possibly she thinks of Mrs. Harris, and feels inclined to exclaim, like Betsy Prig, "I don't believe there was no sich person." That, at least, was my feeling when she was quoted to me. For these reasons, the appearance of new comers, who always arrived without previous notice, and late in the afternoon, sometimes in the evening, was the signal for a general turning topsy-turvy of the whole establishment. The older residents had generally to consent to being shifted from one room to another, and shaken down in such order as would admit of the accommodation of all, without any very great outrage upon old habits of propriety and decency; being well aware that they

would probably be quite as badly off at any of the other hotels, if they had also received a sudden influx of visitors. With the exception, indeed, of sleeping on the sofa. The amount of self-abnegation necessary in any one who would consent to pass a night either on the sofa in the *salon* which, as I have said, slanted outwards; or the sofa in the *salle à manger*, which was already the rightful property of all the fleas in the establishment, being rare; even among the long-suffering boarders at the United National Hotel. Then, while the settlement of the claims of the fourteen porters was still going on, with its due amount of clamour, in the patio below; there commenced above, a taking down and putting up of iron bedsteads; of which there were some fractured and dislocated specimens kept for extras; a shoving and dragging of presses and tables; and a rushing to and fro from one chamber to another of the landlady and her satellites, with the clothes and other peculiar properties of her guests, in process of transfer. The unhappy owners of the properties looking on meanwhile in helpless distraction, any attempt to direct or assist only rendering the confusion ten times worse confounded. The order generally observed was, that whatever Mrs. Caterina carried from one room into another, her sister, Mrs. Eleña, seized and bore off into a third. The occasion, too, was generally converted into an opportunity for a display of the enmity subsisting between Rachma, a lively young negress who

acted as housemaid, and Mosé, a youthful Jew who cleaned the boots, knives and forks, and riding gear. If Rachma were carrying anything, Mosé snatched it from her, and carried it somewhere else; and *vice versâ*. Sometimes, if the kidnapping were not performed with great suddenness and dexterity, a struggle ensued, in which blows and kicks were exchanged, accompanied by volleys of abuse; all this without any regard to the nature of the article in dispute, which was sometimes a gun, possibly loaded; sometimes a best hat or bonnet. This warfare was of course greatly aided by the fact, that Mrs. Caterina never took the trouble to explain to these amiable young people the exact arrangement which they were supposed to be assisting her in effecting; they were only aware that things were to be generally knocked and dragged about; and this, it must be admitted, they performed most effectually.

The subsequent result in the confusion of property may be imagined. If the parties exchanging apartments were a lady and gentleman, Mrs. Caterina, who, as I have said, prided herself upon her observance of the proprieties, generally took care that very exclusive garments were appropriated to their rightful owners. Still some confusion did now and then occur, even with regard to these. On one occasion the night habiliments of a lady and gentleman, not long arrived, and who were therefore ignorant of the danger that threatened their property, and had taken no precautions to avert it, were altogether

missing after a readjustment of bedrooms. The owners naturally did not discover their loss until the time at which they wanted to put the garments on, and had to wait until the whole establishment had been roused, and a long and vigorous search made; when they were found in places where only the most cunning ingenuity could have concealed them. But guns, whips, stirrups, umbrellas, parasols, etc., only found their lawful possessors, or were found by them, occasionally and by chance. Ladies' and gentlemen's jackets were freely exchanged, hats were appropriated without any reference to the sex of the wearers, while boots and shoes of all descriptions were distributed quite promiscuously. Thus a gentleman would be supplied with a pair of high-heeled balmorals and an embroidered slipper, while a young lady would wake up in the morning to find herself the possessor of two wellingtons and a blucher. But it was never thought necessary to remove sponges or toothbrushes from one room to another with their owners. Mrs. Caterina was always anxious to promote sociability amongst the guests beneath her roof; and possibly she thought that a community of interests in these trifling and unimportant articles would be conducive to the general amity.

The establishment consisted of Mrs. Caterina the landlady; Mrs. Eleña her sister; and two little girls, grandchildren of the latter. Selam, a tall handsome young Moor, who officiated as cook, waiter, and groom; Rachma,

and Mosé. Where all these people were disposed of at night, particularly when Mrs. Caterina let her own bedroom, may naturally excite some bewilderment in the mind of the readers of this truthful narrative. Selam was a married man, and went away at night. The landlady, her sister, the children, and Rachma, distributed themselves between the bedroom of the former and the *salle à manger*, when it was vacated by the guests for the night. When Mrs. Caterina's bedroom was let, they all slept in the *salle à manger*, the children being sometimes put instead in a cupboard on the staircase. The cupboard was high, so, to keep them out of the way, they were left there crying in the morning until some one deemed it convenient to come and take them down. Mrs. Caterina informed me that she once slept in the cupboard herself when the *salle à manger* was occupied by the servants of some visitors. Regarding the relative sizes of the cupboard and Mrs. Caterina, I concluded that she must have been "Banting" hard for at least three months previously. Mosé slept in a cupboard in the hall, among the uncleaned boots and shoes and knives. The horsecloths and other riding gear were also kept there. These, and the presence of several live pigeons whose abode it was made during the time they spent *en passant* from the market into pies, added, no doubt, to the fragrant delights of this bower.

But with the inhabitants of this country, of what-

ever nationality they may originally have been, going to bed or getting up is not the elaborate thing it is with us. They seldom undress, any of them; the servants never. Consequently bedclothes are regarded as a dispensable luxury. Rachma seldom was indulged with more than one of the table-cloths. With them, indeed, it would be difficult to undress, without going naked altogether, so scanty is their ordinary toilette by day. Ablutions and hair-dressing are occasional ceremonials; the performance of which require extreme leisure and much preparation. Mrs. Caterina took an entire day whenever she indulged herself in one, and the whole household were apprised of the occurrence, as it was impossible for her to attend to other duties while this was in progress. She did not, however, observe the usual order and routine in its performance. She divided it into three stages; beginning with her feet which she washed in the morning, continuing with her body which she operated on at noon, and finishing up with her head which she lathered at night. Due notice was generally given of the event, by her either going round, or sending round a messenger, in the morning to all her guests to know if they wanted anything particular of her, as she was about to wash her feet. Having obtained the replies, and after a lengthy and vociferous altercation with Selam regarding hot water and with Rachma concerning soap; these individuals having been respectively com-

manded to provide these articles, and having failed in punctuality; she would retire to her bedroom and wash her feet. This rite being concluded, she would go out, and stay out for a couple of hours; on her return, she would retire again to her room to perform on her torso; the same observance of sending notice to the guests, and admonishing Selam and Rachma, being duly gone through. Sometimes, indeed, the lack of the soap would only be discovered at an awkwardly advanced stage of this second act of the drama, when if Mrs. Eleña, Rachma, and the children, were absent, as they generally were, considerable inconvenience would be experienced by Mrs. Caterina, in obtaining it through the medium of Selam, Mosé, coppers, and the shop round the corner. Sometimes Mrs. Caterina was compelled to commence her bath before she had concluded her admonitions of Selam. Under these circumstances she generally left the door of her chamber ajar, and carried on the two operations together. I always considered this peculiarly hard on Selam. Besides remarkable fluency and rapidity, Mrs. Caterina was gifted with uncommon distinctness of speech combined with a voice of high pitch and unequalled strength. Every word would strike home to poor Selam in his kitchen at the opposite side of the hall; but his gifts of speech and powers of lung, being quite unequal to attempting any reply at such a distance, and manly honour forbidding that he should approach the open

door, his mistress had him at a terrible disadvantage. Under ordinary circumstances, he generally held his own very fairly in altercations with Mrs. Caterina; and I often thought that she improvised a bath for the purpose of taking him at this unfair advantage. The midday performance concluded, Mrs. Caterina would go to bed until dinner-time. In the evening sounds of discord would again arise, through which the words "*agua caliente*" (hot water) would be frequently audible. Presently we would once more be requested to make known if we wanted anything particular, as Mrs. Caterina was about to wash her head. The last thing before we retired to rest, Mrs. Caterina would reappear, with her hair tied up in a towel that was bandaged about her head, in a manner that gave her the appearance of having had her skull fractured lately; to announce the completion of her labours, and inform us that she was immediately going to bed for fear that she might catch cold, and that if we wanted anything particular, we would please name it now. I don't know whether Mrs. Caterina included her face with her head; the washing of the latter, I know, had more direct reference to her hair, which, though grey, was long and abundant. If she did not, I conclude that she washed her face the very last thing of all to "end this strange eventful history."

I have alluded to the attire of the domestics.

Rachma's consisted on working-days of a chemise, two pocket-handkerchiefs, and an earring. The pocket-handkerchiefs were large, and were not appropriated to the purpose for which those articles are generally supposed to be intended. She wore one tied round and over her head to conceal her hair, or rather, in her case, wool, which the Moorish women deem it indelicate to exhibit to the public. The other pocket-handkerchief she wore tied on her back, the two upper corners being drawn in and knotted tightly round her waist, the two under ones round her knees. It was *la mode* in Tangier; but it impeded her progression, and displayed her contour in a startling manner. This shows how, even in uncivilized Tangier, fashion is followed, regardless of inconvenient and unpleasant results. On fête days Rachma discarded her second pocket-handkerchief, wore a light blue or red cloth garment—name unknown—under her chemise which was now of checked white muslin, and a yellow and black striped waistcoat over it; a pair of red slippers, a string of gilt beads round her neck, and a second earring. Bowing still to the decrees of fashion, however inconsistent, whenever she went abroad she wrapped herself outside all in a huge haik of white flannel, that left nothing visible of her person or toilette save one eye and her slippers. Rachma was a freed slave, and in religion a Mohammedan—as much as anything so insignificant as a woman is regarded by its professors as belonging

to that noble creed. When Rachma was not otherwise occupied, and felt in need of excitement, she ran down the street, and knocked runaway knocks at the neighbours' hall-doors.

Mosé's apparel was still more limited, as it was only a white cotton pinafore and a pair of drawers. He had no Sabbath raiment for some time after he came. At last his wages accumulated sufficiently to be appropriated by Mrs. Caterina to the purchase of a gabardine and vest of grey striped calico, and a crimson worsted sash. The first Saturday (Jewish Sabbath) that he clothed himself in this killing array, having previously washed his face and got his hair cut (conditions which he considered only necessary with new clothes) he proceeded after synagogue to the house of a young lady of his own persuasion who had made an impression on his susceptible heart, and made her an offer of marriage. His proposals being accepted, he returned to the United National Hotel, and proclaimed the fact. Mrs. Caterina being absent, he also announced that his religious belief would not permit him, as heretofore, to perform his duties on this sacred day; and that he purposed absenting himself for the remainder of it. Rightly opining that Mosé was actuated in this conduct, not by religious zeal, but by a desire to bask himself in the smiles of his ladylove; Rachma, to whose lot his neglected duties would have fallen, objected to the proceeding. She strengthened her ob-

jections by a free use of the sweeping-brush on Mosé. He defended himself with a dish-cover. The combat waxed hot and fierce; but Mosé, while defending himself skilfully and warily, made good his retreat towards the hall door, which when he reached, he cast aside the dish-cover and bolted. Rachma flung a few light articles, such as a kettle and a couple of smoothing-irons after him; but he dashed down the street, and escaped unhurt. However, Mrs. Caterina, when she returned, took Rachma's view of the matter, and in consequence Mosé, when he reappeared at sundown, was informed, in a speech at highest pitch that occupied half an hour in delivery, that his services were no longer required at the United National Hotel.

He was succeeded by Hamed, a young Moor, who wore no fez (he was from the Riff province, where this is the custom), but had his head shaved, all to one lock at the side that was let grow long, and arranged in a bunch of curls. His attire was the same as Mosé's. He never purchased any gala clothes, as he was rigorously saving up his money to buy a gun to shoot a man who had killed his father. It was for this pious purpose that he had left his native village, and taken service in Tangier. However, he did once get his pinafore and drawers washed; pinning himself up in some of the dishcloths while they were undergoing the process. My feelings, when I saw him thus attired, were

not comfortable with regard to the wiping of the plates and dishes next day; but still I could not but admire the ingenuity with which Hamed contrived to make these novel robes serve the purpose of decency.

Beside these we had occasional supernumeraries in times of pressure. A small Moor boy, about ten years old, who was ambitious to be employed as waiter. He had a shaved head and a lock. In order to make a good impression, he put himself into full dress when coming to apply for hire. This consisted of plaiting the lock tightly at the base like a rope, then curling and fringing out the ends, until the whole resembled a huge tassel. Besides this his toilet consisted of a very short shirt, nothing else. We dubbed him "Buttons," owing to the conspicuous absence of those articles in his page's livery. He was taken in on trial to wash up plates and dishes. He worked with the utmost vigour and assiduity, poor little fellow, singing all the time, and grinning at every one who looked at him; but I suppose the trial was in other respects unsatisfactory, for after a few days he disappeared, and we saw him no more. Then there was a Jewess, a slatternly young woman in a dirty cotton gown, but who always wore a scarlet geranium in her hair, who was caught carrying away china teacups in her pocket, and was consequently dismissed after a very short stay. There were numerous others, Moors, Jews, and Spaniards, of both sexes and various

ages, whose sojourns were all more or less brief, and whose conduct and costumes were all more or less novel and remarkable. Amongst the "hangers on" at the hotel, there was Kador, a tall man, supposed to be "a guide." In consideration of his attending at the Marina when steamers came in; with a view to capturing passengers for the United National Hotel, he was allowed, what in Ireland is called, "the run" of that establishment. Not that Kador was at all fond of running; he much preferred lounging or sauntering. Catching passengers involved considerable personal exertion; that was, I should think, the reason why Kador so seldom brought any. He liked, however, to "guide" visitors at the hotel who were bent on investing capital in morocco slippers, brass trays, painted brackets, baskets, pottery, attar of roses, or other Moorish productions and curiosities, to the dealers in these articles, and assist them in making their purchases. The bodily exercise involved in this employment was slight, the pecuniary gain considerable. The visitors of course paid Kador for guiding them to the dealers, while the dealers paid him for the visitors being guided to them. While not engaged in this agreeable pursuit, Kador sat on a chair in the patio, and dozed, smoked cigarettes, or sipped coffee. Occasionally he cleaned a stirrup leather, or rubbed up a curb chain or a bit—not often. He preferred nursing babies, and was always ready for any

infants whether Jews, True Believers, or Infidels, that came in the way. He would go on a message if it were not too far off, nor required particular speed, nor involved carrying anything heavy.

Last, but not least, comes Selam; cook, waiter, groom, and general factotum of the establishment. He deserves an honourable place in these records, for to him I am deeply indebted for much good service rendered, often unasked and always willingly and cheerfully; for much thoughtful attention too, and kindly sympathy and ready help in time of need. Selam Azdut was about twenty-eight, but looked much older. He was tall, thin, and sinewy. Dark complexioned, but not more so than a dark-complexioned Englishman. He had regular, well-cut features, a black beard, which he kept close clipped, fine dark eyes, and splendid teeth. His usual dress was a striped flannel shirt, with the sleeves rolled up above the elbow; full baggy cotton drawers, reaching to the knee; a crimson sash a fez, and yellow morocco slippers. Sometimes he wore a short buff-coloured jacket braided in crimson, and never went abroad without encasing his person in a large blue and white striped flannel gelab, somewhat the worse for wear, like most of his garments, poor fellow!

In disposition he was cheerful and good-tempered; both qualities which were put to a pretty severe

test in the conditions under which I was acquainted with him. I may say here, that of Selam I am speaking, not alone by my own personal experience of him, but also by the reports of others who had had former and different opportunities of judging of his conduct and character to what I had. But these reports I found all to tally so exactly with my own experience, that I feel no scruple in embodying them in the present estimate. In other cases I found reports to differ very considerably in themselves, and some to be at total variance with my experience. In these cases I have limited, and shall limit myself, in writing, altogether to my own experience.

He was very obliging, remarkably intelligent, perfectly honest, and most truthful and straightforward in all his dealings. He was a wonderful combination of laziness and activity. He could lie in bed I think all day with the greatest comfort and gratification to himself; but give him anything to do, with fair words, and no slave under the lash could perform the task with more vigour and celerity. He always sat down whenever and wherever he had a chance, but he would walk twenty miles any day for pleasure, and has run ten at a pinch on duty.

He was an excellent son to his aged widowed mother, and he spoke often with affectionate regret of two dead brothers. One of these was shot accidentally in the streets of Tangier, the other died from heart complaint,

the effect of over-running, I believe, when acting one time as guide. The former had been in England, could speak English, and was a being of a very superior order, in Selam's estimation.

Selam was a kind husband, and treated his wife—he had but one—well; the contrary being a not at all unusual practice among his countrymen. He had no children; at least I believe he had had one or two, but they had died. But as he was remarkably fond of children, all the little ones in the street knew him well, and it was seldom that there was not some small Moor, Jew, or Gentile, toddling or crawling about the doorway, or sitting patiently on the threshold, looking out for Selam. In his character of cook and butler to the hotel, he had generally some little dainties at his command wherewith to treat his young friends. One enterprising young Spaniard used to come all the way from the next street round the corner. He was just arrived at that stage of locomotion between crawling and toddling, the staggering stage. He would stagger a yard and then fall down half a one, rest a moment, pick himself up, and stagger on another. The street was about fifty yards long, the United National being at one end, and he lived about ten yards round the corner at the other. So it may be supposed that it took him a good long time to traverse this distance at the above rate. He was generally a good deal exhausted on his arrival, and required to be revived with an orange.

But Selam's great pet and favourite was Kinsa, a pretty little brown Moorish damsel, about fifteen months old. Her parents lived next door, but she spent most of her time in the street, under the guardianship of her sister, a handsome, sulky-looking child about eight years old, and her adopted brother a young Moor of the same age. These latter young people were, of course, considerably occupied in other pursuits besides taking care of their sister, who, whenever she could, escaped from their protection, and made her way into the hotel. The appearance of Kinsa at the door of the kitchen, was the signal for the instant abandonment of his culinary occupations by Selam; but if he were engaged waiting at table, she would come toddling into the *salle à manger* to find him; staring with her great brown eyes, unabashed but a little frightened, at the assembled strangers. She was a pretty little thing, and in her odd Moorish costume, of course excited flattering attention, which afforded much gratification to Selam. Her sister, however, did not approve of Kinsa's frequent visits to us she being a highly orthodox young lady, who believed in "the evil eye," and had a horror of the contaminating touch of "Christian dogs." So she used to come in and drag Kinsa away, kicking and screaming, if she found her in the company of any of the unbelieving visitors at the hotel. I never saw Fatima condescend to smile at any one, whether True Believer or not. She appeared always to preserve the same haughty gravity of demeanour,

by no means the usual deportment of Moorish women. Her curiosity, however, sometimes got the better of her orthodoxy and abhorrence of "Christian dogs." I occasionally stood at the entrance door for a few minutes, watching the children in the street at play. Then she would draw quietly near, and touching one of her eyes with one forefinger, would point with the other finger to my watch; this pantomime being intended to convey a request that I would show it to her. Of course I would comply. She would then make signs to have it put to her ear, when she would listen gravely to the ticking for a moment or so. There was a fly drawn in Indian ink on the inside of the glass of my watch, a most faithful representation of the insect. Fatima, the first time she saw it, was evidently struck with great astonishment at this, though she preserved her wonted composure and dignity of bearing. But on that and all subsequent occasions, she made signs to me to take it out and show it to her, having no doubt I am sure of the corporeal reality of the fly, only as to whether it were alive or dead. If I had my thimble on too, as I often had, she was not above pointing to it and touching the top of her own middle finger, as a hint that she desired to try it on. She had a great desire also to see the inside of a locket which I wore round my neck. But she never unbended to the same familiarity that two other little Moor girls, and some young Jewesses who lived in the street would display. Any one of these would take the thimble off and place

it on her own finger without asking; and they had no scruple about inspecting in the closest manner any part of my apparel that struck their fancy, chattering delight and admiration among themselves all the time.

I have digressed from Selam. But I shall not return to him now, as he is to reappear at a future period.

I have mentioned the *salle à manger*. The exquisite simplicity of arrangement that pervaded the establishment generally, was nowhere more conspicuous than in this apartment. Besides the sofa, which I have already alluded to as having "a double debt to pay,"—indeed it had a treble, as Rachma's wardrobe was kept under it, and the children's between the cushion and the frame,—the furniture consisted of one long, narrow, deal table, and one short broader one, placed together, for dining and breakfasting on. They had an awful number of legs between them, far more than the average, and these were so placed, as always to come into collision with the corresponding limbs in the human frame. The narrow table too, was higher than the other. An attempt was made to conceal this, by cunningly drawing the cloth, tightly, in a gradual incline from the higher to the lower. The attempt succeeded so well, that uninitiated new comers would sometimes place the mustard pot, vinegar cruet, or even cups of tea and coffee and plates of soup, on the uneven territory. They were naturally startled by the result. There was a sideboard at the end of the room, elevated

on long spider legs, and bearing a handsome array of the really beautiful brass trays, that are about the best artistic production of the Moors. A few cane-seated chairs, and a clock that went by fits and starts according to its humour, completed the useful furniture of the apartment. The ornamental consisted of a set of French prints, representing different scenes in the life of Napoleon I. There was an explanatory sentence or two under each; from which I gathered that the pictures were designed for the purpose of perpetuating the remembrance of the noble daring, and chivalrous gallantry, of the hero; and the base perfidy, and wanton cruelty, of the English to whom his trusting simplicity had led him to fall a prey.

Besides these works of art in the *salle à manger*, there were several others, of equal merit of design and execution, in the saloon. The great glory of these, Mrs. Caterina's especial pride, and which she regarded as one of her most cherished possessions; never failing to draw her visitors' attention to it on their arrival, was a portrait of Queen Victoria, from the *Illustrated London News*, representing Her Majesty as she distributed the Crimean medals in Hyde Park. Our Gracious Sovereign's blue bonnet had somewhat faded it is true, and a captious critic might have said that she simpered too much in that delineation; but of course its presence was a joy and a comfort to her loyal subjects in a foreign land. This mixture of national sentiments in Mrs. Caterina's pictorial collection, shows how correctly her hotel is named The United National.

I have referred to the kitchen. I shall not do more. It is enough to say that it was about seven feet long, by five feet wide; that once when I went into it, besides Selam engaged in his culinary duties, Kador was there, and a cousin of Selam's, both smoking; and Mrs. Eleña and a Spanish friend of hers; and Rachma cooking something for herself with rancid oil and garlic; and Hamed killing a fowl, and picking it while it was dying; and that the atmosphere was warm and not pleasant; and that I went away as soon as ever I could.

I have nearly done with the domestic arrangements of the United National Hotel; but before I conclude I must note one, perhaps the most curious and remarkable of any. The guests always made out their bills. This, I was inclined to attribute to the fact, that Mrs. Caterina's education had been neglected in her early youth. But she assigned two other, and far different, causes for it. The first was, that she had mislaid her spectacles that morning; the second, that her system was always to let people pay what they liked. But as her spectacles invariably reappeared in time for her to sign the receipt by their aid,—which was performed in an exceedingly cautious and methodical manner,—and, as also, she never omitted to inform her guests beforehand what they were expected to "like" to pay, and what previous visitors had "liked" to pay, I am still inclined to consider that my own conjecture supplied the real explanation. Under these circumstances inno-

cent new comers, when settling day came, were always possessed with a dread of unwittingly cheating their benevolent and confiding landlady out of some of her just dues. They soon discovered, however, that there was little cause for apprehension on this score. Notwithstanding, that, whether through want of her spectacles or from not having been taught arithmetic, Mrs. Caterina was incapacitated from making out an account or casting it up, according to any ordinary, and known rules; yet, by some strange mental process, only known to herself, by the end of the week she had always come to a pretty correct estimate of the sums in which her several lodgers were indebted to her. Stray bottles of beer, odd bottles of wine, occasional drawing-room fires, though they might pass from the mind of the heedless traveller, unaccustomed to making out his own hotel bill, never escaped the sensitively exact memory of Mrs. Caterina. The calculation of the account too, made out as it was in four coinages, Spanish, English, French, and Moorish, presented some difficulties to the brain of a stranger to the country; but none to that of Mrs. Caterina. The unhappy individual, who, after an hour's puzzling, at last succeeded in bringing out his total right, generally found it to tally exactly, with that already come to by her.

This, however, detracts nothing from the pure philanthropy which induced her to keep the hotel open, at her own great personal loss and inconvenience, as

she assured me, merely to afford a shelter to those of her fellow-creatures who, compelled to sojourn in these parts, might otherwise fall a prey to the avarice of designing hotel keepers. Last winter she kept the hotel open, simply to accommodate me, and some friends of mine who also passed the winter there. Had we not been in Tangier, she would have closed it,—so she said,—and retired into the pure joys of private life. Lest, however, this should startle and disappoint intending tourists to Tangier, who have been cherishing a hope of finding safe shelter under the charitable wing of the landlady of the United National Hotel, I shall add for their comfort and reassurance, that I hear the establishment still continues in full swing. Mrs. Caterina had miscalculated the extent of her benevolent sympathies, in the cause of travelling humanity, when she assured me that were it not for me and my friends,—we were for a short period the only residents,—she would close her hotel. I have no doubt that each subsequent batch of visitors succeeded in establishing the same hold on her esteem and affection that we did. I am the more inclined to this belief, as I was on several occasions witness of the outpourings of love with which she received new arrivals. Indeed, her raptures on these occasions sometimes led her into displaying a slight disregard for the comfort and convenience of her already established residents; whose less ready sympathies the new comers did not, on their immediate appearance, succeed in arousing to the

same extent that they had called forth hers. This will be seen by reference to the bedroom arrangements which I have already detailed. So far did she carry this, that occasionally, when, the house being already filled from top to bottom including the cupboards, she was compelled to perform the painful duty of refusing to take in any more visitors, she always laid the blame on the shoulders of those already in possession. "See now," she would exclaim, when bewailing the sad necessity of denying accommodation to strangers, and so inevitably sending them somewhere else,—"see now, if the Señor So-and-so were not in *that* room, I might have given it to the Señora Such-a-one, whom I have sent away. The Señor So-and-so has had *that* room the *whole* winter, and this is the *third* time I have had to send people away. But it's all my own fault! I'm too good natured!" etc., etc. In order to soothe her regret and alleviate her sorrow, I would sometimes suggest—for to me she generally poured forth these confidences—that the señor named had been paying for his room all that time; while the señora, though doubtless she would pay also, only purposed stopping a week. But notwithstanding Mrs. Caterina's singular ingenuity in architectural engineering, and her original genius for mental arithmetic, her reasoning faculties were decidedly low; and she always was totally unable to see the force of this argument. I attribute it to defect of reasoning faculty, not, as some people might, to a neglect of her own interests caused

by her anxiety to serve her fellow-creatures. For though she frequently assured me that she was "too generous;" as she was wont to say, with reference to her altercations with Selam, that she was "too quiet" and "too good tempered," I always felt that the worthy woman accused herself of these weaknesses most unjustly.

I hope I have succeeded, in giving my readers, some insight into the domestic conditions under which I resided at Tangier. I must explain however, that the United National is by no means the principal hotel in the place. There are three or four others; two of them, at least, accommodating a far larger number of visitors, and managed much more according to ordinary hotel system. I stayed at one of these—the Hôtel de France—for a brief period during the latter part of my residence in Tangier, and found it exceedingly comfortable in every respect. It is kept, too, by a very respectable married couple, who have a family of well educated and well conducted boys and girls, the elder of whom assist their parents in attending to the comfort of their visitors. This, in itself, offers a recommendation in its favour to English people, whose ideas on some questions of domestic morality have not yet become assimilated to those of other countries. Unfortunately, when I went there, the season was far advanced, and the house was in consequence very full. I was only able to obtain a very small bedroom; when, the weather becoming exceed-

ingly warm, I was compelled, though with regret, to return to my former quarters.*

Still, notwithstanding all its little peculiarities of structure and management, the United National undoubtedly offers many advantages. Some of the rooms have an excellent view of the sea, all are airy, and, even the smallest, sufficiently large for comfort and convenience. The beds are good and exceedingly clean, as is indeed, with one or two trifling exceptions, such as the sofa I have mentioned, the whole house. The *cuisine*, under the superintendence of Selam, is very good, considering the inferiority of most of the materials to be had in Tangier. The flat roof, or terrace as it is called, is larger and better than in most of the houses, and forms an excellent promenade and lounging place, commanding as it does a beautiful and extensive view of the town and the Straits.

* February, 1873.—The Hôtel de France still continues under the same management, but I hear has been much enlarged and improved since the time of my visit.

CHAPTER X.

RELIGION, EDUCATION, FOOD, ETC.

THE weather, for at least a fortnight, continued so bad that walking, and even riding, had to be confined altogether to the town and the sands. Most days, however, there was a tolerably clear hour or two, which I employed in exploring the town; the streets of which are really cleaner in wet weather than in dry, as, being all on a slope, violent rains wash them down.

I have already attempted to convey an impression of the general aspect of Tangier, as it appeared to me on my first view of it. I will now enter upon some particulars, gathered during my later and closer observations.

There are five or six mosques in Tangier. Two of these are of considerable size. All form picturesque objects, ornamented as they are, externally, with a mosaic of coloured tiles, arranged in geometrical patterns; with their gracefully arched doorways, and their tall tapering minarets pointing to the skies. A small gallery runs round the minarets, near the summit; from which at stated hours the Muezzin calls the Faithful to prayer. He is protected from view, and from danger of falling off as he runs round, by a sort of battlement surrounding the gallery, through

the embrasures of which, however, his fez is occasionally visible, to the curious unbelievers, who take the trouble to look up. Only a very limited view of the interiors of the mosques can be seen by the passers-by, through the open doorways, high screens being jealously placed around the entrance within. No polluting foot of Christian or Hebrew is ever permitted to cross the sacred threshold; the conservative Mohammedans of Tangier, in this respect, exceeding in religious exclusiveness their brethren of Algeria, and I believe of Turkey and India. Neither is any woman of their own faith granted admittance, except on some one particular religious festival, of rare occurrence, the name of which, though I have heard, I forget.

There are three or four synagogues. They are all exceedingly dirty and mean-looking in their outward aspect. This is probably due to the great jealousy of the Moors of any outward religious display on the part of the Jews; whom, and their creed alike, the Moslems detest. The synagogues are not restricted in admittance, followers of other creeds, if they desire it, having access. Women of the denomination, however, do not attend the services, except upon the occasion of certain festivals. This would seem to be due to the surrounding influence of Mohammedanism; which, in this and in other matters, seems to have much influenced the habits and customs of the Jews.

The services of the Catholic Church, for the Spanish —the most numerous of course,—and other Catholic residents, are held at the Spanish Legation. There are some monks of the Franciscan order established at Tangier, to minister to the spiritual necessities of the members of the Romish Church resident there; and I understand that they are exceedingly active and zealous in the performance of their duties. I may add that they do not, however, press the tenets of their religion upon those who differ from them; an example well worthy of imitation. There are very few Protestant residents in Tangier, the number being limited to four or five families, including those of the English Minister Plenipotentiary, and Consul. Now and then there may be an English family or two, from Gibraltar, staying in Tangier for a few months; and there are always some English and American visitors, likely to be Protestants, at the hotels. There is no consecrated place of Protestant worship; nor was there, until lately, a resident clergyman; some time after my arrival, however, one took up his abode there. Up to that time there was only an occasional service, when some Protestant clergyman, Churchman or Dissenter, came to the place for a visit; and his talents, and right to exercise the sacred functions of his calling, were secured for the purpose. On these occasions the service was held either in the dining-room of the principal hotel, or in that at the English legation. As the stray clergyman would

sometimes arrive late in the week, and without having sent notice of his coming, it was often impossible to make the due and needful preparations. At least I concluded this was the reason why, on one occasion, when a service was held at the hotel, the English consul's hat was passed round, when making the necessary collection. They were better provided the following Sunday, for by that time they had been able to secure a tobacco-pouch for the purpose; which continued, and, I hear, still continues, in use. On these occasional visits of a shepherd to this wandering little flock, all the sheep and lambs of it, were, of course, not always aware of his arrival. The mode adopted to apprise them of it was novel, but in some respects necessitated by the circumstances of the case. A notice of the event was issued from the English legation; it was written on half a sheet of white wrapping paper (that familiar to us as being generally used to enclose half-pounds of tea), put in an envelope which was left open, and then sent round, on Sunday morning, to the different hotels and houses where English people were known to be residing. As there was no newspaper to advertise in, the method, barring the texture of the paper, which was limp and flabby, was not a bad one. But the fact that but one notice was written, to send to all the hotels and houses, showed, I think, an unnecessary exercise of thrift, on the part of the representatives of even our

thrifty government. In consequence of there being but one notice, and the hotels and houses being some distance apart, the messenger had to begin early, and arrived at the first places on his route before the inhabitants were out of their beds. One of the domestics then took the despatch round to the different bed-chambers in succession, whose occupants would be aroused from their peaceful and refreshing slumbers by a loud knocking at their doors, followed by the information delivered through each key-hole, in rotation, that a note had been pushed under the door; which "the sleeper awakened" was requested to read and push out again. The pushing out again, involved the absolute necessity of getting out of bed on the part of the suddenly aroused,—though they might purpose dispensing with the reading,—a process, under these circumstances, not conducive either to piety of sentiment or expression. An allowance is made, I am told, to the English ambassadorial establishment in Tangier, expressly for stationery. I do not know whether the members of the legation have many letters to write, but perhaps they have, and the allowance may not be enough. But ours is truly called a paternal government; and I feel sure, that if the discomfort hitherto endured by that portion of its scattered family abiding in Tangier, owing to this cause, were properly represented; arrangements would instantly be made to remove it. A packet of note-paper (five

quires for a shilling), and four packets of envelopes (at threepence per packet of twenty-five but tenpence the hundred), would, if used with due, but not inconvenient or undignified, economy, suffice for the year, to send a separate notice to each house. May I venture to express a hope that our paternal government will send these, or one and tenpence, out to Tangier; and continue the allowance yearly? It is true that the longer resident Protestants, who may in this case be rightly named "Protestors," at the hotels, after one experience, always take care to impress upon the domestics that notes from the English legation, arriving early and requiring to be "pushed out again" under the doors, are never to be brought to them. But domestics will sometimes forget, and anyhow, all new comers are sure to fall victims. I am certain that her Gracious Majesty would be sorry to hear that any of her beloved subjects caught cold, or were betrayed into giving vent to irreligious, though "protesting" language, for the sake of one and tenpence!

Next to religion comes education. This I fear is in rather a backward condition in Tangier. Amongst the Moors, education seems to be in general limited to learning the Koran by rote. The method adopted to teach it appears to be, to make the pupils repeat the lesson after the master, in a loud sing-song chant. Few of the Moors, even of the better class, can read and write their own language. Some can speak Spanish (very bad Spanish), all those who act as servants can; and most of the

others whose occupations bring them into contact with foreigners, acquire a smattering of that language. The schools appear to be very numerous but very small, many of those into which I glanced not containing above a dozen pupils, who were seated cross-legged on the ground around the master. The schools, however, such as they are, are all for boys; no attempt of any kind being made to educate the Moorish women. In the family occupying the house immediately opposite the hotel, there were two or three young women, who kept, I was informed by my landlady, a school for girls. It is true that two little girls very richly and well dressed came there, not I think every morning, but about twice or three times a week, under the charge of an old negress slave. From the roof of the United National Hotel I could see into the patio of this house, and into a room opening directly from the patio, where they assembled. The party consisted sometimes of about a dozen, including two other little Moorish girls from the next house, Kinsa's mother, who was sister to the school-mistresses, Kinsa's sister, and Kinsa herself. I have often watched them from my vantage ground, and I can safely aver that I never saw a book among them. They were, however, frequently occupied with needlework; and sometimes one of the women appeared to be relating stories, all the rest sitting round her in silence, listening. Frequently they were doing nothing

but talking,—the women, and generally all together, —while the elder little girls dragged Kinsa from one to another, petting and playing with her. Once I must own the elder ladies appeared to be quarrelling. They did not get farther than tongue war, but the tones in which that was carried on, were loud and shrill, to a degree that would make the vituperations of an English termagant sink into sweet silvery insignificance in comparison. Of course I could not understand a word said, but the accompanying gesticulations made me conclude that the exchange of Moorish "Billingsgate" was hot and heavy. The Jews are far better educated. The boys, down to the very poorest I believe, are all sent to school. Those whose parents are any way well-to-do are taught, besides their own language and the bad Spanish current in Tangier, some English or French. They learn arithmetic too, and I believe drawing is occasionally taught. Learning their scriptures by rote occupies, however, as in the Moorish schools, a considerable and undue portion of the time. Close to the hotel was a school kept by an old Jew, for a few small urchins of his community, apparently of the poorest class. Like the Moors, the pupils were seated cross-legged round the master. On one occasion when I visited it the scripture lesson appeared to be going on, the boys bawling it out in a kind of sing-song after the preceptor, who seemed to keep his eye upon all at once as he flourished

a long cane to mark the time of the chaunt, and also when necessary to administer correction to defaulters. This performance he had reduced to an art, and it was wonderful to witness the dexterity with which, without ever going out of time, he contrived in one flourish to switch one boy over the head, rap another across the knuckles, and poke a third in the ribs.

The education of the Jewish women is almost as much neglected as that of the Moorish. They can almost all speak Spanish, but few, even among the richer people, can read and write any language. They all, however, learn to work beautifully.

There are schools besides for the children, both boys and girls, of the Spanish residents. But the Spaniards in Tangier are mostly of a class whose education even in their own country would have been of a very inferior kind. An effort is certainly made to teach the girls to read and write; but that and needlework appeared to be the ultimatum of education with the majority of them. Once able to read, the art is applied solely to the study of works of devotion. Considering how little attraction such literature possesses in any country or religion, it is not to be wondered at, that, once the girls have left school, the acquirement thus limited in its practice is rapidly lost. Mrs. Caterina may probably be taken as a fair specimen of the result of this kind of education; for what passes by that name in Tangier, is little, if at

all, inferior to that bestowed upon the women of the middle and lower classes throughout most of Southern Europe.

I will now turn from the food of the mind to that of the body. The supply of provisions in Tangier was, with one or two exceptions, very inferior in quality; and in quantity not adequate to the demand. Fowls were plentiful and very good; eggs the same. Fairly good butter was to be had, but was scarce; milk the same. Beef and mutton was exceedingly inferior in quality, particularly the latter, and the supply often insufficient. Veal was equally bad. Pork was better; but as pigs were only kept by the Spaniards, the supply was also not great. So inadequate indeed was the quantity of butcher's meat in the market, that it was necessary for the hotel-keepers to make their purchases as early as eight o'clock in the morning in order to secure sufficient meat for their tables. Indeed I have been told that this sometimes involved, what I cannot designate better than as a "scrimmage" between these already rival competitors. Mrs. Caterina on one occasion arrived home, panting, and breathless, with a piece of beef for soup; which she told me was the last morsel of eatable meat left in the market, and of which she had only become the possessor by snatching it out of the butcher's scales, where it was already being weighed for another purchaser!

One thing however, in connection with this matter, puzzled me considerably for some time. This was, that though beef proper was so exceedingly scarce, ox tongues and brains were, judging by the frequency with which they appeared at table, remarkably common. A fresh tongue, stewed and served with macaroni dressed with parmesan cheese; was a much more frequent *pièce de resistance* at the *table d'hôte* of the United National Hotel, than a joint of roast beef Ox brains, dressed with eggs, breadcrumbs, and herbs, were so often served as the *entrée* after the soup, that I felt a prejudice arising in my mind, against that portion of animal anatomy. It is scarcely necessary to say that ordinarily an ox has but one tongue, and, even if he be remarkably intelligent, only brains sufficient to make one dish for a party of six; while he can supply several large joints of sirloin and ribs. How then came this extraordinary disproportion in Tangier? I narrowly scrutinised all the cattle I saw feeding on the Marshen or elsewhere with a view to an elucidation of the mystery. But I saw nothing in the configuration of their heads, to lead me to suppose that any of them had more than one tongue, or such a remarkable superfluity of brains as would enable him to supply an *entrée* to half the dinner-tables in Tangier on the same day.

However, some after-information I received, threw a light on this mystery. I was told that a large proportion of the cattle sent to the Gibraltar market

was butchered first in Tangier. I anxiously inquired whether the heads were cut off and retained for home consumption, or even the tongues and brains extracted; but I own that I was never able to ascertain if such were the case. But as I am always inclined to seek the solution of mysteries in natural, rather than un- or super-natural causes, I instantly in my own mind accepted this as a true explanation, and I hope my readers will find it equally satisfactory.

Fish was plentiful enough, but except red mullet, a small fish called king fish, and anchovies, there were not many good kinds. At the United National Hotel we were frequently treated to junks, sometimes boiled, sometimes baked, of a thing that tasted like a coarse kind of eel, the junks resembling those of that fish magnified twenty degrees. But the thing looked when, whole and uncooked, remarkably like a sea-serpent. It was striped and spotted like a boa constrictor, but was thicker, and not quite so long. It was very curious to look at, but it wasn't nice to eat. Perhaps it was a conger eel. I don't know. I asked Mrs. Caterina what it was, but she gave it some Arabic name which I could not understand. I mentioned conger eel, but she said she had never heard of that. She said this—the sea-serpent —was delicious. I didn't feel that I could agree with her. She also said that it was considered quite a delicacy in Tangier. If so, delicacies were more plentiful and cheap in Tangier than I had thought, for we had

sea-serpents very often for dinner, and they cost about twopence-farthing a yard if cut, or sixpence the serpent, taking the whole of him.

Vegetables though abundant were very bad. The potatoes small and soapy. Carrots and turnips, not larger than English radishes. Radishes, however, were as large as English carrots. Peas were small and flavourless. Artichokes the same. Lettuces were good. The inferiority of most of the vegetables was owing, I think, to want of knowledge how to cultivate them; as I saw turnips, grown by an English gentleman from English seed, as fine as the best I have ever seen in England.

The only kind of fruit ripe while I was there were oranges, lemons, and limes, all of which were very fine. We got middling dates, as the best of these are not sold in Tangier, but exported. They were brought from Tafilât, as the fruit does not ripen in this part of Morocco. The figs, dried of course, at this time of year, were miserable. The walnuts and almonds (the former, I suppose, Spanish) were good, as were the raisins, also Spanish.

The bread was altogether abominable. It was of two kinds, Spanish and French. The former was slack baked, and was close, gritty, and sour. The latter was quick baked: it was made in small loaves, and was composed of a thick, brown, leathery crust, which inclosed a soft, open, spongy mass of underdone dough.

As an article of diet, I never got reconciled to either. I veered constantly between the two, but yet could never discover that one was a bit better than the other. Groceries and chandlery were exceedingly bad, the refuse of Gibraltar, which only gets the refuse of every other country. I was especially struck by the matches (I didn't intend to commit this pun), which were of Spanish manufacture. They were not made of wood, but of a kind of inferior yellow wax; and were so soft that it was necessary to take a dozen together to try and strike them. The stuff on the tops was so bad that even then it was a chance if I succeeded in lighting them; and the wax was so soft that even a dozen together would double up; so that when I did light them I generally burned my fingers at the same time. Under these circumstances it was not surprising, that though I was struck by the matches, the matches were very seldom struck by me.

There were two or three wine-shops, but the wine retailed was execrably bad. It was cheap enough however. Good rum was to be had for a shilling a bottle, the remains I was told of the cargo of a wreck. Beer (Tennant's) was one and sixpence an imperial pint bottle, consequently a luxury not to be frequently indulged in.

There was one apothecary's shop. The only drug I ever sent there for on my own account, was sal volatile, and then I got ammonia. A friend of mine sent once for cod-liver oil, and got some rancid brown stuff, that had

apparently been intended originally for burning in lamps, but had got too bad for that, and was now trying its chance as medicine. The apothecary was also a repairer of jewellery.

There was one confectionery shop, kept by a Jew. Some of his wares, made with honey, burnt almonds, etc., I did not like, but he made excellent sponge-cakes and not bad macaroons.

There were some half-dozen shops for the sale of English goods of other kinds than those I have mentioned above; such as crockery ware, cotton pocket-handkerchiefs, printed dress stuffs, trimmings, cutlery, etc. These were kept by Jews or Spaniards. The goods were all of most inferior description and very dear.

The shops for the sale of articles of Moorish manufacture, were, of course, the most numerous. The goods comprised dress stuffs of wool, silk, and cotton; morocco leather slippers, yellow, red, and blue, the latter sometimes embroidered in gold and silver; leather tobacco pouches, leather belts, bands, etc.; pottery of various descriptions; wooden brackets, boxes, and shelves, painted and gilt in various arabesque patterns; brass trays ornamented with intricate and beautiful designs, engraved by hand; baskets, embroidered velvet cushions, attar of roses, etc., etc.

There were some curious features in connection with the postal arrangements of Tangier, which perhaps may

be most appropriately noticed here. All letters, whether by the overland Spanish, or Southampton mails, coming to Tangier from Gibraltar, were received by and delivered through the English legation. A young Jew acted as postman; and he was permitted to make a charge of about a halfpenny I think on letters, and a farthing on newspapers, to pay him for his trouble. The sum was not large, but most people considered it an unfair exaction. One English gentleman went so far as to refuse to pay, and said that instead he would call at the legation and fetch his letters himself; on this, however, he was informed that if he did so he would have to pay all the same,—I suppose to remunerate the legation for receiving and handing them out. He became exceedingly irate, and, I believe, represented the matter to the home government. Whether in consequence of these representations or not I don't know, but certain it was that after the lapse of a short time, a new leaf was turned over in this matter at the English legation. A regular postmaster was established, a handsome receiving box was put up outside the office, and the letters and papers were delivered, by the same person still, but free of charge. It is true that a few eccentricities still remained in the management. I once sent up to buy stamps, in a great hurry as the steamer was going in an hour and my letters should be posted immediately. My messenger brought back my letters and my money, stamps not being obtainable, as the

postmaster, such was the answer, was out marketing for the ambassador!

Letters arrived every day overland from Ceuta. These were received at the Spanish legation. They were not distributed, but could be obtained without charge if called for, and every day after the mail came in a list of the recipients' names was posted up in the hall of the legation. All the officials here too were exceedingly polite and obliging, and took the greatest pains even about the most trifling matters demanded of them.

Other letters, generally those from France, were brought overland from Algeria, and were received at the French legation. These were delivered, a trifling charge being made for the long overland transit, which had not been included in the original postage paid. There was a slight eccentricity about the delivery of these also, which was that the postman, an ancient grey-bearded Moor who tottered along by the aid of a staff, could not read; and so his system was to bring all the letters round in a bundle to the different hotels and other houses where letters were most generally received, and let the people look them over, and pick out any that might be for themselves. The landlady of the United National Hotel, on one such occasion, thinking I suppose that the honour of her establishment would be lowered if no letter was received by it, picked out one for me in my absence. She must have mislaid her spectacles however beforehand, as the letter was

not addressed to me, but to a gentleman living outside the town. Of course I instantly sent it to him.

If the letters arrived while we were at dinner, as they generally did, the postman always came into the *salle à manger*, and delivered them to us there on the table. It was odd, but pleasant. There were no such things as postman's knocks in Tangier.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DRAMA IN TANGIER.

So exceedingly primitive was the general aspect of the town and people, and the mode of life, public and private, in Tangier, making it difficult to the mind to realise the fact that we were living in a country almost within a stone's throw of Europe, in the nineteenth century, and not in the times of the Arabian Nights' Entertainment; that I was scarcely prepared for the discovery that there was a theatre, conducted upon modern principles, in the town.

No sooner, however, was I aware of such being the case, and having ascertained that the building was situated within a very easy distance of the United National Hotel, than I resolved to attend the performance that was to take place that evening. I sent Selam to secure me a place; but when he returned with my ticket of admission, he also brought the information that I must take a chair with me if I wished to sit down, as no seats were provided. Complying with this regulation I started at eight o'clock, Selam walking in front of me with a chair and a lantern, like a Guy Fawkes out for a holiday.

After much slipping and stumbling, and bumping against walls, in the endeavour to peregrinate through

the narrow ill-paved streets by the sole light of Selam's lantern, by no means a brilliant illumination itself; we arrived at the temple of Thespis just as the orchestra had struck up.

The actors were a troupe of strolling Spanish players, and the following is a verbatim copy of the playbill.

Teatro.

Gran funcion pa el Jueves 3 de Febrero de 187—.

A Beneficio de

Dn José Castro y Dã Maria Caceres.

1° Sinfonia por la orquesta de esta Ciudad.

2° El *magnifico* y *sorprendente* drama en tres actos titulado

MERINO EL REGICIDA.

3° La chistosa pieza titulado

LA FAMILIA IMPROVISADA.

Dando fin con la comedia en un acto del genero gitano

LOS CELOS DEL FIO MACACO.

A las 8.

Precios—Palcos primeros 6 rvn Lunetas 4 rvn id 2 3 rvn.

Entrada á la Cazuela 2 rvn.

The theatre was constructed out of an ordinary Moorish dwelling-house, over the patio of which a ceiling had been formed, and from the centre of this ceiling hung a chandelier with six candles. Twelve more candles were fixed round the galleries. The audience was composed of members of the European diplomatic circle who

occupied the *palcos primeros*, and a full house of Moors, Jews, and Spaniards. No Moorish women of course were present, but there was a fair proportion of the lovely daughters of Israel (many of the Tangierine Jewesses are truly beautiful women) among the audience, whose bright, coloured and picturesque costumes made the assemblage look quite gay.

The "sinfonia," which consisted of the lively Spanish tune *Las Malaguenas*, was performed indifferently well by the orchestra, composed of three fiddles and a guitar. The acting was by no means bad, but there were a few drawbacks to the complete success of the pieces represented. The prompter, for instance, would have performed his duty more to the advantage of the actors and the play, though less probably to the amusement of the audience, had he concentrated his attention on the business usually appertaining to his office, instead of bestowing so much of it on the management of a large green umbrella, under which he was seated, and which he apparently imagined concealed the fact of his presence from the onlookers. He occasionally dropped his book too, or turned over the leaves at random, which created considerable and rather puzzling irregularity in the sequence of the conversations proceeding on the stage. In addition to this, he was sometimes forced to leave his place of imaginary retirement in order to assist in scene-shifting, or to remove the stage properties, consisting of a small round table and a ricketty windsor chair, which

articles served in the first piece as the furniture of a royal palace. On these occasions the actors had to manage as best they could without his assistance, upon which, it then became apparent, that they depended a good deal.

Smoking was permitted in all parts of the house, and the licence was fully availed of. Dogs, too, were admitted to the pit, until the barking and howling of the few who gave their attention to the performance, and the snarling and yelping of the many who availed themselves of the occasion to adjust their mutual differences, became so embarrassing to the actors, that it was respectfully submitted to the owners of the animals that they should be ejected—a suggestion which was at once acceded to, though not effected without some difficulty and confusion.

During the intervals between the pieces, coffee was carried round, and much good-humoured "chaff" took place between the occupants of the various parts of the house.

The actors did not object when called upon, to perform any very thrilling or amusing incident two or three times over for the gratification of the audience, which was certainly a most appreciative one. The reception accorded to them in Morocco must have been highly flattering to those poor strollers, who, I heard, were pelted with potatoes in the theatre at Gibraltar.

At the conclusion of the performance the lights

were blown out, and the audience had to find their way into the streets by means of the lanterns which all had brought with them. Getting out of a crowded theatre, is at all times attended with more or less of "scroodging;" but every one being armed with a chair and a lantern, added a considerable element of novelty to the "scroodging" getting out of the theatre in Tangier.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RAMADAN.

THE next public diversion in Tangier after the departure of the dramatic troupe, was the occurrence of the Ramadan.

Public diversions of any kind were scarce, and in the bad weather, when it was impossible to make excursions into the country, any change in the ordinary routine of life was hailed with gladness.

Not but that my joy, and the joy of other unenlightened visitors, over the occurrence of the Ramadan, soon turned into sorrow, when we discovered what suffering it entailed upon us. The whole town was turned—literally, because the natural order of things was really altogether inverted—upside down, to keep the Ramadan, the month of abstinence, which is strictly observed in all Mohammedan countries, in commemoration of the forty days' miraculous fast performed by the prophet. During this month no True Believer will either eat, drink, smoke, bathe, or indulge in any other bodily gratification, between the hours of sunrise and sunset.

The consequences of this are exceedingly unpleasant to unbelievers. For as no miraculous power in the present day seems to sustain the devoted followers of Mohammed without food, and as it is therefore necessary that

they should eat and drink at some period during the twenty-four hours, various expedients are resorted to, to banish sleep from the eyes of the faithful, so that they may lay in a sufficient amount of provender during the night to support their bodies during the day. The consequence of this is, that between the hours of sunset and sunrise is a period of misery for the sleepy infidels, who don't want to keep awake in order to wash themselves, eat kesksoo, or take snuff,—one of the forbidden indulgences,—till the small hours of the morning.

The Moslem inhabitants of Tangier must have had full reason to be satisfied with the measures taken to keep them awake during the nights of the month of Ramadan that I passed within the walls of that orthodox town; as they were fully successful in keeping me in a state of torturing wakefulness for the whole time the infliction lasted.

No sooner had the sun sunk beneath the horizon, than the discharge of one of the rusty old cannon from the crazy battery at the Waterport, was the signal for the Muezzin criers on the summit of each minaret in the town to commence independent musical performances upon brass horns of enormous length. No tune was attempted, but a "winding bout of lingering sweetness" was drawn out of the lungs of each of the performers for half an hour or more. At the end of this period, to prevent I suppose, a sameness and monotony which might otherwise have been felt in the entertainment, it

was changed to one of a vocal character, scarcely less horrible in its effects upon the ears, or of less duration in point of time. Through all, an accompaniment was kept up by accomplices in the streets, consisting of the constant discharge of overloaded guns and pistols, a rattling of tambourines, and tattooing upon drums,—the drums being formed of a thing closely resembling a piece of an earthenware drainpipe, with a bit of bladder stretched across the larger end.

There was a slight cessation of these horrid sounds between seven and nine o'clock, during which time men might be seen hurrying through the streets, bearing large round dishes of savoury smelling viands, covered with the strange, high, conical-shaped basketwork covers, like beehives, in vogue in Tangier.

At nine o'clock the firing, the horn-blowing, and the vocal and instrumental concert recommenced, and continued for an hour or thereabouts; at the expiration of which period, taking advantage of the cessation, I would retire to my couch, and endeavour to go to sleep.

Vain effort, and delusive hope! No sooner would a peaceful slumber have begun to creep over my tortured senses, than a band of musicians would commence to parade the narrow streets, armed with diabolical instruments for torturing the ears, compared with which barrel-organs, German bands, and street ballad-singers, are soothing and tender in their tones to the tympanum of the nervous and the weary. One of these instruments

consisted of a large, red, earthenware pot, over the top of which was stretched a dried rabbit-skin, having a hole in the centre; through this hole was inserted a long, closely-fitting stick, which being worked up and down by the performer, a series of tones was produced by the rasping of the stick against the skin, closely resembling the midnight salutations of the feline neighbours on London housetops. Another variety of the same instrument was formed of a barrel, with a goat-skin stretched across the open end. This was a bulky machine, and required two persons to manage it satisfactorily; when the result was a succession of sounds that might easily have been mistaken for the bellowing of a bull in the immediate vicinity. When these are played to the accompaniment of cymbals as large as frying-pans, and home-made flageolets of reed, the symphonious effect may be imagined. It cannot be described.

The dulcet sounds of this band had scarcely died away, when the howling at the minarets recommenced and continued, with the firing of guns. The result was to arouse, as well as the human inhabitants of the town, the hundreds of prowling street dogs, who added their quota of howls, whines, and barks, to the general enlivenment.

So the noise continued until an hour before sunrise, when a posse of wretches commenced to peregrinate from house to house, knocking at every door, to inform the inhabitants that, "Allah is Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet;" adding a request that they will "awake and

pray, for prayer is better than sleep." To the miserable and aggravated souls who, like myself, had been endeavouring, but vainly, to sleep, all night, this latter injunction must have seemed to come under the head of what Artemus Ward called "sarcasum." I felt it so—an addition of insult to injury. Now however, after bestowing, mentally, a few prayers of a very reverse order upon these fiends who mocked their misery, unbelievers were able to snatch a brief period of repose, while the pious Moslems returned to their devotions.

Such were the Arabian entertainments which made the nights hideous in Tangier during the month of Ramadan.

The fast concluded at the appearance of the new moon on the third evening of the next month. The faithful all went out of doors, the women on the house-tops, to watch for the moon, for until it becomes visible the fast must not cease; and if the sky be cloudy, so as to obscure the view; the fast must continue until the following night, or until the moon be seen. Consequently, its appearance is watched for with the greatest anxiety. Fervent petitions for fine weather, have a large place, I should think, in the prayers to Allah on the preceding day.

The Fast of the Ramadan being over, we could again sleep in peace. It was pleasant to reflect that no more should the stillness of the night be broken, and all chance of rest destroyed for unhappy unbelievers, by the

abominable disturbances, which seemed to form so essential a part of this religious performance.

Now it was all over, and the Feast began. This feast, the Lesser Beiram, is called in Morocco, *El Aid Srare*, "the Little Feast," but in the East, *Aid al Fetr*, "the Feast of breaking the Fast."

The Fast of Ramadan had nearly given me enough of Moorish celebrations; still, not wishing to miss anything that was to be seen, I sallied forth next morning at seven, to witness the ceremonials attendant on the commencement of the feast.

I found the streets crowded with people, all in their best clothes. Every one was hurrying in one direction, to the Bab-al-Sok.

Outside in the Soko there was drawn up, in anything but military array, an army, which by its diversity of physique and costume, reminded me forcibly of Falstaff's levies. These were assembled to salute the Bashaw on his way to the place of public prayer; where he was to join with his subjects in returning thanks for the conclusion of the month of abstinence they had undergone. The army, which consisted of some five or six hundred men, had "rallied round" some flags, which looked remarkably like portions of old moreen window curtains, of various hues. These magnificent standards were held by three ensigns, clothed in a simple uniform, consisting of a blanket and a skewer. The captains vainly endeavoured to get their companies into something like a line,

but wearied at last with their fruitless efforts, gave the thing up as a bad job, and permitted the men to lounge "at ease" as they liked.

At last the firing of guns and the sound of drums and trumpets announced the departure of the Bashaw from the citadel, and before long the procession began to emerge from the Bab-al-Sok.

First came a number of priests, clad in white gelabs and carrying a white flag. These were followed by the great Moorish Saint, the Sharif of Wazan, chief of the fanatic set of Muley Tayeb, the owner of vast territories, and a more powerful man in Morocco than the Sultan himself, owing to the deep reverence with which he is regarded by the people. He is a coarse, sensual, unprepossessing-looking fellow; and appeared to regard the people, any man of whom would have gladly laid down his life for him, as so much dust beneath his feet. Every one pressed round him, and happy were those who got near enough to kiss his dress or his stirrup; but not by a word, a sign, or a look, did he acknowledge the homage paid him, or show that he was aware of any presence but his own.

After him came a squadron of cavalry in every variety of the brilliant and picturesque costumes in which this portion of the army is always clothed. All were armed with the long Moorish gun. Next came four standards, one green, one yellow, and two red, the latter being the national colour; and lastly, mounted on a white horse,

the Bashaw himself. He was immediately saluted with loud shouts and cries of "Sidi," or lord. He stopped, and made a short speech, to the effect that he was proud to command so fine and brave an army, and then passed on to the place of prayer, which is situated on a hill above the market-place, and overlooks the town and Straits.

It consists of a long whitewashed wall, pierced with horseshoe headed windows looking towards Mecca. In the centre of the wall is a low tower, having a platform on the top, and a small niche below. The ground in front of the wall had been covered with mats, I suppose to protect the worshippers from the rheumatic consequences of kneeling on the bare ground.

There was of course a general rush of sight-seers from the market-place to the hill when the procession had passed; but by taking a judicious "short cut," I contrived to arrive in time to obtain a good standing place for viewing the sight. The priests were the first on the ground, and took up their position on the top of the tower, where they began howling after the custom of their class in this country, and performing antics of the most advanced description.

The Sharif of Wazan occupied the central niche, and behind him were the Bashaw and his suite; all had dismounted from their horses, and, with as many people as could crowd into the niche, knelt down. They then commenced to smite their heads on the ground,

and otherwise knock themselves about, and gesticulate with all their might. I hadn't thought it possible that Moors could exert themselves so much, but there is nothing like religious zeal. They seemed to give their whole minds to the performance. Meanwhile the priests on the tower kept up their gymnastic operations.

At length, when priests and laity were alike dead beat from these active exertions of piety, the assembly broke up. All shook hands after the fashion of a quakers' meeting, and then returned to their homes and their breakfasts; for which latter their eccentric and severe exertions must have given them tolerable appetites.

CHAPTER XIII.

WEDDINGS IN TANGIER.

Occasionally in the evenings when Ramadan was not going on, I was startled by the sounds of gun firing accompanied by music of a particularly doleful nature, and a series of shrill wailing cries, that seemed to betoken the occurrence of some event of a particularly startling and grievous nature.

The first time I heard it I thought it was a rebellion, and was much disturbed in my mind, not knowing how it might fare with strangers and unbelievers on such occasions; but finding that nothing particular occurred, I concluded it was only a murder or a funeral. On inquiry, however, I ascertained that these startling and melancholy sounds only betokened that a wedding was taking place. I inquired if a wedding were considered an occasion of mourning and lamentation; but was informed that, on the contrary, it was considered a subject of much rejoicing.

This somewhat excited my curiosity, and hearing one evening that a wedding was going on, I sallied forth with Selam and the lantern to see the procession of the bride to her husband's house, which is the only public ceremonial attending these events in Morocco.

The bridegroom is not supposed to have seen his future life-companion until she is brought on the appointed evening and left at his house, by the male mutual friends of the contracting parties; that is of the bridegroom and his father-in-law to be, the bride being an altogether irresponsible and supposed to be uninterested, party in the transaction.

This particular wedding was between a military official of high rank, and the daughter of one of the richest Moorish merchants in Tangier; and the event was therefore supposed to be one of considerable importance, and was being celebrated on a scale of unusual magnificence. I may add that the gentleman was getting married for the first time, a circumstance, which gave a little additional interest and consequence to the event in Tangier.

We first proceeded to the residence of the bride, which was situated down a particularly dark, narrow, and dirty lane; being directed to the spot by the sound of the discharge of firearms proceeding from that direction. The lane on either side was lined by a row of well-dressed Moors, each carrying a lantern and squatting on the ground; these were the principal friends of the two families about to become united. At the door of the house a band was playing, the instruments of which consisted of drums about as resonant as a parchment battledore when struck by the knuckles, and flageolets nearly as good as penny whistles. Tune,

I could discern none, it was only a continual monotonous "tum-tum-tummy, tum-tum-tummy," accompanied by a "whee-whee-wheey, whee-whee-wheey." At the entrance to the lane some dozen ragged half-naked fellows, armed with long guns, were rushing and jumping about, shouting and firing off their weapons as rapidly as they could discharge and reload them.

We waited until my patience was well-nigh exhausted, before the bride was brought forth. At length a great screaming of women's voices was heard from inside the house. There is a peculiar cry which the Moorish females utter on these occasions; I do not know its import, but it sounds like "A—yee! ah-ye, ah-ye, a—yee!" It is shrieked at the very loudest and shrillest pitch, and is one of the most hideous sounds I have ever heard proceed from the human larynx. Then the friends with the lanterns all rose to their feet, the "tum-tum-tummy" and the "whee-whee-wheey" became louder and brisker; while the gentlemen with the long guns rushed and shouted with still greater energy, and discharged their firearms with redoubled celerity. The door opened, and by the light of the lanterns and a couple of flaring candles held by negro slaves, we could see a large square box, about the size of an ordinary tea-chest, with a pagoda-shaped top, all covered with white muslin, lace, and gay coloured silks, brought forth. A mule decorated with crimson trappings was standing in readiness, and on this animal's back the

box was with much difficulty and great exertion hoisted. The bride was *in the box*. I listened, expecting to hear small shrieks and screams, as I am sure would have been the case if even the pluckiest English girl were shut up in a box, and hoisted on the back of a mule; but I could hear none, or if there were any they were drowned by the horrible noise made by the women within, the musicians, and the firing. Besides the bride, there was a little boy I was told within the box; to keep her company, and also as a happy prognostic of the future. She was supplied in addition with a plate of sweetmeats to while away the time, and also for the comfort and consolation of the small boy in case he should become fractious during confinement. Round the top of the box was tied a richly embroidered silk sash, the bride's, to denote that she was within. This garment, always worn by Moorish women, she would not again assume until eight days had elapsed from her marriage.

The box having been got up on the back of the mule, the procession set off. The box was fastened in some way in its position, but of course it was impossible to make it really secure, so two men walked on either side holding it up. Even then, as the mule slipped over the huge stones and scrambled through the deep holes and ruts in the street, the machine "wobbled" from side to side in a manner that must have been most distressing and alarming to the unfortunate creature within; who had

probably never been,* even in the safest possible position, on the back of any animal in her life before. The musicians came after, and then the friends with the lanterns formed a long procession behind. The men with the guns ran on in front, shouting and dancing; every now and then turning round and running back to fire a volley, as close up to the mule's head and the box as they could manage. The mule was doubtless accustomed to it, he had probably carried many unfortunate brides on his back before; but I could not help thinking what must be the effect on the nerves of a girl, who, in all probability had never crossed the threshold of her father's door since she was grown up.

In this way she was carried through all the principal streets of the town; the procession stopping for a few moments at the doors of the mosques, where some extra volleys were fired. After being paraded thus for a couple of hours, she was brought to her future home. Here there was another assemblage of women, the married female relations of the bridegroom, who received her with the hideous shriek of "Ah—yee! ah-ye, ah-ye, ah-

* When the Moorish women are compelled by change of residence or other circumstance to travel any distance not practicable for a foot journey, they always ride *en cavalier*, and so disguised in clothes that their sex to a casual observer would be a matter of conjecture. The occasions of such journeys are, however, so rare that when a girl of seventeen gets married it is reasonable to infer that she has never been on horse or mule-back before.

ye, ah—yee!" The bridegroom, except in rare cases, when the family of the bride is of much higher rank than his own, does not come even to the door to meet his newly-made wife, but remains shut up in his own chamber.

The box being carried in, and the door shut, the friends dispersed. The musicians remained* to perform for an hour or two longer, and an occasional shot was fired outside the house, to give notice of the presence of the men with the guns. At intervals small sums of money were sent out; when this ceased, and there appeared no prospect of further remuneration, all retired and left the neighbourhood in peace.

Weddings are very frequent in Tangier, and make night nearly as hideous with their noise as the Ramadan does. All except the very poorest are accompanied with gun-firing and music. When these luxuries are beyond the means of the families, the women shriek ten times more to make up for the deficiency. This is a cheap

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* There is a reason alleged for the musicians remaining, which it is impossible for me to give. It will, however, be found in the works of earlier writers on Morocco. Shocking as the custom referred to is, I have no doubt that it is practised; and it is one of the strongest proofs that the treatment of the women in Mohammedan countries, which the followers of the Prophet allege is for the purpose of fostering their delicacy of mind and modesty of feeling, is really intended to have, and does have, a totally opposite effect.

noise, and noise appears to be the great desideratum at these celebrations.

No religious ceremony takes place, as far as I could ascertain, in connection with marriages in Morocco, beyond the bridegroom saying a certain number of prayers in one of the mosques previously. The fattening of the bride is the only preparation on her part for entrance into the "holy state." For this purpose, from the time of her betrothal she is confined to one room, not permitted to take any exercise, and compelled to swallow large quantities of kesksoo every day. This system pursued steadfastly for a few weeks, brings her into a condition, of what is considered in Morocco becoming obesity. I have heard of an intended bride so fat that she was unable to stoop to pick up her pocket-handkerchief when she dropped it, and who could with difficulty move across the room without assistance.

Another curious custom, observed on these occasions, is, that the bride is not permitted to leave her bed for eight days after her marriage; nor, though she is visited all this time by all her married female relations and friends, may she open her eyes or speak. On the eighth day she gets out of bed for the first time, her sash is put on, (with this exception she has always appeared in full dress) she opens her eyes, speaks, and walks round herhouse.

This occasion is made a great gala of, and the house is thrown open to every one, of course of the female sex, who wishes to come in.

Taking advantage of the custom, I with some English friends, one of whom had been long resident in Tangier, could speak Arabic, and was in the frequent habit of visiting Moorish ladies in their prison homes, visited the young lady whose wedding festivities I had previously witnessed, on the auspicious eighth day when she first assumed her rightful position in her household.

We found the hall-door of the mansion open, but strictly guarded by a couple of negro women slaves, who were engaged in a perpetual struggle with a number of street boys apparently bent on making a forcible entry; none, however, were admitted above six or eight years of age.

We were received with great *empressement* and cordiality by the black porteresses, one of whom ran in before us to announce our coming. We found the narrow entrance passage, and the portion of the patio immediately within, filled with a little throng of women, standing; mostly Jewesses, and all apparently of a very low class.

Directly opposite the entrance was the bride's chamber, the doors of which were open. Outside it were seated, on common wooden chairs, in very awkward attitudes, and evidently in extreme discomfort, some half-dozen Moorish ladies. These were the overflow of the bride's female friends and relatives, who could not be accommodated within the chamber; and whom pride of position would not permit to squat, after their usual habit on the floor of the patio, amongst the slaves and musicians, and in the

presence of strangers of other races. But the situation was evidently, to them, one of painful dignity. They tried to sit very straight and upright, though it was plain that some felt themselves in extreme danger of falling off. They kept their feet tucked up on the rungs of the chairs, their elbows squared, and their hands spread out and resting on their knees.

Within the chamber, which we were invited to enter, were some twenty more ladies, seated, according to their own mode, on the ground. The room was so dark, having no windows, that we could scarcely see; and so narrow, that though the ladies sat close to the wall, it was with difficulty that we could pass between them. The atmosphere was suffocating with the scent of attar of roses, musk, and other heavy Moorish perfumes. The walls, besides silk draperies, were all hung with the bride's trousseau, consisting of robes and jackets of silk and velvet, many heavily embroidered with gold and silver; and at one end there were piled up to the ceiling large pieces of rich silks and stuffs, a portion of the trousseau not yet made up into wearing apparel. At the other end was the bride's bed; which was in fact a portion of the room curtained off, within which mattresses were piled up, about three feet from the floor. The draperies were all rich silk, and muslin trimmed with lace, and the curtains were looped back so as to admit of our seeing within. Here the bride, the especial object of our curiosity, was seated, with three of her friends.

The bride might have been a pretty girl, if her face had been washed and she were dressed in a cotton frock. As it was, she was a hideous and ludicrous object; and at the first sight of her I found it very difficult to suppress my inclination to risibility, and preserve the proper and becoming demeanour, of mingled gravity and admiration, with which I observed she was regarded by her friends and relations. Nothing of her shape or figure was visible through the enormous mass of clothes in which she was enveloped. Her head was bound and turbaned round with bands of silk, from which depended strings of pearls, and gold beads and ornaments of every kind; some so heavy that she must have found it a matter of difficulty to hold up her head, particularly as her neck was loaded in the same manner. She had certainly several pounds weight of jewellery hanging on her shoulders and chest. Her wrists too, as much as could be seen of them, were encumbered with massive manacles of gold and silver, while every one of her fingers was covered with rings up to the first knuckle. Her face was painted thickly white all over, and her cheeks then coarsely daubed with vermilion. The lids of her eyes and her eyebrows were blackened, the latter being thus brought to meet above her nose. But the most ridiculous and repulsive part of the "get up" were two triangular patches, about the size of half-crown pieces, upon the lower part of her cheeks, ingeniously painted in a pattern of various colours. She had a star of the same

on her forehead between her eyes, and another on her chin. Over all was thrown a veil of net, poorly embroidered, through which her dress and as much of her person as her elaborate adornments left uncovered, were visible. She sat perfectly still; so still that, with all her paint and fantastic gewgaws, she might easily have been mistaken for a waxen figure; the occasional raising of her eyelids, which were almost immediately dropped again, failing to give more animation to her expression, than the same ingenious performance on the part of a big wax doll, when its string is pulled, gives to it. Her eyes when they were open, and we could see them, were as vacant and expressionless as the orbs of one of Madame Tussaud's *chef d'œuvres*.

One of the bride's friends who sat in the bed with her, was a married sister-in-law, an enormously fat, but handsome young woman. She was a noted beauty in Moorish society, I was told, and a great favourite with her husband, a rich man who indulged her much in kesksoo, fine clothes, and slaves. So totally devoid of all intelligence and animation was her countenance, that, looking on her, some vague belief in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, arose in my mind. She reminded me of nothing so much as of a handsome, fat, dull, contented cow; an animal placidly happy in its well-fed, irresponsible, existence. Another of the friends in the bed was a scraggy, vivacious old woman, tremendously bedizened in gaudy silks, tawdry laces,

and trumpery jewellery. She, I was informed, was a Frenchwoman from Algeria, who had been married young to a very rich Moor. Regarding the entire assemblage of Moorish ladies, I may observe that almost all the young ones were painfully obese, while the old ones were as distressingly shrivelled and haggard. Whether the cause of this is, that the lords and masters of the beings who have the misfortune to be born women in Morocco, when their wives are past the one sole purpose for which according to Mohammedan ideas, they are called into existence, cut them down in their supplies of kesksoo to a bare sufficiency, I cannot tell. It looks like it. The one little bit of inconsistency however in Moslem domestic institutions is, that though old wives are regarded as only so much worthless lumber by their husbands, old mothers are held in some respect and affection by their sons. This probably accounts for the fact of old women being kept alive at all.

One alone, amongst the number of Moorish ladies present, appeared to be possessed of some energy and intelligence. She was a thin, worn, middle-aged woman, whose face bore evident traces of former beauty. Her bright, restless eyes, contrasted forcibly with the heavy, languid orbs, of the rest; and there were lines of thought about her forehead, and indications of sensibility, latent determination, and mental force, in the expression of her mouth; for which I looked in vain among the

spiritless, vacant faces of the others. But I am bound to confess that her countenance was entirely wanting in that placid contentment which characterised the physiognomies of her companions. Fretfulness, irritability, and discontent, were plainly written in her face instead. She looked about as comfortable, and satisfied with her lot, as the laughing hyena caged at the Zoological Gardens, does with his. She was an elder married sister of the bride's, and consequently was somewhat in command on the present occasion. I noticed that she "harried" about, and scolded, with immense energy, the negro slave women in attendance; evidently finding in this some outlet for her suppressed powers.

All the ladies seated within and without the bride's chamber, were married, and wore, as a distinguishing badge of their condition, a deep band of black silk bound tightly round their foreheads, outside the silk kerchiefs and high embroidered silk caps with which their heads were also covered. Nothing of their hair was visible save one, or sometimes two, long plaited tails, that hung down interwoven with ribbons or silk twist, from underneath the coverings. These tails, I was informed, were altogether, or in great part, false. The ladies' costumes besides, consisted generally of an inner garment of silk or cloth, of some bright colour, made with wide sleeves, and buttoned from the throat to the ankles; outside this a similar garment of coarse white embroidered net, or muslin, with a thick stiff embroidered sash, some

inches wide, bound round the body below the hips. Some had in addition, embroidered silk or cloth jackets of various colours, or scarves thrown loosely round the body. All were painted more or less, and the younger ones were loaded, heads, necks, arms, and fingers, with ornaments. The majority of these ornaments were of native manufacture; heavy, clumsy, gold and silver work, interspersed with jewels; but though some of the emeralds and pearls were large, few were good, and many comparatively worthless. The wearers seemed utterly devoid of knowledge or taste on the subject; quantity not quality appearing to be the one object in view. Mixed with the native ornaments, which were all genuine, I noticed several specimens of English manufacture; the very poorest and most trumpery production of "Brummagem" art in this direction. Quite in keeping with this, was the fact, that each lady wore, stuck in her handsome silk embroidered sash, a wretched coloured cotton pocket-handkerchief, of the true charity-school-child type. They appeared infinitely proud, however, of these pocket-handkerchiefs, and took every opportunity of displaying them. The embroidered net, of which the outer dresses of some were composed, was of the coarsest and commonest description; and the muslin of which others were made, was that cross-barred kind popular in England for window blinds. This mixture of exceeding richness with exceeding meanness, gave to their toilettes an appearance of

ludicrous incongruity; of which, however, they seemed totally unconscious, and were all evidently in a state of the highest satisfaction with everything they wore, especially with their cotton pocket-handkerchiefs. Our attire excited a good deal of comment and remark among them; but I don't think that they admired the dark stuffs of which most of our dresses were composed, or our black, straw or felt, hats, at all more than we did their vulgar gewgaws. One of our party wore a bonnet, and some artificial flowers in this were objects of much curiosity and some admiration; and a few costly rings which another lady had on, were regarded very favourably.

Time, of little value amongst any of the Moors, appears to possess none at all to the women. On our first entrance we had been told, that the ceremonial of investing the newly married young lady with her sash, and showing her her house, would take place immediately. We had remained nearly an hour, and still no movement to commence the performance was visible. The Moorish ladies still squatted contentedly, staring at us, most of the time in complete silence; a couple of them were asleep, and one or two others whispering a little among themselves. A group of old hags in a corner of the patio kept up a perpetual "tum-tumming" with some horrid drums, or screamed and droned in concert, with their shrill, cracked, or hoarse, old voices, what was intended for a festive melody. These were the

musicians, and their performance was supposed to be of a highly enlivening and entertaining character. The place was terribly crowded, and as the patio was not open, but covered in with a skylight at the top, it became insupportably hot and stifling. Added to the heavy and sickening Moorish perfumes, which all the ladies used, in quantities that rendered the atmosphere most disagreeable, odours of some horrible kind of food in preparation, now began to steal upon our nostrils in vapours that nearly overwhelmed us. One or two of our party gave in and retired, but the rest of us were determined to persevere, and remain to see what we had come to see, though we had long ago arrived at the conclusion that visiting Moorish ladies was a most uninteresting, not to say disagreeable, employment.

We were now informed that the bride's progress round her mansion was postponed until after dinner, but we were entreated to remain and witness it, which we consented—with, as I have said, one or two exceptions—to do.

Presently there was a good deal of bustle. All the ladies who were seated outside on the chairs, got up, evidently with great relief, and going into the room, squeezed themselves in among their friends there. The slaves came round bearing a large brass basin, a ewer of the same material filled with water, and towels. All the ladies washed their hands, very slightly; though I must say that their hands looked as if they would have

borne much more considerable ablutions without damage. Next, three small round tables standing on legs only a few inches high, were brought in. One of these was placed on the bed, between the bride and her companions there, the two others on the floor of the room; and round these latter the ladies gathered in circles. Then the slaves brought in three large dishes of some kind of stewed meat with kesksoo, one dish was placed on each table, and the ladies began their repast. Bread was handed round in baskets, and each took a large hunch. Plates, knives, forks, or spoons there were none; each fair feeder dipped her hand into the dish, and helped herself to a mouthful as she pleased. Once I counted eight hands in one dish at a time. They ate enormously. I particularly observed the fat handsome young woman next the bride in the bed. She ate in a slow languid fashion, but steadily and unceasingly; and so got down as much food as would have served a dozen ordinary healthy Englishwomen, for a meal. The stews and kesksoo being disposed of, the dishes were replaced with one containing roasted fowls; and on these the ladies again "fell to" with renewed vigour. The carving was a simple process. The fowls were very much done, so a lady seizing one, tore the limbs asunder with her fingers, and presented a piece to each of her friends as far as it would go, reserving one for herself; and so with the rest. Teeth were freely employed to tear the flesh from the bones; and, even by French-

men, I never saw cleaner picking done. The bones when picked were thrown back on the dish among the meat. The sight was certainly a novel one to me, but not altogether pleasant. A small boy with a shaved head—all the little Moor boys' heads are shaved, though they don't wear the fez generally until they are nearly grown up; a custom by no means adding to their personal attractions, as most of the Moorish children are afflicted with sore heads, whose presence, as he was the only child of the party, I did not then understand, made himself very troublesome during the meal. He had been there all the time, and, like us, had got very weary of the monotony of the entertainment; and, boy like, had displayed his weariness in every unpleasant manner that he could devise. He clambered about among the ladies, pulled their clothes, dragged at their jewels, cried, kicked, pinched, and generally misbehaved himself. Once he tried to creep out of the room and get away, but was espied in the act by a slave, captured, and brought back. He then went to sleep for a time in a lap, but woke up when the dinner was served, and renewed his misconduct. He was evidently not supposed to share in the banquet, but he employed himself creeping round on all fours among the ladies, and whenever he saw an opportunity wriggling himself in, and snatching a portion from a dish. The ladies all regarded his behaviour with the greatest patience and complacency, except the intelligent looking one, who administered

several severe, but quite unheeded lectures to him. Another diversion during dinner, was occasioned by the sudden entrance into the patio of a negro boy, the outer door having been left insufficiently guarded while the slaves were occupied serving the meal. He jumped about, screaming with delight, and calling to some of his companions who had come through the passage, and were peeping in but afraid to venture further, to follow his example. This profane intrusion—the boy was a tall lad of fourteen or fifteen—caused great consternation and excitement amongst the ladies. The slaves were screamed to, and these, rushing forth, proceeded to eject the uninvited and unwelcome visitor. But the boy succeeded for some time in eluding the activity of the slaves, who chased him round and round the patio, he screaming and gesticulating in defiant delight, all the time. At last he was caught and hustled out, and the door fastened to prevent the recurrence of the mischief; when the ladies returned to their feeding; the slaves receiving a severe reprimand for their carelessness from the energetic sister of the bride above mentioned.

When the dinner was over, the ladies washed their hands again; but in the same inadequate manner as before. We had then to wait during the tedious process of the musicians feeding on kesksoo. It was a sore trial to patience. I began to wish more boys would come in, to make a little diversion and excitement.

At last, when all had fed and washed and taken a drink of water, the ladies all out of the same vessel, one after the other, every one suddenly rose to their feet, and began screaming, "Ah—yee! Ah-ye, ay-ye, ah—yee!" at the top of their voices. All rushed into the bride's chamber, and there was a general pushing and hustling to get near the bed. I was borne in among the mob, and the heels of my stout balmorals inflicted, I fear, considerable injury among the tender bare toes of the poor Moorish ladies, who had all, according to custom, doffed their embroidered slippers. It was now growing dusk outside, and was consequently quite dark in the windowless room, so two huge long candles were brought in by two little negro girls; who rushed and were shoved about in a manner that rendered a conflagration among us an extreme probability, and grease bespattered garments a certainty. The bride was then dragged into a standing position by her friends. She was so heavily weighted with clothes that to stand alone was impossible, so two had to support her while two others endeavoured to raise the multitudinous scarves and robes with which she was enveloped outside her ordinary costume. This was in order to put on her sash, which was now produced; the same that I had seen tied round the top of her box the night she was married. Some of her extra apparel was at last raised sufficiently, and then there was a general scrambling and hunting among the crowd for the small boy, who was

now to play his part in the proceedings. He was found under somebody's feet, dragged to the surface, and put on the bed. His business it appeared, was to fasten on the sash, this office being—on occasions like the present—always performed by a boy; a custom which no doubt has some mystic significance of high import. Considerable difficulty was however found in the present instance to get the young gentleman to perform his task. The child was either obstinate, or frightened, or both; for he bawled, and howled, and kicked; and for some time there was no getting him to do it. But at last he was coaxed or threatened into compliance. This was the signal for a great outburst of the usual yells from the old women and slaves. One old creature next me, held her sides while she screamed with all her might and main. All laughed too, and clapped their hands; and many winks and significant looks were exchanged, the purport of which I could only guess, but they evidently related to something of a nature highly interesting to the ladies, and involved some jest of a piquant kind which was relished exceedingly.

Then a little space was cleared, and with some difficulty the bride was got down off the bed; when, upheld by two of the elder ladies who supported her under her arms, she was dragged through the crowd, and made her appearance in the patio. Here, dishes containing eggs, fish, flour, and other things, were presented to her; all having some symbolical signification, of a happy

and fortunate nature. She was then led across the patio, and through the other rooms of the house, but here we and the other strangers did not follow her; she being accompanied in her tour of inspection only by her supporters and two or three of her nearer relations. On her return to her chamber, all her friends seized her in their arms, and kissed and hugged her. She was not put into bed again, but seated on a chair opposite the doorway of the room; and all her garments, which had got a little disarranged, readjusted. She made no effort to assist in the arrangement of her toilette herself, remaining quite passive and immobile, while two of her friends pulled and twitched her clothes, resettled her ornaments so that each one should be seen to the best advantage, brought forward her two long plaited tails of hair, squared out her elbows, and spread her hands flat on her lap, opening her fingers so that every ring should be fully visible.

Every one then stared at and admired her; while she sat, alternately lifting and dropping her eyelids, with the precision and regularity of an ingeniously contrived automaton, and occasionally smirking a little, in recognition of the interest and admiration which she excited. The opening and shutting her eyes was supposed to express that bashfulness and modesty generally deemed suitable to the occasion, and which Moorish brides cannot exhibit by means of becoming blushes, owing to the thick coating of paint by which their faces

are covered. What should have been sweet conscious smiles too, were, in the present instance, turned into hideous grimaces by the same cause. When this young lady tried to smile, her stars and triangles puckered up, and the result was a grin after the style of a clown's in a pantomime.

And thus ended the performance. I must add that all these proceedings had been watched with the greatest interest by three or four handsome young women, from the window of an upper room, that looked into the patio. These, I was told, were the unmarried sisters, and sisters-in-law, and cousins of the bride, who were not allowed on this occasion to mingle with the married ladies. The window was so small that it was with difficulty two could look out together; so the crowding was considerable, as was no doubt the curiosity. A couple of little girls, however, about eight or ten years of age, bearing the same relationship to her, had been permitted to run about freely amongst the assemblage. All these arrangements and observances, which I have attempted to describe, are intended—so it is said—to preserve and foster female delicacy and modesty, according to Moorish ideas. Strange are the differences of national sentiment on such subjects. To my mind and the minds of my friends, the result was of a totally opposite nature. To us, these poor creatures seemed as wanting in womanly delicacy, as they were in human dignity. They appeared quite as incapable of conceiving the one,

in its true sense, as they were certainly totally devoid of the other.

I drew a long breath of relief and enjoyment when I found myself once more in the open air. It was not alone the odours of onions and kesksoo, and Moorish perfumes, and negresses, and rancid oil and garlic; but the moral atmosphere which I had been breathing, had choked and disgusted me.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FEAST OF RAMS.

Soon after my visit to the Moorish bride, I had an opportunity of witnessing the ceremonials attendant on the greatest religious festival of the Mohammedans, "Id al Korbên," or "Id al Adhâ," the feast of the sacrifice. This is called in the East the Greater Beirâm, in contradistinction to "Id al Fetr," the Lesser Beirâm, the feast of breaking the fast, which takes place immediately after the fast of Ramadân, but it is known in Morocco as "El Aid Kebir," the great feast, or "El Aid Hanwela," the ram feast.

It commences on the tenth of Dhul' hajja, or month of the "hajjas," the pilgrims to Mecca. The animals sacrificed must be males if sheep or goats, and in Tangier at least these were the animals chiefly used; some, however, of the very poor people killed fowls, being unable to obtain any more valuable victims. It is absolutely necessary that each head of a family should kill at least one animal, but all who could afford to do so, killed one for each individual male member of his family or household.

In Tangier, and I believe in other cities in Morocco, there is one curious custom observed at the celebration of the Feast of Rams, which I do not think forms a part

of the observance of the sacrifice in other Mohammedan countries. One ram is killed at the praying place above the Soko, or at the door of the principal mosque. Immediately after it is struck, it is flung upon the shoulders of a man, who runs with it through the town to the house of an appointed judge, the dying animal and its bearer being pelted all the time with stones, by the street boys. If, on arriving at the judge's house, the animal is pronounced to be still breathing, it is supposed to be a good augury for the year; but if it be quite dead, it is considered to be an evil omen. The dangerous and unpleasant duty of running with the dying ram, is performed by some poor wretch, of such miserable worldly condition that he will undertake the horrid task for a few shillings.

For several days previous to the commencement of the Feast, large flocks of sheep and goats were driven in from the country, and sold in the market-place, where all was bustle and excitement. Great was the competition to obtain the largest and fattest animals, the cunning dealers knowingly running up the price in proportion to the demand; while some of the still more cunning intending purchasers held back in expectation of further arrivals of stock, and consequent glut in the market, necessitating sale at easy price on the last day.

Going up to the Soko a few days before the commencement of the feast, I found Selam there in a state of great excitement, buying his ram. There were two or

three animals between which he appeared to be undecided in his selection, so nothing would satisfy him but that I should see them all. This necessitated traversing the Soko from end to end, a not very pleasant performance, as it was one mass of mud and filth underfoot; and was so crowded with sheep and goats, sellers and buyers, that to jostle one's way among them was neither easy nor agreeable. However, I felt so much interested in Selam and his purchase, that I followed him about to inspect the different favourites; he striding along barefooted through the black slush, with his long gelab tucked up, and I picking my steps after him as best I could. He showed off all the good points of the different animals, and at last made choice of a huge ram with many horns and very long wool. He was in high glee, as it was a better animal than a man in his condition would generally be able to purchase; but Selam was a universal favourite with the residents at the United National Hotel, and they made the Feast of Rams an opportunity for remembering his many good and cheerfully rendered services. This might be considered to smack of latitudinarianism rather over much; but then I am afraid we were very latitudinarian at the United National Hotel. Though many of the animals looked large owing to their long wool, they were none of them fat, according to Royal Agricultural Society's ideas.

Looking down from the roof of the hotel into the patios of our Moorish neighbours, I could see the

intended victims, which were kept tied up in the patios from the time of purchase until the day of the feast, and scantily fed. One man had three rams and a goat tied up to his fig-tree.

On the tenth of Dhul' hajja, every one was up betimes in the morning, as the feast commenced early.

I, with some friends, was fortunate enough to obtain an excellent position on the roof of a Jew's dwelling-house directly opposite the Jamaa Kebeer, the great mosque, in the main street; the best possible place for viewing the proceedings, as on this occasion the first ram was to be killed at the mosque door, instead of at the praying-place above the Soko, which more generally forms the scene of action.

The streets were thronged with people, of all the different races and religions that make up the population of Tangier; but the Moors were, of course, in the greatest force. These were all clad in their cleanest, and gayest, and best apparel. There were a few Moorish women among the crowd, but these were wrapped up in their concealing haiks, getting but a limited view out of the corner of the one eye that alone they left uncovered; and keeping as much apart from the crowd as possible, lest they should be recognised by their male friends, and so incur their wrath. Two or three of them stood on the roof with us, and I was amused by the anxiety they displayed to get behind us, using us as sort of screens as they peeped out between our shoulders. I must

mention that our party were all ladies; had it not been so the poor creatures must have retired, as they dared not have been seen in the company of male Christians.

The scene was a gay and animated one. The main street, from the mosque to the Soko, was lined with soldiers on foot and on horseback. These were distinguished alone by their peaked caps and long guns, every man being, else, dressed and equipped according to his fancy. This, of course, deprived their appearance of that uniformity and regularity, which we are in general accustomed to admire in military pageants; but, at the same time, their varied costumes were so brilliant and picturesque, and harmonised so well with the scene, that no artist could regret the defect. Where the aspect of everything is so bizarre as it is in Tangier, uniformity in any one particular would but mar the effect of the whole. Those who were on horseback were all well-mounted on handsome barbs, gaily caparisoned. All used the Moorish saddle, a clumsy heavy contrivance, projecting high in front and behind the rider.

At ten the Bashaw, accompanied by his ministers of state, officers, etc., descended from the Casaba, and entered the mosque to pray. Most of the principal Moors assembled here also for the same purpose. They stayed for about an hour, during which time we had nothing to do but to watch the crowd in the street beneath; and the struggles of the sacrificial ram, a huge animal of its kind,

who seemed to have some instinctive perception of his approaching fate, such desperate efforts did he make to escape from the two men who were holding him by his horns on the steps of the mosque. Another man stood by him armed with the knife wherewith to inflict the fatal thrust; and the ragged wretch who was to run with him on his back round the town, was also in readiness.

The crowd was now mostly composed of the Jewish and Christian on-lookers, a throng of beggars waiting for the alms which it is the custom of the Bashaw to distribute as he leaves the mosque on these occasions, and the rabble of boys, ready armed with stones to play their part in the proceedings. The majority of the Moors had retired to their homes, there at the given signal to sacrifice their beasts.

The beggars of Tangier are about the most objectionable specimens of the species it would be possible to see. Many of them are afflicted with leprosy, scrofula, ophthalmia, and other hideous and loathsome diseases, besides frightful deformities of all kinds, and their condition of dirt and raggedness is indescribable. In addition, however, to the unfortunates, who are reduced by infirmities and want to this mode of life; there are a number of people who adopt the profession simply through laziness, preferring it to active and monotonous employments, that necessitate regular bodily exertion. These endeavour to atone for their healthy deficiencies by additional personal filth, and they get themselves up in such a perfection of

tatters and dirt, as enables them to compete, not unsuccessfully, even with rivals wanting an arm, a leg, an eye, or a nose!

Disease and dirt, however, are common to beggars all over the world, though the very acme of both is perhaps reached by those in Tangier. But what struck me most, as distinguishing them from all the other beggars that had ever come under my observation, was, that it was apparently considered in no way inconsistent with their profession to smoke cigarettes and wear costly jewellery. I have already noticed the blind man who perpetually smoked, and begged by deputy, but it was still more strange to me when I saw it, that a filthy diseased wretch should protrude from beneath a garment, from which all shape and colour had long ago disappeared in rags and dirt, an arm encircled with a massive gold or silver bracelet, or extend for charity a miserable, emaciated hand with rings of the precious metals on the fingers. One class of beggars indeed, the dirtiest and raggedest of any, the saints, whose saintship rests chiefly on the fact of never washing themselves or their clothes, are always loaded with costly jewels, the gifts of pious sympathisers and admirers.

A propos of beggars, I may as well narrate here a characteristic anecdote concerning one, which caused me some amusement at the time the incident occurred; and which may serve to while away the time a little, as the Bashaw is saying his prayers.

Some friends of mine and I, when walking up the main street, were frequently attracted by the aspect of two beggars, who sat habitually outside the door of a large tumble-down house there. They were amateurs; that is to say they had no legitimate claim, such as the absence of useful limbs or ornamental features, to entitle them to charity; but their "get up" was altogether of such an exquisitely appropriate character, they dressed,—or rather undressed,—the part to such perfection, that mere admiration of human talent and ingenuity, even though displayed in such a matter, directed our observation towards them. One of them, too, had a particularly comical cast of countenance. They of course were aware of the interest they excited, and made it pay; we seldom passed but they succeeded in getting some small alms from us.

One day however, as we went by, we noticed that one of them, the comical-looking fellow, was absent. A member of our party who understood Arabic, questioned the companion beggar, "left blooming alone," as to the cause of his being solitary on his post; but he professed entire ignorance as to the whereabouts of his *confrère*. This, however, did not prevent his begging as usual, only with double vigour; honourably, as we thought, taking his absent comrade's share of their mutual professional duties. He received his dole, and we passed on.

We went some distance into the country that day, and it was late in the evening when we returned; in conse-

quence of which, instead of coming down through the main street as usual, we descended into the town by the Casaba, a somewhat shorter route. By the Casaba, as I have already mentioned, is situated the prison.

We had just passed these important public buildings, when we were overtaken by a man, hurrying down at a quick pace into the town. It was the missing beggar; the recognition was instantaneous and mutual.

"Ah, Shaus, where have you been all day? We've been asking for you," said our Arabic-speaking companion to the man, who had arrested his hurried pace to salute us; and over whose attractive countenance a very real expression of sorrow and dissatisfaction was now spread, in place of the usual professional misery.

"Where have I been! Ah, rich man, you may well ask!" cried Shaus, in a tone of pathetic bitterness.

'Rich man' is a customary address in Tangier to any European with a whole coat on his back.

"Well, but what has happened to you? You look as if you had met with some misfortune."

"Misfortune! Ay, you may truly say so. Who so miserable and afflicted as I? Ah, what a world it is! and what a city Tangier! Here there is no compassion for the poor, no justice for honest men, no honour to True Believers! As well be an infidel or a Jew, as a follower of the Great Prophet in this wicked town."

It was evident that our friend had met with some undeserved misfortune, or imagined himself to be suffer-

ing under some woful wrong. Curiosity prompted us to ask for a detailed recital of his griefs. We found him nothing loth to comply, in fact only too ready to pour forth his sorrows to our sympathetic ears.

"But it is more than you will believe, rich man. You will not credit that such cruelty and injustice could exist. But yet I swear by the Prophet it is all true.

"Well, you know that every evening at the hour of eight, the Bashaw sends forth to the poor who assemble at his gates, the good food left from his supper. The Bashaw is rich, and a great man, and many dishes come forth full, that he has never touched,—the flesh of sheep and young goats, fowls, and the excellent kesksoo.

"Well, it has been my wont to wait nightly at the Bashaw's gate, to get my share of these good things; and as many of the poor wretches, my companions, were old and weak, or deprived by the will of Allah of their limbs or their sight, it was seldom that I did not get a nice dish all to myself!

"Why should I not? This was but right and just. Who so poor as I? Look at this gelab, rich man! Is there in Tangier a gelab so old as this? Saw you ever one with so many patches? The Prophet himself could not tell of which of these divers stuffs it was first made; the blue, the brown, the striped, or the white; alas, when was it white? And the rents in the garment! See you not my flesh through the great holes? Truly, I am poor; the very poorest of the poor! Was I shaved

this twelvemonth? *When* have I washed? Did I kill even the most miserable little kid at the Great Feast?

"But there is not justice in Tangier; there is no compassion for the needy and the afflicted. Would you believe it, Christian, that last night as I sat at the Bashaw's gate, there sat by me another man, a stranger, a man from the country, whose raiment was new compared to mine,—though, truly, it was a sorry garment;—and this man, when the time came that the food was to be brought forth, being tall and strong, pushed himself to the front with me, and thrust forth his hands, and one of the men who bare the dishes, said 'Here, in this there is enough for two, divide it between ye,' and placed the dish of meat in the hands of this vile stranger!

"Could you believe, Christian, in treatment so odious as this, to me, the poorest, most pitiable, beggar in Tangier?

"I tried to stand and get the next dish; but no, I was thrust aside for others to be helped. 'You have got your share already,' they said; 'go eat it, or there will be none left for you by the other man.'

"And then I was fain to sit down, and share the dish with the stranger, or truly, as they said, I should have had none at all.

"But this was not the worst. You shall hear the end of my tale, and then say if you have ever known, in Tangier or your own country, a poor and innocent man who has suffered a wrong such as I have.

"It is true, that on other occasions, when there had been many of the wretched sitting at the Bashaw's gate, I had been made to share a dish with another. But then it might happen that this one would have a withered or palsied hand, or by the will of Allah been deprived of his sight, or he might be a hoary-headed old man, one whom Allah had blessed with long years, may be three-score and ten; and I, though poor,—ay, Christian, the poorest of all the poor in Tangier,—have the strength of my limbs and the sight of mine eyes, and my father is yet alive; and so I generally got from the dish little less than my just share.

"But last evening it was not so: This vile stranger from the country was strong, and younger than I. He had walked also many miles that day, and had not tasted food he told me, since sunrise of the day before. Judge therefore, rich man, with what an appetite he ate! He thrust his hand into the dish and seized the meat,—good fowls, stewed with onions and savoury herbs,—and ate it, and so fast that it was well-nigh all finished before I had swallowed half a dozen mouthfuls!

"Here was an abominable wrong! At last there was left in the dish but one leg of a fowl. 'That shall be mine,' I said to myself, and put forth my hand to take it; when behold! this greedy stranger, who had scarce swallowed the flesh of another leg, flung from him the bone of it which he was picking, and snatching *my* leg from the dish, thrust it into his mouth.

"Then my anger broke forth. 'Dog,' I cried, 'it is mine: give me that which is justly my due.' And I seized the end of the bone and dragged it from his mouth; bringing with it—so great was the force I was compelled to use with this strong and greedy man—two of his teeth!

"Then the odious stranger, who I know was no True Believer but some vile renegade, uplifted his hand and struck me, loading me at the same time with vile epithets, and also snatching from me the leg of the fowl, which was now doubly mine, by right and by possession!

"Of course no honest and brave man could endure such treatment as this, so putting forth all my might, I smote him on his accursed forehead. The wretch vengefully gave back the blow. I seized on him, he struck me again, we struggled—he had still in his right hand the food for which we were contending—both calling for help to those about us, but at last we fell together, and rolled over and over on the ground!

"Verily I think he would have killed me, had not some of the soldiers of the Bashaw, sent by him to know the cause of the tumult at his gates, rushed forth and separated us.

"But now comes the worst of all. You would think Christian, that what I have narrated was wrong and injury enough, for me, a poor and honest man, to undergo; but you know not Tangier! We were carried in before the Bashaw, and each told his tale. But this

wicked thieving fellow from the country, showed besides, his mouth, from whence blood was flowing, where had been the two teeth, that had come out when I snatched the portion of fowl that was my right from him; and a soldier also had picked up and brought in the teeth! The Bashaw looked at them, and ordered his soldiers to release the stranger, but confine me in the prison until sunset of the next day. I have but left it now, this moment when I met you!"

Of course we expressed (through our friend who had interpreted the narrative as it proceeded) in appropriate language our sympathy and commiseration for this much suffering individual. We bade him good evening, at the same time adding to our salutation a hope that next day we should find him again in that sphere which he adorned; and also that no such untoward circumstances as those which he had recounted, should again deprive it of his presence.

He left us, and hurried on his way; but we had scarcely gone fifty yards when he stopped, and running back, inquired of us with haste and agitation, whether we had given anything that day to the other man who sat with him in the main street!

There are current in Tangier certain small copper coins, sixteen of which bear the value of an English penny. Four of these was the magnificent alms which one of us had bestowed. We mentioned the sum.

"Ah," he cried, "Christians, you know not this

man! He is my partner, and we have agreed to share all we get. But he is dishonest, and he will rob me! Miserable man that I am! I shall be cheated, even by my own comrade, of the money that was given to me by you, rich and charitable people!"

To prevent this we strongly advised him to make haste to his partner and put in his claim to his property before it was all spent. Seeing that this advice was all he was likely to get from us then, he took it and hastened away.

I don't know whether the "Co" had behaved honourably during his absence, but at any rate the half farthing did not cause a dissolution of partnership. We found these two amiable and enterprising gentlemen at their usual post next day, and apparently on terms of confidence and amity.

We whiled away the time while the Bashaw was praying, in watching the antics of the *gamins* of Tangier, whose spirits were in a state of high excitement at the prospect of the stone-throwing. Street boys are always amusing on public occasions; but those of Tangier, free from the depressing influence of policemen, are particularly lively and facetious in their behaviour.

At last the devotions of the faithful came to an end.

A gun was fired as a signal that the Bashaw had finished his prayers. The instant it was heard, a cloth was thrown over the ram beneath which the executioner thrust his hand, armed with the knife; and the next

moment the bleeding body of the animal, struggling in its death agony, was flung upon the shoulders of the man, who rushed off, followed by all the rabble of screaming shouting boys, pelting him with stones and rubbish as hard as they could. All this was the work of an instant. The deed was performed with such quickness and dexterity, that I could hardly distinguish the moment at which I last saw the poor beast standing living on the steps, from that at which his quivering carcase, streaming with blood, was borne off on the man's back. I noticed, however, that he was so carried as completely to protect the man's head from the missiles of their assailants, and the dying ram must have got by far the most of the stones.

While this was going on the Bashaw was coming out of the mosque. Almost all the great people had their horses waiting for them outside in the street; but the Bashaw's horse was taken up through a narrow passage to another door; and through this he made his entrance into the street ready mounted. He was instantly surrounded by the whole swarm of the halt, the maimed, the blind, the leprous, and the lazy; who surrounded him and his steed clamouring for alms. He flung a handful of small silver among them, upon which a scramble ensued; wherein the lazy had, I think, much the advantage. Bringing, on this occasion, all their unused powers into play, they got much the best of their unfortunate companions. The Bashaw is a fine-looking

man, sedate and haughty as all Moors are, but with something of gravity and anxiety in his expression also; natural to a man, the possession of whose liberty or head, is of such uncertain tenure as are the liberties and heads of all official personages, subordinate to the emperor of Morocco. The higher the dignity of the official, and the more important his office; the greater his chances of being cast into prison to languish out his days, or having too speedy a termination put to them by means of a finely sharpened scimitar. The Bashaw was magnificently dressed. His outer garment was a white cloth selam of the finest texture, and spotless in its hue. He rode a splendid grey barb, richly caparisoned, the saddle and harness being all covered with crimson velvet, heavily embroidered and fringed with gold. The habiliments and trappings of his ministers and officers of state, and the wealthy and dignified citizens who accompanied him, were scarcely less gay and costly. The whole formed a very bright and lively scene, the firing of guns, and acclamations of the people adding to the general enlivenment.

The ram being killed and the Bashaw gone, nothing more remained to be seen; so we descended from our elevated position, and prepared to return to our abodes. But though the United National Hotel lay but two streets off, before arriving at it, I had to encounter some of the unpleasantnesses of the Feast of Rams, which I had scarcely been prepared for. Every Moor (except

those who accompanied the Bashaw, and they employed deputies for the purpose) had been stationed outside the door of his house, with his ram or he-goat and his knife; ready when the gun was fired announcing the Bashaw's exit from the mosque, to perform his sacrifice. This had been duly done, and in consequence outside every door was lying one or more slain animals, in pools of blood, some with glazing eyes and quivering limbs, still in the agonies of death. It was a hideous and nauseating sight. Just as I arrived at the door of the hotel, our next neighbour was killing one of his animals, in the very close proximity that the narrowness of the street necessitated. The knife had been just thrust in its neck, and he and an assistant were holding it up by the hind legs and thumping its head against the stones to assist and hasten the process of bleeding.

I had gone out without breakfast. Selam was of course absent killing his own ram, but my landlady had prepared two underdone mutton chops for my refection. It need scarcely be matter of surprise that I found my appetite for mutton chops had suddenly deserted me. These were greasy, lukewarm, and half raw. The association of ideas was too great. I fled to the roof.

But my expectations of finding a refuge there from the disagreeables of the Feast of Rams were disappointed. It only gave me an opportunity of witnessing the real "feasting" part of the celebration. From the roof I could see into the patios of the Moorish houses

by which the United National Hotel was surrounded. In all, the skinning, cutting up, and cooking processes were going on. Inside the house of our next neighbour, the animal that I had had the pleasure of seeing thumped on the pavement, was being cut up by one of the males of the family; while the females were engaged in roasting as kabobs (meat cut in dice, and spitted on a stick) portions of the first sacrifice, tasting bits as the cooking progressed; the master of the house and his brother being engaged in just killing a third animal outside the door; while the youngest boy hope of the family, was blowing out one of the bladders; an amusement which appeared to afford him great contentment.

Blowing the bladders was indeed evidently the portion of the entertainment, next to throwing stones at the ram and the man, most popular with the boys of Tangier. Of course grown up Jews and Christians took no part in the Feast of Rams; but the juvenile Hebrews and Gentiles alike, evinced quite as great a partiality for bladder-blowing as their Mohammedan playmates did.

But with the exception of the un-Believing boys and the bladder-blowing, the universal non-Moslem feeling in Tangier with regard to the Feast of Rams, was one of contempt and disgust. Looking however at the whole thing from a perfectly impartial and unprejudiced point of view, I could not but feel that in this matter the Moors were not much worse than their neighbours. There was no doubt a good deal that was coarse and

brutal in this Feast of the Sacrifice; but possibly some of the rites and ceremonies of other Churches would appear to the Moors, if not exactly in that light, at least very tame and frivolous: "stale, flat, and unprofitable." This would of course only arise from Moorish ignorance of the mystic and solemn import appertaining to the above rites and ceremonies, for the initiated. But then how could we—Jews and Christians—tell what inward edification and spiritual comfort the Moslems derived from killing fat rams and eating them in "kabobs"? Doubtless much.

But though thus able to regard the Feast of Rams, from a religious point of view, with a perfectly unbiassed mind, I must admit that I experienced certain personal inconveniences during its continuance. It was not only that the sight of my neighbours killing their rams and eating their holy "kabobs," as I watched them from an impartial and unprejudiced point of view—from the roof—very nearly made me sick, but that for nearly a week after the Sacrifice there appeared to be a glut of most objectionable mutton in the market; judging by the very horrible flavour of certain legs and shoulders of sheep to which we were treated at the *table d'hôte* of the United National Hotel during that period.

El Aid Hanwela is supposed to last three days, but the jubilations attending it were prolonged in Tangier for a week.

Part of these consisted in military displays, which

took place on the sands nearly every afternoon during this period. There is a considerable sameness attending military displays in Morocco, as they all consist of one exercise, called "*lab-el-barode,*" "powder-play." A number of horsemen armed with long guns, range themselves in line, and starting off at a given signal, discharge their pieces while at full gallop. This is repeated again and again, the only variety being in the mode of firing, which is sometimes done at random in the air, sometimes behind their backs, as if at a pursuing foe; while the more dexterous will display such tricks as stooping down and firing under their horses' bellies, or flinging their guns in the air, and then discharging them on recovering them in their hands. In performing these evolutions, some of the men exhibited the most consummate horsemanship, but as a display of military prowess it was ridiculously ineffective; chiefly owing, indeed, to the wretched construction of the Moorish guns, half of which generally missed fire every run. Some of the more agile and dexterous young fellows ran singly, the better to show off their skill; or sometimes two together, making a trial of their relative powers in performing the same feat. Great amusement was excited by the efforts of one little old man, long past the age for such active exercises, and who goes in Tangier by the sobriquet of "the Babon," or "Snail," from the lethargy of his movements; to take an active part in the exhibition. His gun never would go off, and he was utterly unable to manage his horse,

which sometimes refused to go on, and sometimes ran away with him; when, to keep his seat, he was fain to cling to its neck, one time losing his turban and fez, and at another being pitched off altogether. He was afraid to trust himself into the general *mêlée* of the powder-play, so made his runs alone, when, of course, his misfortunes had the more publicity.

The horses went at a tremendous pace, being goaded with the cruel Moorish spur, a long sharp steel point running out from the stirrup. So cruelly did some of the riders use these implements of torture, and the no less barbarous Moorish bit, that many of the horses' sides were quite covered with blood, and the men's clothes were dashed with it all over, even up to their white turbans.

There was a large crowd of spectators to witness the performance. All were in their best clothes, and the whole scene was as brilliant, animated, and picturesque a one as it would be possible to imagine. The sun shone splendidly, and the sea and sky were alike a brilliant blue. Afric's sands looked truly golden, and showed off the gay and varied colours in which soldiers and spectators were alike clad, to the best advantage.

A number of Moorish women came down to witness the spectacle, but these occupied a retired position, far apart from the rest of the crowd; and were all as usual so closely enveloped in their huge haiks, that they

were quite undistinguishable one from the other, and only looked like so many large bundles of flannel.

A Moorish band was in attendance, and continually discoursed sweet music of the nature I have before described. On two occasions the scene was honoured by the presence of the Bashaw and his staff, and the great man even ran a course or two himself in the powder-play; an act of condescension which was received with much enthusiasm by his assembled subjects. Most of the European consuls were present too, with their families; and of course all the tourists and visitors from the hotels, many of whom regarded the scene with surprise and astonishment. Morocco is a country so little visited by the ordinary tourist tribe, that very little seems really to be known about it; and people are not prepared to see, in a place such a very short distance out of the beaten tracks of travellers as Tangier is, scenes so foreign in their aspect as the Moorish *lab-el-barode*.

So ended the Feast of Rams; at least in its actual celebration. But besides the disagreeables resulting from turning every street in the town into a butcher's shambles —not the least of which was an odour combining the perfumes of a stale slaughter-house and a bone-grinding establishment, which lasted until the next rains had washed the thoroughfares—we were unpleasantly reminded of the Feast of Rams for some weeks afterwards, by beholding, floating on the breeze from the

roof of every Moorish house, long pennons of ill-smelling meat. These were the overplus of the flesh of the sacrificed animals, cut into long narrow strips, and being dried in the sun for after-consumption!

CHAPTER XV.

SUPERSTITIONS IN MOROCCO AND ELSEWHERE.

But before altogether leaving the subject, I wish to record a somewhat sensational anecdote in connection with the Feast of Rams, which was going the round of Tangier circles for some days. Selam entertained the breakfast table of the United National Hotel with it one morning. He gave the tale a most unhesitating credence, which I don't feel quite sure that all who read it here will be ready to bestow.

The day before the commencement of the Feast of Rams, a dishonest Moor, who had stolen an animal from one of his neighbours, brought it into the town to sell. It was a very fine ram, and he expected to get a large sum for it; which expectation heightened on the way, as the ram, while he carried it on his shoulders, seemed to grow heavier and heavier; so heavy indeed, that he almost sank beneath the burden. He took it first to a coffee-shop, where a number of Moors were as usual assembled; but, behold! no sooner had he lifted it from his back, than instead of the fine fat sheep he had carried, there was a lean and skinny wretch, which nobody would think of purchasing; and which he was in fact laughed at and derided for thinking of offering for sale. Much astonished, but still

more mortified and disappointed, he threw the stolen ram on his shoulders again, and left the shop. But no sooner was he in the street, than all the animal's size and weight returned; and his hopes reviving also, he staggered on with it to another coffee-shop. But here the wonder was repeated. No sooner had he disburdened himself of the ram than he found it to be again a miserable attenuated animal, that nobody would so much as look at, much less buy. There was nothing for it, but to take it up on his back again, and sally forth. Great however was his amazement, to find, when he left the shop, that the ram as before began to grow heavy, and in fact so increased in weight as he went on, that he could scarcely move under it. Determined not to be foiled this time, he took it next to the house of a friend who lived near, instead of a coffee-shop, partly because he was resolved to get rid of it now, before it grew thin again, and partly because it was becoming so heavy, that he really felt he could carry it no further.

"Ah, Hamed!" he cried, as he entered his friend's house; "do you want a fine ram for the feast? If you do, here's one,—the largest and heaviest I ever carried on my back."

Hamed as it happened, did want a ram, and perceiving how fine a one this was (Abdullah still carried it on his shoulders), he was willing to become the purchaser.

"But why do you keep it still on your back?" he said. "Put it down and rest yourself, and then, too, I shall be able to feel it, and find out whether it is in truth so fat as it looks."

"No," said his cunning friend; "there's no need that I should do that. I'm not *very* tired; and any one can know by looking at him, that this is the finest ram that has been brought into Tangier for the feast. I brought him to you first as you are a friend, but it's getting late, and I can't waste my time; so if you won't put down the price for him at once," naming a sum that was moderate for so very fat a ram as this seemed, "I'll just carry him off to Ali's coffee-shop, where there are plenty who will be ready to have him at the first word."

This specious talk had its due effect on Hamed. Dreading to lose so excellent a bargain by delay, he counted down the money to the wily Abdullah, who instantly took the ram off his shoulders, preparing with all speed to pocket the money; which he would much have liked to have done first, only that both his hands being engaged holding the ram on his shoulders, he was unable to take it up.

But great was Hamed's amazement, and violent his indignation, when instead of the fine animal he believed himself to have purchased; there stood before him a shrunk and wasted creature, a mere skeleton of a ram, not worth half a peseta, and such as no well-to-do

Believer, would think of insulting the Prophet by sacrificing at El Aid Hanwela. His anger burst the bonds of friendship, and broke through the bounds of politeness.

"You false rascal!" he cried, seizing the hand in which Abdullah had hastily gathered up the purchase money before running off with himself as fast as he could; "How dare you impose on me in this manner! I wouldn't take that ram for the trouble of killing him. A wretched starveling that by some demon's tricks you contrived to make look like a fine sheep! Give me back my money, and take the bewitched beast out of this at once, before I and my children suffer by your wicked sorceries."

The unfortunate Abdullah was very loth to give back the money, and take up the horrid ram again, but he had no resource but to obey; for besides that his late friend was a strong man, and very much in earnest, he, knowing the dishonest way in which he had come by the ram, dared not have any public disturbance made about the matter. So he opened his hand, and permitted Hamed to snatch his silver back again, and put it in his pocket, which Hamed did with all speed, not knowing what evil influences might be about; and then Abdullah ruefully lifted the ill-gotten ram on his back again, and left the house, the door of which was hastily slammed behind him before he had well quitted it.

There was nothing for it now, he thought, but to take

the ram to his own house, and sacrifice it for himself, in place of the humble little he-kid which, being a very poor man, he had intended to be content with. That was the only good which he could now hope to get out of the ram. He would kill the he-kid, too, for his eldest son, and so be something like on an equality with his neighbours.

But even these humble plans were not designed to be carried out. He was scarcely beyond the threshold of Hamed's house when the ram began to grow heavy again, and went on getting heavier and heavier, until poor Abdullah could scarcely support its weight. He had hardly gone a hundred yards, and had just said to himself that he would kill his little kid for his son, when the beast suddenly increased so enormously in weight, that the wretched man, unable to bear it any longer, sank beneath it fainting on the pavement.

He raised his hands feebly to push it from him, fearing he would be smothered; but, lo, as he did so, it all at once began to dwindle again, and grew smaller and smaller so rapidly that in less than a moment it had vanished altogether. Then Abdullah lost his senses.

Selam's explanation of this extraordinary narrative was, that a Djion, or evil spirit, had entered into the skin of a ram in order to deceive this man, and so punish him for his thieving propensities. This was to Selam quite a natural and reasonable elucidation of everything that might be considered strange and marvellous in the

incident. No shadow of a doubt of its having really occurred ever crossed his brain.

I may as well record here another somewhat similar narrative, which obtains equally unhesitating credence in the Empire of the Sultan Sidi Mohammed-ben-Abderaham.

A generation or two ago, there was a certain great man in Morocco, called Hadji-el-Arbi, chief of the fanatic sect of Muley Tayeb, who was esteemed a saint, and enjoyed all the privileges of one, in consideration of his direct descent from the Prophet Mohammed; and in consequence, his influence and power, particularly amongst the lower classes of the people, was greater than even that of the sultan himself.

But this great man, like all great men, had enemies; and some of them conspired together one time to take his life.

The mode they adopted to effect their object was somewhat peculiar. The flesh of a cat is supposed by the Moors to be poisonous to whoever eats it, and these conspirators caused a cat to be killed, and served up to Hadji-el-Arbi as a rabbit in a kesksoo stew.

But like most conspiracies, there was a traitor concerned in this; who went to the saint, and revealed to him the plot against his life. If he ate rabbit kesksoo on that day, he would be a dead man.

But the saint was conscious of his power, and knew how superfluous these warnings were. He smiled to

himself, being rather pleased than otherwise at this fresh opportunity of displaying the power of "that divinity that doth hedge" a descendant of the great prophet Mohammed; and the futility of the plots of impious men, when directed against a life protected by such holy influences as those that surrounded him. So instead of sending to his kitchen, to say that he did not desire rabbit kesksoo on that day; or, when the dish was put on the table, ordering it away again, uncovered and untouched; the saint said nothing, but permitted the stewed cat, walled in with kesksoo, covered with onions, and garnished round the edge with hard-boiled eggs cut in two, to be placed before him and uncovered; and then, according to saintly custom, dived his hand into the middle of the dish, rummaging beneath the onions as if to find some favourite joint.

But great was the surprise, horror, and dismay of the slaves and servants (among whom were some of the conspirators) when, instead of seeing the saint draw forth a dainty leg or tender back, devour it, and then drop down dead, there sprang from beneath his hand, with a growl and a spit, a huge black cat; which, with bushy tail and fiery eyes, jumped from the table, dashed through the open door, and was seen no more!

Then, looking aghast into the dish of kesksoo, the would-be murderers saw plenty of onions, and a little gravy; but no bone or particle of flesh of the stewed cat that had been placed there!

The saint laughed, and coolly bade the servants bring in the next course.

Now, this I call a really good miracle. Before it, such affairs as those of Lourdes and La Salette sink into utter insignificance. Not but that we in Christendom can match it, if we go far away back enough in our history. But this is where we show our inferiority, we have degenerated so much. This kesksooed cat is really quite a modern occurrence, but how paltry and miserable the above-named, the very best we can produce now-a-days, seems compared to this African wonder! To find a proper parallel, we must go back to the year A.D. 342, when St. Nicholas was bishop of Myra, in Lycia. There may be a few Christians who don't know the story, so I shall repeat it, as no doubt it will afford them some satisfaction. It is pleasant to think that, no matter how long ago, one's saints were as good as other people's saints.

There was once a dreadful famine in the land where this good and great man dwelt. During it, a certain innkeeper, in order to keep up the supplies for his establishment, used to go forth and steal little children, whom he murdered, and then served up as meals to his guests. As St. Nicholas was travelling through his diocese, he happened to lodge for a night in this man's house; and a dish of the customary hideous food (hideous at least in imagination, but no doubt most savoury and inviting in its aspect to unsuspecting people) was placed before him. But the holy man was not to be deceived. He instantly

knew the nature of the dish, and rejected it. He then went out to a yard, where there was a large tub full of children, cut up and salted down for future provision. Over this he made the sign of the cross, when the children all rose up, whole and well.

This incident is depicted in bas-relief on a font in Winchester Cathedral. The Saint is represented holding his hands over the tub, from which the children are just emerging. They are all clapping their hands; for joy, no doubt, at getting out of the "pickle" they had been in.

It was on account of this good deed that St. Nicholas came to be regarded as the patron saint of children.

I have often since regretted, that I did not at the time recollect this miracle to tell it to Selam when he told me of Hadji-el-Arbi and the stewed cat; and so have kept up the dignity of my country and its religion in his eyes. But probably he would not have believed it. It is strange how incredulous people are about other people's miracles. We are all so apt to think our own swans *are* swans, but our neighbour's swans only geese. This is a pleasanter way of putting it than to say that we regard our own geese as swans, but our neighbour's geese as *only* geese.

Here is another Moorish marvel,—goose or swan, as we choose to take it,—narrated by Selam, and believed devoutly by him; also, doubtless, believed by many of his fellow-countrymen.

The present bashaw of Tangier, Kaid Abbas-em-

Kishet, was formerly governor of the Riff province; and was chosen for that post over the heads of two other competitors, in the following strange manner.

Each of the three candidates had an equal space of ground assigned to him, which was planted with barley. But the land of the first competitor produced only weeds; that of the second bore a scanty crop; while on the portion of Abbas-em-Kishet such an abundant supply of barley sprang up and ripened, that sufficient sickles could not be procured to reap the produce. It was plain that Allah favoured the Kaid, and he was accordingly chosen as governor.

To have expressed any doubt in the truth of this narrative, Selam would have regarded as great profanity. How indignant would he have felt if any one had suggested to him the possibility of presents,—"bribes" is an ugly word everywhere,—and of one present having been three times as large as the others. If it had been hinted to him either that the descendant of the Great Prophet might condescend to have some barley well boiled previous to sowing; some more, probably just "coddled;" while another portion might possibly have been sown altogether uncooked, and in a well manured field.*

* Though the above "miracle" might have been thus performed by means of trickery, I think it much more probable that it never took place at all. It would seem scarcely necessary to impose upon the Moors with sham miracles, for as they regard religious

If I had said this to Selam he might have called me "a rationalist;" so I didn't. People are often called "rationalists," in more civilised countries than Tangier, and by better educated men than poor Selam, if they attempt to offer explanations of pet traditions, —the appellation of "rationalists" not being at all intended to imply a compliment to superior "rationality." That is why I don't venture to hint any explanation of St. Nicholas and the "little pickles."

Some people too may blame me for not having improved the occasion with Selam, and tried to enlighten his ignorance. But I did not do so for the reasons above named. I did not wish to vex my kind but credulous friend Selam; if I had, perhaps he would not have told me any more stories; and I liked to hear his stories, not being myself very keenly alive to the difference between geese and swans.

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doubt, or demand for evidences, as sinful unbelief, it is quite enough to circulate such stories to have them unhesitatingly accepted.

CHAPTER XVI.

MISSIONS IN MOROCCO.

I AM not particularly interested in missions, but as manifestly there are a great number of people in England who are, I purpose giving some account here, of such efforts of this nature in Tangier, as came within my ken. Besides this, the picture exhibited in the foregoing chapter of the condition of religious superstition and ignorance in which the inhabitants of Morocco are sunk, must naturally prompt an inquiry as to what is being done by the people of more enlightened countries to rescue them from it, and this I should like to satisfy as far as lies in my power.

A very noteworthy mission took place some little time before my visit to Tangier, but I am enabled to give the following particulars concerning it, having received them from several trustworthy authorities.

The object of the effort in question was to convert the Moors to the doctrines of Christianity; and a very zealous clergyman belonging to a Protestant sect, was the missionary employed. Unfortunately, he understood no Arabic, and not one Moor out of a hundred in Tangier knows five words of English, or one out of twenty sufficient Spanish to comprehend a sermon in that tongue. The zeal of the missionary, however, was of a nature not

to be daunted by such slight obstacles as these. In order to bring home the light of the gospel to those who sat in darkness (cross-legged and generally very well contented, however) in Tangier, the missionary engaged a well-known Jew, a worthy descendant of his forefathers, to expound and explain to the Moors by means of verbal translation, the tidings which he came to impart.

It may seem rather odd that a Jew should undertake such an office as this, involving, it would appear, an endeavour to convert to the religion he most abhorred, the people of another creed. But he who thinks so, reckons without his host, or rather without his Jew. Jews, certainly, do not believe in the Divine authority of the New Testament scriptures, but there is one useful precept contained in them which they seem to have adopted into their own creed, namely, "Be ye wise as serpents, but harmless as doves." Benoni, the Israelite in question, fully acted up to this injunction on the occasion I record.

He willingly undertook the duty required, and its accompanying emolument, and on a certain day he and the missionary took up their posts together in a commanding position in the market-place.

Before commencing operations, however, he informed his employer, that it was customary in Morocco on the occasion of any sort of gathering, for the promoters to offer, at its conclusion, refreshment in the shape of coffee

to all who might have assembled; and that in the present instance, it would be an act of good policy not to depart from the ordinary rule. The missionary, anxious of course to promote good feeling on the part of his converts (to be) towards himself, willingly accepted Benoni's suggestion; and a large order for coffee, to be ready at a certain time, was accordingly sent to the nearest coffee-shop.

Then commenced the sermon. I need not detail it *verbatim* at third hand, as every one must know what it would be. Any missionary report of any mission will furnish an example. It of course explained to the hearers the complete falsity of the religion they belonged to, and the perfect truth of that of the preacher; and called upon them to immediately renounce their erroneous beliefs, and adopt his true ones instead. This, with more or less of flourishes, may be taken as the substance of the discourse.

Benoni's translation, however, is worth repeating, for that was indeed quite novel.

The preacher, after each impressive sentence, made a pause; when Benoni, with an exact imitation of the worthy man's style, performed his duty of interpreter by addressing the people thus in Arabic,—

"This is an Englishman who has come to talk to you. Listen to him, and when he has done he will give you coffee."

(Missionary again.)

"He is a mad man. What he is saying is all nonsense; but when he is done, he will give you coffee."

(Missionary again.)

"Do not fear. There is no harm in what he says, and when he is done, you shall all have coffee."

(Missionary again.)

"He is not a magician, he is only a poor English madman. What he says can hurt no one, and he has ordered an abundance of coffee."

(Missionary again.)

"Have patience, it will soon be over now. He is getting tired, and then every one can drink as much as he likes of coffee."

And so on to the end of the discourse. The missionary was perfectly satisfied with the attention with which he has been listened to; which he considered evinced a remarkable readiness on the part of the poor benighted Moslems to be instructed in the truths of Christianity. The Moors, to whom it was no trial to sit for an hour listening to what they did not understand a word of, were also perfectly satisfied with the "madman's" coffee, of which they partook to their hearts' content. Benoni pocketed his fee, and no doubt satisfied his conscience with the reflection, that his mode of translation was much the safest and pleasantest for all parties. A more correct interpretation might have made it fare ill both for preacher and interpreter.

And whatever my opinion may be of Mr. Benoni's honesty and probity, in this latter I must agree with him. I have said, I think, that unfortunately the missionary did not understand Arabic. In that I was wrong. It was much better for him that he didn't. Benoni's translation and the coffee agreed much better with the tempers of the Moslems than the truths of Christianity, however eloquently urged, might have done. And since all parties were pleased and satisfied, this, I should say, was one of the most successful missions ever undertaken in Tangier.

Another mission that I heard a good deal of, was to the Jews of Tangier. The missionary, in this case, took up his residence at the United National Hotel, so of course I had full opportunity for becoming acquainted with the particulars of the effort, more especially as the missionary was of a particularly communicative turn of mind. He was a German, and also a Jew, a converted one; and came to Tangier with a new system, invented and perfected by himself, for the conversion of his Hebrew brethren there, *en masse*; by means of which he felt no doubt of effecting their wholesale renunciation of the errors of their fathers in five days, the term for which his avocations in another sphere, permitted him to remain in Morocco.

He told us, immediately on his arrival, of his infallible system, and his intention of converting the Jews of Tangier by it. But he did not tell us he was a Jew

himself, and a German; that we found out for ourselves. Rather, he said on his first arrival, that he was an Englishman; but on this point every one felt an instant conviction that he was mistaken. Selam from the first asserted that he was a Jew, an opinion which his type of countenance strongly confirmed, and after-events proved that Selam was right. For this reason I don't think Selam liked waiting on him at table, and I never thought that it was quite accidentally that Selam used occasionally to hit him on the nose (a too prominent feature with this individual) with the edge of his plate, when placing that article before him.

Notwithstanding, however, that I heard so much of this mission while it lasted, I am sorry to say that I cannot give any information as to its actual results. The missionary professed himself very sanguine as to the result of his five days' labour, chiefly because every Jew, as he told us, to whom he offered a New Testament, received it with expressions of courtesy and gratitude, Whilst several displayed a touching eagerness to assist him in the purchase of goldfinches, slippers, and other articles in which he made large investments; also to negociate the hire of horses for him, and generally to "guide" him any where that he wanted to go. But the only information I was able to obtain on the subject otherwise was, that immediately after his departure, neatly bound copies of the New Testament, printed in Spanish, were being offered by Jews, for sale, at a very low price.

This was all I was ever able to learn of this gentleman's converts; but some after-information which reached us in Tangier with regard to himself, led us to the conclusion that he stood much more in need of "converting" than did any of his benighted brethren in that town. There was no doubt, I believe, about his being a Jew and a German, but he was only a "sham" missionary, and was an arrant humbug.

Converting Jews involves considerable outlay of capital. They cost in general about £1000 per convert. A Jew converted at this rate is an expensive luxury, and it seems inconsistent in a thrifty utilitarian people, such as we are, to indulge in them. There's nothing nice about them either, as there is about other expensive luxuries. Niggers are not nice, but they cost about a quarter the money, or even less, to convert; and look much more effective in illustrated reports, standing in circles round the missionary, with very few clothes on—they, not the missionary—and hymn-books in their hands; the missionary's cottage and a palm-tree in the background. The children look very well too with frocks and bibs on, in rows, in school. Their wool, and the whites of their eyes, come out so strong in print.

And yet, though they are expensive, Jews are very popular with rich mission-loving folks in England; and missions to the Jews in Morocco, are much more frequent than missions to the Moors. One reason for this may be that the Moors are the lords of the

land, and it would be rather a dangerous thing for foreigners to insult them, and might be apt to involve the representatives of those foreigners' governments unpleasantly with the government of the country. And, unfortunately, people are apt to think it an insult, if a stranger comes up to them and tells them, quite unprovoked, that the religion they have been brought up in and believe in, is all a sham and a humbug, and that unless they immediately renounce it, and adopt that of the person addressing them, they will go straight to a a place, not named in polite but familiar in pious, society. People are apt to think this whether they be Moors, or Christians, or anything else, and whether the person addressing them be a Christian, a Moor, or anything else.

But the Jews being a generally snubbed and brow-beaten people in Morocco, it is open to every one who likes, to try and convert them as much as ever they can. I confess, therefore, that I cannot very much blame the poor Jews because they listen politely, and accept the little tracts and Testaments eagerly; nor more, that they add an additional half-dollar to the hire of horses or purchase of pottery for which they may have been commissioned by their would-be converters; nor that they sell the little Testaments afterwards—the tracts are pure loss—to wandering Christians, for anything they can get for them.

There was another mission to the Jews while I was

in Tangier; the missionary in this case being a real veritable one, and a clergyman of the Church of England. I don't know what means he used to prosecute his work, or what was its success, but I introduce him here as I had the privilege of being myself on one occasion, interviewed by him, though I am not a Jew. However, after a very little conversation, he seemed to come to the conclusion that I was something quite as bad, and so he benevolently extended the sphere of his mission for my benefit, and set upon me at once.

It was no use that I pleaded that I was ill and tired, and in consequence both physically and mentally unequal to the exertion and excitement of a polemical discussion. Such representations might have moved the pity of a physician of the body, but had no effect on this 'doctor of the soul.' He examined and cross-examined me as to my theological beliefs and non-beliefs, and reproved, rebuked, and condemned, in neither very measured, nor very polite terms.

I begged him to desist; but it was no use. He, however, after a time—seeing probably that this system, though it might annoy, was not converting me—changed his tactics, and began to argue. I didn't want to argue because I was too tired, but still it was pleasanter than sitting still and being scolded. I shall not inflict his arguments upon my readers; suffice it to say that they were of the ordinary character, and might possibly have been exceedingly convincing to a Sunday-school child

of ten years old; and that after ten minutes of them we remained in the same position that we had been before, —I un-"converted" and weary, and he more than a little out of temper. He then changed his tactics again, and plainly gave me to understand that he considered it great audacity for me, a woman (but surely *that* was not my fault), to argue with him, a man, and more, a clergyman, who knew Greek and Hebrew, of which I had admitted that I was profoundly ignorant.

I couldn't help wondering how much more of either language he knew than I did, but I didn't express my thoughts. I only in defence—as I had no desire to convert him, I kept within the line of defence throughout—named a few well-known scholars and thinkers, some of them holding office in the Church to which he, the gentleman then bullying me, belonged, who were well-known to hold opinions similar to mine on the points in dispute between us. If, being a woman, and not knowing Greek and Hebrew, I must follow somebody, might I not as reasonably follow them as him?

My interlocutor now became a good deal out of temper. I should not reasonably follow them. I should not accept the word of any man on these points (he seemed to forget at once that he had wanted me to accept his;) there was one, and only one, true and infallible authority upon *everything*, the Bible and the teaching of that alone, was to be accepted as the truth on *anything*. Did I not know that the Bible taught the

exact truth, not only upon every question of religion, but on every point of history and science upon which it touched? I had to admit that I was not aware of the fact. That showed my ignorance. Did I not know, also, that there was not an invention or discovery of modern times which the Bible had not foretold? No; I was not aware of that either. That showed my ignorance again. Did I not know that it had foretold *steamboats?*

I confess that I was startled now; and I daresay that I showed it in my face. A look of triumph irradiated the solemn and lachrymose countenance of the reverend gentleman. At last he had come down upon me with a real "crusher." No; I had to admit that I had never before heard that the Bible had foretold steamboats.

Yes, but it had. And then this able debater repeated a text of Scripture, the entire substance of which I have forgotten; but it contained something about "vessels made of bulrushes."

I was still more startled.

"But—but," I stammered, surprise having almost deprived me of the power of speech, "steamboats are *not* made of bulrushes."

"No; but we consider that text applies to steamboats."

"Whom—excuse me for asking—do you mean by 'we'?"

"Myself, and other clergymen of the Church of England."

"Oh!" I breathed more freely. Mr. E. G. Reed had nothing to do with it. Nor any other constructor. We were safe for a time.

"That," continued this learned divine, the frown of reproof gathering on his face again, "is *our* interpretation of the passage."

I had to tell him that I could not accept it as mine. I had had a very unpleasant experience of the sea lately, in a steamboat made of wood and iron, but what would it have been in one made of bulrushes? So horribly leaky!

I mentioned the idea.

The missionary rose in haste.

"I see," he said, sternly, "that it is no use to argue any further with *you*."

I said that I thought so too, and also suggested that I had never wanted to argue at all,—very far from it.

And then he went away.

I was very glad of it. Only I didn't see why, because he believed that steamboats were, or at some time would be, made of bulrushes (I wondered whether he would take a passage for the first trip of the first!), and I didn't, that he need have put his hat on and walked out of the room without saying "good-morning."

I was a woman certainly (he accused me of that two or three times), and he was a man, and more, a

man who knew Greek and Hebrew, and was therefore as he explained, very superior; but that need not have prevented his trying to be a gentleman.

But after this experience of his polemical and persuasive powers, I did not fancy that he would do much among the Jews. I felt though a sudden sympathy for the poor Jews. They, however, might some of them make money out of him, while my half-hour's converting was complete loss to me, except in so far as it has enlivened these pages.

I had one other experience of a missionary in Tangier, but he was a man of indeed a very different stamp from the two foregoing.

A kindly gentleman, he never allowed his Christianity to so overcome his humanity, as to lead him to treat with discourtesy or insolence, those who differed from him in opinion; and when he did urge his own religious views—always in season and never out of season—on others, he did it with so sweet and gentle a persuasiveness, that the only feeling experienced was regret that reason and conscience forbade their acceptance. It was plain that the sole feeling animating him was a desire to extend to others what had proved a solace and support to himself. Perfectly free from vanity and self-righteousness, he followed truly in the footsteps of the great Master under whose banner he had enrolled himself.

He did not come to Tangier on any missionary enter-

prise. His labours in that field had been over for many years. The Fiji Islands had been the sphere of his work, and I have heard that his labours there were marked with signal success,—a success due in a large measure, I believe, to the zeal, tact, and courage of his wife, who shared in his labours, as well as to his own. This lady, with another missionary's wife, rowed alone in an open boat from the island they were resident in, to another; and by their arguments and intercessions saved the lives of a number of poor native women, who were just about to be barbarously put to death.

While fully believing that efforts to Christianize Jews, Mohammedans, Hindoos, or members of other systematized religions, some older than Christianity, others nearly allied to it, all belonging to countries already civilized, are not only futile but mischievous; I quite recognise the good that some missionaries have done amongst savage and barbarous peoples, as the pioneers of civilization.

I should be very sorry, either, to have it thought that I believed, that there are many men engaged in this work, capable of displaying such stupidity and vulgarity as characterised the gentleman who wanted me to believe in steamboats "made of bulrushes." I should rather hope that the specimen was unique; indeed it is in that belief that I have given him a place in this chapter. I have put this missionary in as a sort of natural curiosity.

CHAPTER XVII.

RIDING IN MOROCCO.

In a few weeks the weather cleared up, and I was able to commence making such excursions into the surrounding country, as the bad condition of the roads, consequent on the unprecedentedly heavy and continuous rains, would permit. Roads proper, indeed, there are very few in Morocco; about Tangier there are but two or three that in any way deserve the name, and these extend but short distances. The rest, in the more immediate vicinity, are narrow lanes; further off, mere bridle paths and tracks, up and down the mountains and through the valleys. And yet the neighbourhood of Tangier is perhaps better off in this respect than any other district in Morocco. During the rains all the low grounds were turned into swamps and morasses, and some of the roads were converted into actual rivers. For some weeks after, these were filled with stiff mud, into which the horses sank, sometimes knee deep, and they were in many places quite impassable.

Progression on foot anywhere a mile from the town—except on the sands—was quite out of the question. Riding was the only possible means, and this I was obliged to adopt, though hitherto totally unaccustomed to it.

Riding, as every one knows, is an amusement to which novelty does not lend an added charm. Particularly it does not in Tangier, as I discovered the first time I tried it, on the back of a brown pony, who, when he stood, had his hind legs very close together, and his fore legs very far apart; and whose eye gave forth a mingled expression of low cunning and confirmed obstinacy. I rode up the main street, my steed slipping and scrambling among the geographical inequalities of its surface which I have already described. I found it very unpleasant. I rode down again, and found it more unpleasant still. However, we didn't fall, that was one great thing, considering how easy it would have been to fall under such circumstances, though I felt as if we should do so at every step. That we did not, was perhaps in some measure attributable to the remarkable configuration of my horse's legs, which I have noticed, and which I believe was not ill adapted to taking us up and down the streets of Tangier in comparative safety. At least I believe it was better adapted than that of another brown pony, on which I rode on a subsequent occasion, whose hind legs were far apart, and whose fore legs were close together. He had a drooping head, too, in consequence of passing his whole time in contemplation of his knees, which were both broken. His utter oblivion of every other subject but this (the nature of the pavement and my presence on his back included) caused him to stumble about every

ten yards or so. This did not signify so much going up hill, but coming down it was precarious. I fancy he must have taken to contemplating his knees even before they got broken, and that this was the originating cause of the first accident. Now he looked at his knees always, and fell and rebroke them about once a week, I should say.

The horses and mules of Tangier are a rather peculiar race, and some of their characteristics render them worthy, I think, of a little special description.

They are in general under-fed and over-worked, ill groomed and well thrashed; and their physique presents all the appearances to be expected from such a mode of treatment. Notwithstanding, however, their low diet and laborious duties, some of them are given to running away on the smallest, or sometimes without any, provocation. I don't think, though, that they do it with any wild hope of running away from Tangier and their most miserable existence there, as they generally stop suddenly short when in full career. This, as every one accustomed to equestrian exercise knows, is apt to result unpleasantly for the rider. Many of them, too, are addicted to buck-jumping. They almost all kick, a few of them rear, and some of them shy; there are others who do all, and do them all well.

All the horses and mules in Tangier know each other intimately. This is no doubt agreeable for them, but is often exceedingly awkward for their riders. They, the

quadrupeds, of course have their little likings and dislikings among themselves, and occasionally display their slight preferences and animosities; but still, as a general rule, they are all stout allies, and firmly leagued to a horse and a mule against all riders of either sex, and any country whatsoever. Thus, they always like to go in single file. It is no doubt the most convenient in the narrow streets and lanes, but on many of the roads, and of course on the sands and open plains, there is no necessity for observing this order. But that the human beings whom they may be carrying on their backs would prefer not to observe it, signifies nothing at all to these self-willed and obstinate beasts. If, when riding, I whipped up my pony to make him go on and join our companions in front, he always darted on beyond; putting his face close to *his* friend's as he passed, with a knowing look in his eye, that plainly said, "You keep behind now, old fellow." At the same time, if, when out, they ever chance to meet any of their own near relations or intimate friends, no matter of how miserable or disreputable an aspect, or in what low and degrading employment engaged, they have no scruple in instantly joining company with them. Passing up the main street one time, with a party of friends, all going in single file, my horse fell in with a gossip of his, a shabby wretch, carrying a pack-saddle and two huge bundles of fire-wood. The two put their heads together, and I could not get them to part. Going through the narrow gateway it was most unplea-

sant for me, as my feet and the fire-wood were brought into sharp collision. When we passed the gateway, the path that my friends and I were about to take, diverged from that of my horse's vulgar acquaintance with the firewood. Naturally I wished to go with my friends. Perhaps it was equally natural that my horse wished to go with his friend. A dispute arose. It was very awkward in a narrow place where three roads met, and among three streams of camels, horses, mules, donkeys, and people. Still of course I couldn't give in. Had I done so I am sure every four-footed beast in Tangier would have heard of it that night, and I could never have hoped for the slightest respect from one of them again. But when my horse found that I was not to be bullied, he took a mean advantage of our relative positions, and turned his head round and bit my foot. Biting their riders' feet is, I may add, a favourite mode of vengeance with the Tangier horses.

On another occasion I was riding on the Marshen (accompanied by Selam on foot), on a particularly lazy brown pony. He was the knock-kneed one I have before referred to. I wanted to have a canter, but he didn't. Suddenly, however, he started off at a great pace, utterly regardless of the holes and hillocks, with which the Marshen abounds, and which threatened us every moment with destruction. At first I couldn't make out where he was going to, only as he was not making for the precipice I did not dread that his aim

was to commit murder and suicide. However, after a moment or two I perceived that his goal was a company of richly dressed Moors of grave and haughty aspect, who, mounted on horses and mules, were standing in a circle, and engaged in earnest converse. Into the midst of this party my pony dashed, and then coming to a standstill, began cheerfully rubbing noses with all his fourfooted friends. The council of elders, thus suddenly broken in upon, looked considerably astonished. I felt the situation to be most awkward, and the worst of it was that I could not retire from it. I pulled at the pony's head, and whipped him as much as I dared, but all to no purpose. At last I was really thinking of jumping off his back and running away, when Selam came up to the rescue, and dragged him off.

But, however, such as they are, every one is obliged to ride these animals, there being no other mode of locomotion in the country. And I must own that they have many redeeming qualities. In rough or dangerous places, they are wonderfully steady and surefooted, never displaying any of their vagaries under those circumstances. They scarcely ever run away except on the sands, where the falling is soft and safe. That, and the Marshen, are their favourite scenes for performances of this kind.

There are many places of interest within an easy riding distance of Tangier, but none perhaps are better worth a visit than the ruins of old Tangier (Tanja-Baleea), generally supposed to have been the Roman *Tingis*.

Tradition says that Tingis was built by the giant Antæus, whom Hercules opposed and defeated. However that may be, certain it is that the ruins are those of a city of great apparent strength. I say apparent, because the principal ruin, that of a wall of seemingly immense thickness, proves on examination to be instead, *two* walls, only tolerably thick, with an intervening space between, full of earth. This does not seem so worthy of a giant. Possibly Antæus was not quite so fine a fellow as he has been represented. He was very much addicted to bragging we know, but Hercules made very short work with him, picking him up and squeezing him all to nothing in a moment.

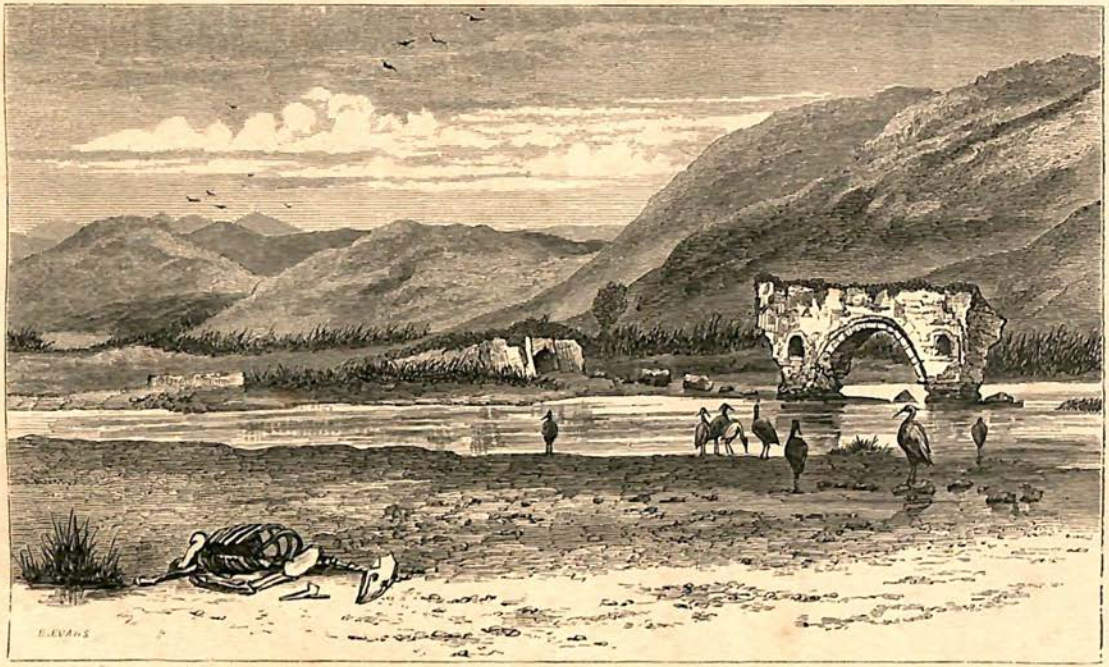
Tanja-Baleea is situated about three miles from Tangier, and about midway in the horseshoe of the bay. Before reaching it, a small river, called the Wal-el-Halk, which descends from the Angera Hills, must be crossed. For this purpose there is a neat, new, little stone-built bridge; but further down the stream, at but a short distance from where it issues through the sands into the sea, there is a very picturesque ruin of a bridge, supposed to be Roman, of about the second or third century. This bridge is supposed to have connected the camp above-named, with an ancient arsenal, of which the gateways for the entrance of the galleys still remain. The Moors have partially repaired the sea wall, and placed a couple of old guns there; possibly for ornament, certainly not with any rational expectation of their being useful.

These, and indeed all the fortifications of Tangier, remind one of that simple *ruse* practised by households of timid old-maids living in the country; who hang up a great coat and a couple of battered old hats in their halls, to delude thieves into the belief that there are men of great strength and courage residing on the premises, to defend them. The town is surrounded with high walls which are crumbling in every direction. Here and there are placed rusty old cannon, some of them of the date of Charles II. The gates are all stuck over with nails, the heads of most of which might be picked out with the finger. The iron of the gates too is all eaten away with rust, and the hinges are in the last state of decay and dislocation. The only use the gates seem to be of, is to be shut every evening at sundown; shutting out any unfortunate Christian who may have loitered on his rambles, and from whom an exorbitant sum will be extorted to let him in. They are also rigorously banged to, every Friday, the Moorish Sabbath, at twelve; and kept shut until two. This is a most inconvenient custom to strangers. There is so little to mark the lapse of time in Morocco, that it always requires an effort of memory to remember the day of the week; and as the Moors do not keep their Sabbath with the same strictness that the Jews do theirs (the Christians don't keep theirs, according to English ideas, at all), there is nothing but this banging of the gates at twelve o'clock to intimate that Friday has come. Consequently it is a very common

occurrence for parties going out in the morning for a half hour's stroll on the sands, to be shut out there, with the tide possibly rising to cut them off, until two o'clock; when the time of prayer is ended. The origin of the custom is, that in the year A. H. 580 (A.D. 1184), in the month of Chaaban on a Friday, El Mayorky entered Bugia at the hour of prayer, while the faithful were in the mosque. Since that time the gates of all Moorish cities are shut on Fridays during prayer-time.

Other interesting ruins, well worth a visit, and within an easy ride of Tangier, are those of the city of Alcazar Seguer, on the sea shore at the mouth of the Wad Alcazar. This town was taken by Alphonso, king of Portugal, in 1468; but he soon after abandoned it, when it was left to decay. Many old trees, fig, olive, cork, etc., grow among the ruins.

Another favourite ride is through the Swany Road, which skirts the inner side of the sandhills, and commands a fine view of the bay. This is also known as the Road of the Ambassadors, and by its width and apparent evenness seems more deserving of the name of road than any other of the paths leading out of Tangier. But its appearance is most deceptive; for on getting into it, it is found to be a mere fenced in track of sand. It does very well, however, for riding, but is most distressing to pedestrians, sinking as they do ankle deep at every step. It leads to the village of



RUINS OF BRIDGE (SUPPOSED TO BE ROMAN) NEAR OLD TANGIER.

See page 252.

Swany, which consists of one stone building, the residence of the chief, or "head man" of the little community, and some eighty mud huts, the roofs thatched with the leaves of the palmetto. A former bashaw of Tangier had a handsome country residence here one time, the ruins of which, of considerable extent, still remain.

For naturalists, excursions into the country about Tangier have a never-failing interest. In the spring many beautiful birds are to be seen, the most plentiful being the Bee-eaters (*Merops apiaster*) which come in large flocks, and look lovely wheeling about in the sky, the sun shining on their brilliant green and yellow plumage. Besides these there is the Hoopoe (*Upupa epops*), much scarcer than the Bee-eaters; the Golden Oriole, and many others. I may mention that there is resident in Tangier an Italian naturalist, Signor Olcese, from whom specimens of all the birds to be found in the country may be purchased.

This part of Morocco is an equally rich and new field for the botanist and zoologist. Quantities of orchids of all kinds are to be found among the sand-hills and in other places, and the Marshen abounds in beetles of various species. I regretted very much that, though feeling much interest in them, my want of knowledge on these subjects prevented my utilizing my visit in any way in this direction. Shells, too, are to be found on the sands in abundance. The beautiful paper

nautilus can be obtained in perfect condition, but these must be purchased from the natives, who always, in the season, take care to go out early and secure them. Sometimes, in particular winds, the sands are covered with the curious little shell, the *Spirula nautalis*, or *Litnus prototypus*, the peculiarity of which is, that the fish lives outside not inside it. This little shell is the nearest representative of the fossil *Ammonita*.

But the most popular place of all for excursions from Tangier, is Cape Spartel. Of this, however, and the excursion I made to it, I shall give a special account in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A LADIES' PICNIC TO CAPE SPARTEL.

PICNIC parties are a favourite recreation with the European residents and visitors in Tangier, and Cape Spartel is one of the favourite places for such excursions. This is not only on account of the beautiful scenery to be enjoyed on the ride, and the tolerable road for most of the way, but because the lighthouse, situated on this north-western extremity of Africa, affords a comfortable resting-place, with good indoor accommodation for picnicking; an absolute necessity in this climate for parties not provided with tents.

The peculiarity of the picnic to Cape Spartel of which I made a member, was, that it consisted wholly of ladies; but as this circumstance did not render the excursion either dull or disastrous to any of us (I mean to express no contempt either for the agreeability or the prowess of the other sex), I see no reason for excluding it from this narrative on that account.

Our party consisted of Mrs. Carter and her daughter, residents in Tangier; Miss Plumptre, a visitor staying with Mrs Carter; Miss Lyle and Miss Robins, visitors staying with the family at the Marshen House; and myself, from the United National Hotel, with Selam in attendance.

The lighthouse is about nine miles from Tangier,

and as the sun had now become very powerful, it was necessary that we should start early, in order to arrive there before the great heat of the day. Seven o'clock was accordingly the hour at which we arranged to set off.

The order usually observed in the assembling of picnic parties in Tangier, is, that when any one is ready to start, he or she sets out for the residence of some others of the party, to join them. If these, however, have got up first, they have probably gone off to look for some of the rest, who, in their turn, are perhaps half-way to the house of the first. Besides not fixing on any one place for all to meet, it is seldom that any definite hour for starting is arranged either. It is true the A-s may say to the B-s that they will start at nine; but then it is most likely that the C-s will arrange with the D-s for ten; while the E-s and the F-s in all probability have agreed for eight. It is not unusual also for some of the party, who may not keep horses or mules, to neglect providing themselves with these animals until the last moment; so that when the whole party have at length hunted each other up and got each other together, there is still a delay while emissaries are sent scouring the town to hire or borrow horses and mules for the steedless ones; meanwhile that there is all the pleasure of uncertainty as to whether any can be obtained. For these reasons it is generally at least two hours after the latest time agreed upon, before the party sets out.

But the present occasion was a notable exception to this. We all agreed upon one hour previously, and actually met and started precisely at that time; a thing previously unheard of in the annals of Tangier. The conclusion irresistibly forced itself upon our minds, that unpunctuality must be a male, instead of, as is generally affirmed, a female attribute.

The Marshen House was to be our final starting-place. I lived farthest from it, so I was to start first and pick up Mrs. and Miss Carter and Miss Plumptre, who resided about midway on the way.

Selam, who much preferred excursions into the country to cooking sea-serpents, was in high delight at the prospect of the holiday. He took care to secure for me an amiable white arabian that I generally rode, the one horse of thoroughly irreproachable character in Tangier, which belonged to a cousin of his named Mohammed,—every second Moor in Tangier, I may observe, is called by some variety of this name. For himself he engaged a vicious brown pony, that kicked on the smallest provocation, and buck-jumped on none at all.

At five o'clock I was awakened by the arrival of the steeds and their owners in the little street beneath my window. Selam had arrived before, and he and his Moorish friends spent the next hour and a half, talking, laughing, and smoking, in the street. All was ready when I came down,—the horses saddled and bridled, the basket of provisions packed, and my waterproof

rolled up and strapped on Selam's saddle. He had also provided himself with a penknife, several pieces of twine, and a couple of small straps in case of accidents to the harnesses, which he triumphantly took out of the leathern pouch he always wore, and displayed to me,—a most necessary precaution to take before starting for a ride in Tangier. I also entrusted him with the permit to see the lighthouse, which I had obtained the evening before from the Belgian consul.

When we arrived at Mrs. Carter's, we found the party there all ready to mount. Mrs. Carter had a donkey and a Moor provided to take the provisions, to whom Selam transferred his basket willingly. As upon him was to devolve the entire charge of the six ladies and their steeds, he had quite enough to do without looking after pigeon-pies and pale ale.

Mrs. Carter rode her own handsome white arabian, Selim, and her daughter had a stout mule. Miss Plumptre was about to make the experiment of riding a very nice, but a little too high-spirited, brown horse, who had never before been ridden by a lady, and concerning whom it was still a matter of doubt whether he would consent to the arrangement. He didn't like it at all at first; and to show his objection, the moment she touched his back, he sprang right across the road, and all but over a low wall that separated it from a deep gully, causing considerable dismay and commotion amongst the onlookers. Miss Plumptre, however, was an excellent horsewoman,

and contrived not to let him go over the wall into the gully. She also managed to instil into him, even in that short space of time, the notion that she intended to stay on his back whether he liked it or not. He abstained therefore from any further attempt to get her off, but to show that he didn't like it, he darted off as fast as he could go up the steep paved hill that led to the Marshen.

The rest of us followed as soon as we could. When we got there we found Miss Plumptre safe and sound, and her horse resigned to circumstances, and tolerably well breathed from his gallop up the hill. We just came in time for Selam to help the other young ladies to mount, a duty which he performed with great alacrity, and always particularly well. Selam, I may say, was a little unorthodox, as far as performing kindly or gallant services for Christians was concerned.

Miss Robins rode a little chestnut pony, well known in Tangier for his smooth pace, quick going, sure footedness, and tendency to kick when struck on the flank. We all, therefore, enlightened Miss Robins, who had only lately arrived, and was ignorant of the various phases of character displayed by the Tangier horses, of these peculiarities in her steed's disposition. I added, from a recent personal experience, that he was given to kneeling down suddenly, and sometimes in awkward places; but as he had never displayed this little proclivity when ridden either by Mrs. Carter or Miss Plumptre,

they seemed to consider my assertion as an unjust libel on the character of this little chestnut horse, who, with the exception of kicking when struck on the flank, bore a hitherto unblemished reputation in Tangier. After-events, however, proved that my defamation of his character was not without foundation.

The fact was that he was a wily little beast, a horse of uncommon discrimination, who always knew after half a minute's acquaintance, the character of the person on his back. He knew who wouldn't be afraid to give him a sound thrashing if he deserved it, and who would be. He knew that I was one of the latter, therefore he had no compunction in kneeling down on the wet sands, when I was riding him, and preparing to enjoy a delicious roll over and over; which he would infallibly have done if Selam, who was accompanying me on foot, had not come to the rescue, and dragged him up. Selam wanted me to thrash him well, but as at the first timid touch which I ventured to give him he kicked horribly, I proceeded no further in administering to him his well deserved chastisement.

Miss Lyle had a mule. She was the one of our number about whose mount we all felt the most anxiety, as she was quite inexperienced in riding. It was a very bold essay for her to make—almost her first attempt—in riding to Cape Spartel. But this young lady was possessed of more than the ordinary share of British pluck and determination, besides a very good

store of equanimity and self-control. She was one of those girls who you would feel quite sure would not scream, even under the strongest provocation. Still her total inexperience in the art of riding had raised strong doubts in some minds as to the propriety and prudence of permitting her to join the present expedition, which involved considerable fatigue and, it might be, under the circumstances, a little danger. But some of the party had been present on the one occasion previously on which she had mounted a horse, a day or two before, and the perfectly comfortable and self-possessed manner in which she had then acquitted herself, convinced them that she might safely join in our excursion to Cape Spartel, which she was very anxious to do.

It was a cool, pleasant morning, as we set off, punctually at seven o'clock. Our way at first lay across the Marshen. Here we were all able to keep abreast in a long line, Selam frisking behind us on his irrepressible pony, and the two dogs—Mrs. Carter's little rough terrier, Leila, and the Marshen House Newfoundland Lion, who, uninvited, had joined the expedition—rushing on in front, as if Cape Spartel lay half a mile off, and they were in a great hurry to get there, and not keep breakfast waiting. As we crossed the Marshen we saw the P. & O. steamer from Southampton, due that morning at Gibraltar, steaming in on her way.

Leaving the Marshen, we had a steep descent down a narrow pathway, on a bare mountain side. The aspect

alone of this place is a considerable trial to the nerves of those unaccustomed to African riding, so very steep and bare is it. It is a favourite place for young ladies riding in Tangier for the first time, to get off and say that they will go no farther. I candidly confess to having done it one time myself. Our little novice, however, had far too much courage and resolution to so acquit herself, and the descent was accomplished with ease and safety by all. After this, we felt much more comfortable about Miss Lyle, concerning whom we had started with some little qualms.

We then crossed, by a new and pretty little bridge, over the short but rapid Rio Judios (Jews' river), which, about quarter of a mile from here, makes its exit into the Atlantic. We then ascended again, by a rugged path, up the side of a mountain, dotted with pretty houses and gardens, the summer residences of the wealthy Moors and Jews of Tangier. The road after this continued over the mountains, which are clothed with arbutus, gum and other cistuses, laurestina, broom of various kinds, coronilla, red and white heath, and myrtle; which, all blossoming in their turns, make the whole a perpetual garden of flowers. The views we obtained of the sea and surrounding country were magnificent. To the right, across the Straits of Gibraltar, stretched the whole of the Spanish coast from Cape Trafalgar to "The Rock." To the left, the view extended over hills and valleys for fifty miles and more; while far,

far in the distant background could be discerned the summits of the snow-clad mountains that constitute the northern spurs of the Atlas range.

The road over the mountains admitted for a considerable part of our riding two abreast, a pleasanter and more social arrangement than the Indian single file that the narrower paths necessitated.

But this was the opportunity which our steeds took, for displaying those little "unaccommodatingnesses," and disagreeablenesses, of disposition, to which they were severally prone.

We had agreed on setting out, that I being a rather inexperienced, and Miss Lyle a totally inexperienced, horsewoman, we should always keep together, and so divide the assiduities of Selam, who was to ride immediately behind us. But this arrangement we found it impossible to carry out, owing to a most determined animosity on the part of Miss Lyle's mule towards my horse, which he lost no occasion of displaying, even to the length of at last kicking his unfortunate companion in the stomach. My horse was, as I have said, a pattern of gentleness and amiability; but flesh—even horse-flesh—and blood couldn't stand this, so that he was not to be blamed for suddenly throwing himself back on his haunches when he received the kick, and very nearly throwing me off his back on a particularly rough part of the road. To be sure this poor mule might have been excused for showing a little uneasiness and bad temper,

as we discovered that his mouth was all torn at the side, owing to some stupid way in which he had been tied up while waiting in the morning, and that the clumsy Moorish bit was dragging on the wound. Still it wasn't my horse's fault, and if he had been a reasonable mule he would have remembered this, and not revenged his undoubted wrongs upon *him*. From the moment he received the kick, however, my horse could not be brought near the mule without shying or rearing, so consequently all chance of companionship between Miss Lyle and myself for that day, was at an end.

My horse was well acquainted with both Miss Robins' and Miss Plumptre's horses. With the latter, indeed, owing to his being almost always ridden by a friend of mine with whom I frequently went out, acquaintanceship had ripened into close friendship. It was rather unsympathetic of me, perhaps, that I now purposed riding with Miss Robins and her chestnut pony; but knowing that Miss Plumptre's brown horse had a strong tendency for running away, and not feeling quite sure but that if he did, my horse, in the ardour of admiring friendship, would follow him, I preferred—without making any invidious distinction between my two human companions—the society of the chestnut pony for my steed.

But he was of a different opinion. Under the guise of amicable acquaintanceship, there existed an antipathy, having its origin in a deep-seated rivalry as to which should go last, between these two animals. In conse-

quence, my horse, who seemed in high spirits—notwithstanding the kick in his stomach—and determined to enjoy the day as much as he could, elected to have the brown horse for his companion, towards whom his feelings were altogether of a respectful and admiring regard. I was fain to submit, as nothing disturbs the pleasure of a picnic party like any quarrelling or dispute amongst its members. I found, too, that a like philosophy to mine had influenced the brown horse. He had resigned himself cheerfully to the innovation of a riding habit, and was conducting himself altogether in such an orderly manner that I concluded I had little to fear from the influence of his example on my white horse. So we four led the van; occasionally, when the road was tolerably smooth, taking a good canter on in front, which the horses seemed to enjoy even more than we did. Mrs. Carter's Selim was always possessed with a fair, impartial aversion for every other animal, so they came last of all. Selam rode up and down the line, now in front now behind, to see if all were right; diversifying his cares with picking honeysuckle and wild roses for us out of the hedges, when our way led through lanes. Our little mishaps, caused by the occasional contumaciousness of our steeds, or the general rottenness of some of their trappings (Miss Plumptre's saddle had only one crutch, the other had been broken off at some period far back in the world's history), only gave cause for merriment. The most alarming incident of our ride had

so much of the ludicrous in it, that even the victim herself joined in the laughter it occasioned when the danger was over. This was when, we all having paused on the brow of a mountain to admire the broad expanse of the Atlantic beneath us, Miss Robins' pony verified my discredited statements by suddenly kneeling down with her on the ground; and then, having paused a moment to see if she intended to get off and let him take his roll in comfort, quietly turning over on his side, and depositing her into a gum cistus!

This event, as may be supposed, caused considerable consternation; but in an instant Miss Robins had struggled out of the gum cistus unhurt, and Selam, who happened at that moment to have been a little behind, galloped forward, and dragged up the impudent little wretch before he had time to enjoy much of his roll, and administered his well-earned punishment to him. It was natural that Miss Robins should feel a little nervous about getting on his back again, but there was nothing else for it. However, for the rest of that day, whenever we stopped to admire a view, Miss Robins had to keep her chestnut pony going round and round in circles, to prevent his again indulging in his rolling propensities.

We arrived at the lighthouse before ten. The waves of the great Atlantic break in on the rocks on which it is built, with a roar that is heard a great distance off. The clouds that had overspread the morning sky, and inspired in our breasts some fears of rain, had now passed away,

and the sun was coming out in all his power, showing to its fullest advantage the glorious panorama of sea and sky and mountain; in the foreground black rocks, with the waves breaking over them in white foam and clouds of spray; and beyond a line of yellow sand with its belt of snowy surf.

The barking of a legion of dogs announced our approach to the keepers of the lighthouse, who were ready at the door to receive us when we pulled up. Having dismounted; and leaving our horses and mules in the charge of Selam and several wild-looking Moors, the soldiers on guard, who came to assist him; we entered through a doorway into a large paved courtyard, round which the residences of the keepers and their families are built. In the centre of this courtyard is an excellent spring of iron-water, with a draught of which we were glad to refresh ourselves after our long and rough ride. One side of the building is occupied by the lighthouse, which is an elegant and substantial structure in the Moorish style of architecture. It was erected some years ago at the cost of the various European powers, but it is the property of the sultan of Morocco, who maintains it in repair; the current expenses of lighting, salaries of keepers, etc., being, however, contributed by the nations who established it, and who exercise their control through the medium of a committee chosen from among the European representatives in Tangier. The whole of the building, including the lighting apparatus,

was erected under the sole superintendence of a Belgian engineer, to whom,—considering the difficulty in transporting material, etc.,—great credit is due for the handsome and efficient result of his labours.

Our ride and the hunger-provoking iron-water, had prepared us all to do ample justice to the breakfast, which Selam soon got ready for us in a room placed at our service by the keepers. Lion and Leila, who had each had a drink of the iron-water too, and who had doubled the distance from the Marshen House to the Lighthouse by continually running on ahead, and then running back, displayed extreme impatience for their share of the repast. Lion at last, not being able to stand it any longer, advanced to the table and suddenly seizing a loaf of bread, carried it off to a corner and eat it. Leila being too small for this, barked and jumped around us at such a rate, that we were fain to supply her wants at once, instead of waiting to first supply our own.

Breakfast concluded we inspected the interior of the lighthouse; the workshops, and the extensive storeroom for spare glasses, wick, and oil, all of which are kept in most admirable order. Lion insisted on following, or rather preceding, us through all these places, in which he appeared to take a most lively and peculiar interest. He also made demonstrations of affectionate regard towards some of the men, for which the apparent shortness of his acquaintance scarcely accounted. The

matter was, however, explained by one of the men asking who the dog belonged to, and where he came from; and on being informed, saying that he knew him well, as he had been born and had passed his happy days of puppyhood at the lighthouse, from which he had gone through the hands of two or three successive masters to the possession of his present owner. Lion's joy at thus revisiting his birthplace, and the scenes and friends of his infancy, accounted rationally for his remarkable behaviour. He accompanied us up the winding staircase to the top of the tower to see the lighting apparatus. Selam came too; but we could not persuade Selam to look at us through the thick glass by which the light is surrounded, or let us look at him. The effect of this glass on the human countenance when the latter is seen through it, is exceedingly ludicrous, and we amused ourselves for some time in regarding each other's enlarged and distorted faces through its medium. Selam, however, evidently thought there was some magic in it; having taken one glance he suddenly became quite grave, and was evidently very glad when we all came away.

The view from the top of the lighthouse, outside which we were able to go on a small gallery running round, is very fine. One of the men picked a little bird, dead, from inside the wires that surrounded and protected the glass. He told me that they sometimes find as many as fifty there of a morning, which, at-

tracted by the light, have flown and beaten themselves to death against the wires.

Having descended, we were requested to write our names in the visitors' book, where we were shown the autograph of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, which appears to be esteemed by the keepers as one of the most interesting "sights" of the place. There were other distinguished names there, not among the least of which was that of Regnault, the French artist, who found the studies for two of his most celebrated pictures, "An execution in a Moorish Palace," and "Salome," in Tangier; where he is still affectionately remembered, and his untimely death mourned, by all who knew him. His favourite dog, "Prim," a large black greyhound, who lives there in the charge of a friend and fellow-artist of Regnault's, was one of the celebrities of Tangier whom I regarded, when he was pointed out to me, with the most interest. In the absence of both his late and his present master in France during the war, he used to come, I was told, to breakfast every morning at the United National Hotel; a welcome guest.

Having now thoroughly "done" the lighthouse, and feeling quite rested and refreshed, we mounted again, and set off for the millstone quarries, that lie between two and three miles south of Cape Spartel. The road for half an hour was a mere scramble among rocks and bushes, and even Mrs. Carter and Selam, who had both been there many times before, found it difficult some-

times to lead us in the right track. Here the good qualities of the Tangier horses and mules shone forth. They carried us, in safety and security, over ground that to attempt to traverse on the best trained English horse, would be certain to result in broken bones, for both horse and rider.

After descending from the rocks, we had a fine canter across a mile of splendid sands, Miss Plumptre's, Miss Robins', and my horse racing each other, without any instigation from us. Of course Miss Plumptre and her brown horse won, and I think Miss Robins and the chestnut would have come in second, had not my horse, —whose *forte* was not speed but steadiness,—giving way to a mean envy and spite that I had not supposed him capable of, turned round when they were neck and neck and bitten his adversary on the lip, who instantly fell back, and was defeated.

Arrived at the cliff where the quarries are situated, of the presence of which there is no outward indication, we had to wait some time to get people to hold our animals, there being no place here to tie them up. We employed ourselves in picking handfuls of a very pretty blue everlasting, a kind of thrift, which grows in abundance about here, with which we filled the hood of Selam's gelab; already the repository of shells, stones, ferns, and other interesting matters which we had picked up on the way. Having at last secured a couple of Moors who happened to be wandering over

the cliff, one aged about eighty, and the other about eight, probably a great-grandfather and his descendant, to take the animals in charge; we all, with the exception of Mrs. Carter, who could not trust Selim to such guardianship, set off under the guidance of Selam to inspect the quarry. After wandering a little among rocks and stones, we came upon the entrance, a sort of magnified rabbit's burrow, about four feet in diameter, round which were scattered freshly broken chips of stone. Down this we made our way by doubling ourselves together, Selam leading and dragging me by the hand, and, as we went, shouting to us all not to be afraid. After groping some distance in the dark, alternately groaning and laughing as we knocked our heads against the low roof of the passage, we became aware of a loud tapping some way off, and soon after a faint light was observable. A very little more groping, after this, brought us into a vast cavern, through which the singular tapping we had heard resounded; and around which, as soon as our eyes had become accustomed to the singular blue light which was suffused through it, we could discern some score or more of brown half-naked creatures, hard at work cutting the millstones from the surface of the rock. The whole scene had a most strange and ghostly effect. The light was admitted through a large aperture in the side of the cliff facing the sea, the foam-crested waves of which were dashing into the cavern over the rocks. We were all deeply struck with the very remarkable aspect of the scene.

We stayed for some time watching the men at work, who, poor creatures! seemed to regard our visit as an exciting variety in their day of gloomy and monotonous toil. The millstones are about two feet in diameter, and the mode of cutting them is as follows. A circle is traced in the surface of the rock, with a rude compass composed of a stick formed into a kind of bow by means of a cord; the line thus marked out is chiselled all round, and the portion of stone thus exposed is split off. The stones are carried on the backs of donkeys to the market in Tangier, where a pair is sold for about six shillings, (English,) for forming the handmills by means of which corn is ground in this country.

Judging from the great extent of the cavern (which has apparently been excavated entirely by the operation of millstone cutting), it must have been worked for many centuries, and was probably commenced by the Phœnicians, who have left many extensive vestiges of their former colonization of this district.

Selam, who is one of the most sociable fellows in the world, fraternised immensely with all his countrymen in the quarry. He even divided among them, as far as they would go, his entire stock of cigarettes, of which he had prepared a large supply in the morning to form part of the day's treat. Lion, too, showed himself kindly disposed towards the millstone cutters, going round and licking all their bare, brown legs.

Having seen everything that was to be seen in the

cave, and Selam having added to the miscellaneous little collection in his gelab hood, specimens of the stone for us, we departed; after exchanging kindly farewells with the quarrymen.

The sun was blazing forth in his fullest power when we left the cave. We were well provided with broad-brimmed straw hats, puggries, and white scarves, to protect us from the worst effects of his rays, but though these wise measures were serviceable so far as preserving us from sunstroke went, they were no use in the matter of our complexions; all of which, by the time we had arrived back at the lighthouse, had adopted "the shadowed livery of the burnished sun." But as such excursions as this, in Morocco, are quite incompatible with the preservation of delicate tinting in one's epidermis, we were all quite satisfied with not getting sunstroke, and resigning ourselves cheerfully to the consequences, enjoyed our ride back across the sands thoroughly. The cool breeze blowing off the sea made the heat of the sun quite bearable; and we amused ourselves, as before, in running races along the beach; the surf, as we went, breaking in upon our horses' feet. Only Miss Lyle did not enjoy this part of the ride as much as the rest of us, as nothing could induce her stubborn mule to approach the water; the moment she attempted to bring him near, he would dash off with her up among the sandhills, Selam tearing after in hot pursuit.

On our return to Cape Spartel, we refreshed ourselves

with tea; and then, having waited until the sun had somewhat declined, set off on our return. Nearly half an hour was consumed, however, before we were able to start, in repairing the fractures in our steeds' accoutrements, consequent on the hard riding we had been indulging in. Selam's stores were drawn upon; but for some time it seemed doubtful whether the equipments of Miss Carter's mule, which had somehow suffered more than any, could ever be brought into a condition of even partial security. However, at last we were all patched together, sufficiently to admit of our starting with hope of getting back to Tangier without any very serious breakdown. A stoppage, every half-hour at least, for repairs, is one of the inevitable concomitants of a riding party in Tangier. I am glad to be able to record that, on this occasion, we got back without anything worse than the ordinary mishaps. Selam's pony, whom even all his galloping after Miss Lyle among the sandhills could not sober, took to kicking furiously on the very worst bit of the road,—a narrow path by a precipice; but though we were frightened, Selam seemed rather to enjoy it than otherwise.

We changed our route on our return, descending from the mountains about five miles from Tangier, and taking the road through the Valley of Boubana, at this time of the year brilliantly green with the fresh spring herbage, upon which great numbers of sheep, cattle, and camels were browsing.

This Valley of Boubana has a special and melancholy interest for English people, for it was here that our troops suffered one of the most disastrous defeats that ever happened to them during the time of our occupation of Tangier in the reign of Charles II. The unfortunate event occurred in the following manner :—

The soldiery, who were employed in constructing the mole and fortifications, were awaiting the arrival of ships which were bringing building materials from Portugal. The Earl of Tiveot, then Governor of Tangier, fearing that they might get into mischief if not employed in work of some kind, resolved to occupy them meanwhile in an expedition; the purpose of which was to clear the hills in the direction of Cape Spartel, of a disorderly band of Moors who infested them; and who were in the habit of making frequent raids upon the English lines and killing the sentries. He accordingly set out from Tangier with a body of about six hundred men, who were equipped rather as woodcutters than as soldiers, more of them being armed with hatchets for clearing the brushwood, than with muskets or swords for slaying the enemy. He had, however, no sooner crossed the valley, than an immense body of Moorish cavalry and foot soldiers made their appearance in his rear. This was the army of Gaylan, the Moorish usurper, who was at that time at war with the English, and who had unexpectedly marched from Alcazar, it is said with the intention of making peace. A bloody conflict ensued. The little

band of Englishmen fought long and bravely, but were opposed by such overwhelming odds, that their leader was slain, and of the force of six hundred, who had left Tangier that morning, no more than two or three men escaped alive to tell the tale of the disaster.

Had Gaylan followed up his victory by assaulting the town, it would no doubt have yielded to him without any great resistance; it having been left, as described in the quaint language of a contemporary writer, "in the charge of an old souldier that was grown rich, and knew how to save his own pate," and who, doubtless, would have been glad to make terms with the besieger. Gaylan, however, was satisfied with the chastisement which he had inflicted on the English, and retired with his victorious army. This sad event occurred on the third of May, 1664. Pepys, making mention of it in his diary, states the number of the English as being but little more than two hundred; but as it would appear that almost the entire garrison sallied out on the unfortunate expedition, they can scarcely have been so few. His entry, too, appears to have been made on the first receipt of the news, when he was evidently still in ignorance of the number of the enemy, and the name and position of their leader. He seems to have thought, too, that the English force was attacked and overwhelmed by the wild mountain band, whose ambush it had gone out to destroy.

Thinking not much, I am afraid, of poor Lord Tiveot

and his men, our party cantered gaily through the Valley of Boubana; Selam singing pretty Arabic songs as he rode along, in light-hearted forgetfulness of Mrs. Caterina's scoldings, past and to come; from which this day's holiday had only afforded him a brief respite.

Before entering Tangier we passed by a Riff village, some of the wild-looking inhabitants of which came out to look at us. The low, thatched huts in which they dwelt were scarcely higher than the aloes amongst which they were built, and which concealed many of them from view. A few stunted olive trees were scattered up and down among them too. The "Riffians" come from the Riff district, a wild mountainous tract lying north-east of the province in which Tangier is situated. They are a lawless people who give considerable trouble to the Sultan.

We entered Tangier, not over the Marshen, as we had come, but through the market-place. Before reaching this, however, our way led through the Moorish cemetery of Tangier, where several dead generations of the inhabitants lie buried beneath two or three feet of earth. The cemetery is covered with a luxuriant growth of aloes and palmetto. The graves are mostly marked only by a few rough stones or by a low, whitewashed wall, but the newer ones have generally, in addition, a kind of wooden battledore at the head. They are kept strewed with myrtle boughs by the female relatives of the departed, whose solitary outdoor recreation it appears to be, to come

on Fridays in their best clothes and sit, singly or in parties, on the graves of their deceased friends. Large quantities of myrtle are brought in by the country-people from the mountains, and sold in the Soko for this pious purpose. On a hill overlooking the cemetery is a small mosque, containing the shrine of Sidi Mohammed-el-Hadji, the patron saint of Tangier. Outside it are generally assembled some women praying, who look with considerable displeasure on Christians who defile the holy sanctuary by passing near it. Inside the Bab-el-Sok our party divided; Selam and I descending into the town, and our companions returning to their homes in the other direction. All agreed that the day had been a very pleasant one, and the expedition most unusually fortunate and successful.

CHAPTER XIX.

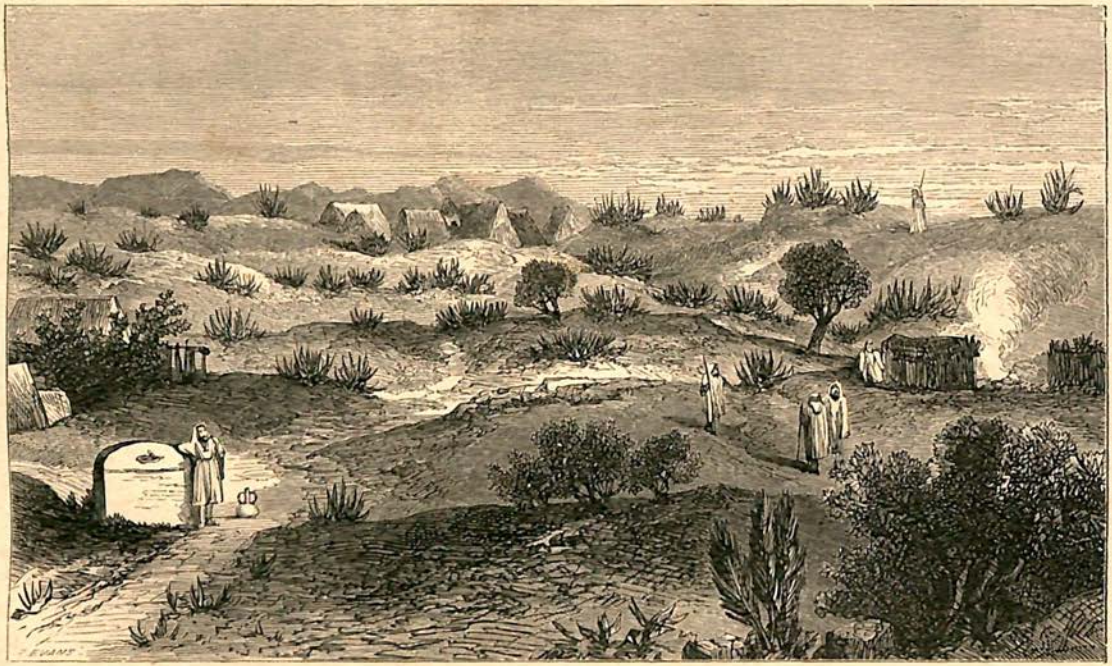
SAINTS IN MOROCCO.

I HAVE alluded more than once to the saints of Morocco. There is a suspiciously close resemblance between the saints of all countries, but those of Morocco are the most remarkable, that I at least, have ever heard of.

For one thing, they still continue to exist bodily, in this world; while the saints of other countries—those at least of which we know most about—have all long ago retired from active life—here. In Tangier you can enjoy the satisfaction of giving half a farthing to a saint in the streets, and you can witness a saint wrapped in dignity and a white burnous, mounted on a mule, and taking his afternoon airing on the sands. You can talk to a saint, shake hands with a saint, take tea with a saint; I had the honour of being introduced to a saint's wives, two of them; and being apologised to for the absence of the rest—a considerable number I believe—of that establishment!

These are saints that there can be no mistake about. Nor about the saintesses; two fat, foolish, untidy young women, the two that I saw were.

Of course I know that there have been saints in other countries, plenty of them; and we have had them in England too, though scarcer. They didn't seem to thrive on our soil.



RIFF VILLAGE.

See page 280.

Certainly we believe in saints in England. We call our churches after them, and every now and then our clergymen gravely announce a special service in honour of some one of them. But like the barber in Nicholas Nickleby, we find it necessary to "draw a line *somewhere*, and we draw it *there*." We don't go beyond saints deceased. And the greater way back we can put them in the eras of history, the more comfortable we feel about them; the farther off they are, the better we like them: "distance lends enchantment to the view." If any one in inviting us to a tea-party, promised us that we should meet "a saint," we should consider it as hyperbolical language. We should never expect to be introduced to an individual having a halo or a turban round his head, and capable of putting chopped up little children or kesksooed cats together again. We would be perfectly aware that the expression referred to some "Father," or "Gospel Preacher," according as the tendencies of the lady giving the invitation were Ritualistic or Evangelical. We know that the sanctity of these gentlemen will be only expressed by an abstinence from meat on Friday, or dancing on any day, according to their "High" or "Low" views. We never for an instant imagine that either of them would know a baby or a cat, from a young pig or a rabbit, if judiciously disguised in a pie or a kesksoo. We feel assured, too, that they wash themselves regularly, and pare their nails; and one

look at them is sufficient to show that they are excellent clients of the hairdresser's.

There is nothing at all remarkable about such saints as these; therefore, unless we happen to be young ladies with "views" or "tendencies," we are not particularly eager about tea-parties where we are to meet them. And (though, of course, we believe in them) we are wonderfully cool even about our historical saints: witness the few, very few, confiding females, who alone on their especial days attend their commemorative services.

But in Morocco it is quite another thing. Not only are the historical saints, of whom there are plenty, held in the highest veneration and esteem; but there, real living, moving, walking, eating and drinking, marrying saints, can be seen; saints who can work miracles (and what good is a saint who can't?), and who will yet condescend to accept half a farthing from you, or drink tea or champagne with you.

Saintship in Morocco is of two kinds, acquired or hereditary. The saints of the former class are distinguished by their exceeding personal filth, and outrageous eccentricity of behaviour. This kind of saintship is adopted as a profession, and generally, I believe, proves a tolerably lucrative one. When a man decides upon becoming a saint, his first proceeding is to abstain from changing his clothes, washing, shaving, or combing himself, for a year. It is a simple process, and involves little trouble and no expense. Having by these easy

means made himself dirty enough, he decorates himself with some jewellery, real or sham, and sits in a public part of the town to beg. Occasionally one will take to running about the streets in a frantic manner, muttering to himself. Another will vary the performance by affecting to be unable to speak, and expressing himself by grunts and croaks. In return for the alms bestowed upon them, they will distribute scraps of their filthy clothing, or bits of a rope or stick that they may carry.

The hereditary saints are quite different. Their sanctity is a thing so assured and inalienable that they are not obliged to put themselves to any inconvenience to maintain it. They wash themselves as often as they like, ride the best horses and mules, wear the finest clothes, and eat, drink, and marry, as much as they please.

These are by far the most interesting saints. The others are picturesque; but they must be studied at a distance—"at a very considerable distance."

Sidi Mohammed-el-Hadji, the patron saint of Tangier, acquired his saintship. His odour of sanctity (in Tangier I learned the appropriateness of this expression) was, however, supposed to have descended to his brother at his death.

At one time the family of Muley Abd-el-Kader Jelaby was considered the most holy in Morocco, and paid the highest respect to; but latterly, in consequence of the capture of the Emir Abd-el-Kader, it has sunk somewhat in the popular esteem and veneration, and in

its place that of the Mule Tayeb has acquired the highest power and esteem. The present representative of this family is Muley Abd-Sulem-el-Hadji, the Sharif of Wazan.

This personage is, as I have said before, the most powerful in Morocco. In his own province he rules absolute and supreme; and throughout the whole empire his name is held in such fear and veneration, that it would be next to impossible for the sultan, should any dispute or difficulty arise between him and the Sharif of Wazan, to put his authority in force against him. Report says, that in consequence, the sultan regards him with that confidence and affection, usually felt by powerful and despotic sovereigns, for more powerful and more despotic subjects.

So distinctly is this man's position in Morocco recognised even by foreign powers, that in 1854, when he made his pilgrimage to Mecca, the French nation placed a ship of war at his service for the voyage. He was received on board at Tangier with all the honours due to royalty. Having landed him at Alexandria, the vessel remained there to await his return. On his way back he stopped at Marseilles, where he was received with the same distinguished attention. It was by this journey that he acquired the title of 'Hadji,' the distinctive appellation of all who have made the pilgrimage to the shrine of Mohammed at Mecca.

A saint who couldn't perform miracles, would be like a plum-pudding without plums, or the play of

Punch with Punch left out, or the beverage of the same name without the whisky. In fact he wouldn't be a saint at all. Therefore all the saints of Morocco, living or dead, clean or dirty, perform the most wonderful miracles.

That of the kesksooed cat was perhaps one of the most remarkable that came to my knowledge; but still there were several others of so surprising a nature, that I think them worth recording even after that.

The following for instance. At Babou, a distance of about two days' journey from Tangier, is the shrine of Muley Abd-Sulem, a great and noted saint of Morocco. This shrine is visited every year by large parties of pilgrims, and many strange tales are brought back of the wonders of the place, and the great things that are done there.

There is a rock that weeps when kissed by pious pilgrims.

There are two large rocks very close together, forming a narrow gorge. All the pilgrims try to pass between them, but only those who are sinless can succeed in getting through. A wicked man, no matter how thin he were, could not squeeze himself past; but the Claimant himself, if honest and virtuous, could traverse the space between the rocks with ease. (A pity that he does not go there and try. It would settle the case satisfactorily at once.)

Another wonder :—

Many years ago, as a wedding party were passing

the shrine and sanctuary of Muley Abd-Sulem, the bridegroom made some disparaging remark concerning the saint. The whole party were instantly transformed into stone, the impious bridegroom being made to take the form of a serpent grovelling on the ground. The whole are to be seen to the present day. The figures are of life size, and are leaning against the wall of a cavern. They consist of a nude female figure, followed by a number of men, some playing flutes, and others carrying guns. On the ground is the serpent into whose likeness the bridegroom was changed. This description is from the reports of Moorish pilgrims. Of course no Christian can see these wonderful figures, as they are in such a holy place.*

Pilgrimages to the shrine of Muley Abd-Sulem are made occasions of great festivity. Hamed and Rachma (two of the servants at the hotel, before mentioned) went on one, and gave us a most glowing description of the affair on their return. The party from Tangier went in grand state, being accompanied by a large number of horsemen who performed powder-play on the way, several standard bearers, and a band of musicians. In the neighbourhood of the shrine a kind of fair was held, at which various amusements were provided. There were swings and merry-go-rounds, acrobats and

* I have no doubt, however, that the figures really are there. They are probably Roman sculpture, alto relievos, cut in the wall of some ancient building. The scene intended to be represented is possibly a Bacchanalian procession.

conjurers, snake charmers and story-tellers. Music of all kinds, "flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer," and a man with a large brass thimble on every finger of each hand, which he rattled and scraped together in measured time. "Music hath charms" no doubt, but it is difficult to imagine the charm of the strains produced by this perfectly new and original minstrel. People came to this fair from all parts of the empire. There were Riffians from the neighbouring mountains, Soosies from the extreme south of Morocco, and Sheluhs from the Atlas Mountains.

But to return to the miracles.

The supernatural powers, that have come down from the great prophet through lineal descent to the Sharif of Wazan, are no less than, and are as firmly believed in as, those of his great ancestor, and all the rest of the line. It is popularly supposed in Tangier that he can regulate the weather. Shortly after my arrival (the weather be it remembered had been very wet for some time), as I was walking one day, with some friends, down the road leading from one of the Sharif's residences, we were met by a long procession, bearing banners and accompanied by music, proceeding to the saint's house. These people, as I afterwards learned, were taking him a present of a large sum of money (nearly £300 I heard), collected amongst the Believers in the town, to induce him to intercede with Allah for fine weather. On such occasions as this he sometimes promises to exercise his influence,

sometimes refuses; but he always pockets the cash, of course. Once, I was told, he replied that there would not be fine weather for some time yet. It rained continuously for a week; but at the end of that period a message was sent from the saint to the people, commanding that they should all go up at once to the praying-place to pray, as, if they did, the weather would become fair that evening. They all did, and prayed as hard as ever they could. That same evening the winds abated, the clouds dispersed, and the heavens became clear. The remarkable coincidences, such as this, which take place between the saint's warnings and promises and the state of the weather, are attributed by stiffnecked un-Believers, to the possible possession by the holy man of a good barometer. But this is, of course, impiety.

The following story is no less strange than the preceding, and I am able to offer it "upon the best authority." An old Moor, a gardener, with whom I was well acquainted myself, met a friend of mine an English gentleman, in the street one day, and told him of a strange thing that had just happened to a daughter of his,—the Moor's. She was a servant in the Tangier harem of the Sharif of Wazan, and one day having had some little disagreement with her master, she left his service. That same night she got a most dreadful headache, and when she arose in the morning, she found that her head was turned completely on one side, and that she could not move it. In the greatest alarm she called her

mother, who at once divined the cause of the disaster; the curse of the saint was on her, and no doubt her head would not come straight again until she had asked his forgiveness. This, at her mother's entreaty, she accordingly went and did. The holy man benignly gave her his pardon, and at the same time touched her cheek; when her head immediately turned round, and assumed its proper position. The cure was instantaneous.

But the last anecdote I have to relate concerning the Sharif of Wazan, is no less marvellous than the rest. In the year 1854, when he made his pilgrimage to Mecca, it is averred that he was seen by several *credible* witnesses simultaneously in Mecca, Tangier, and Wazan! Nothing can beat that.

I think I have already mentioned, that one of the privileges enjoyed by this great man, in right of his saintship, is that of unlimited matrimony. This may be regarded by persons who have found even limited matrimony not quite free from "carking cares," as rather a doubtful blessing. Still it has its conveniences. Thus, the saint, who travels much and frequently throughout the empire, never has the trouble of taking wives and their necessary retinues along with him, as he keeps an establishment of them in each of the great towns of Morocco. Fez, Morocco, Tangier, Wazan,*—each has its

* The Sharif's first wife, the mother of his heir, and who alone takes the title of "Sharifa," resides at Wazan. This lady, before her marriage, was a cousin of the Sharif's.

household of fair and fond dames, ready to welcome their lord and master, whenever he shall be pleased to alight at the doors.

On the occasion of the visit of the United States Consul General, Colonel Mathews, to the Sultan at Fez in the spring of 1871,* several men were employed all day long, in making little leather bags, for holding bits of written paper that had been blessed by the saint, as that holy being was then honouring Fez with a visit.

When I was in Tangier the saint was about to get married again; and these espousals were to be perhaps the most remarkable of any that he had yet made, as the new betrothed was a Christian, and a European; a young French lady about fourteen. The saint is not a young man, and must have been marrying steadily for about the last five-and-twenty years; I should therefore really not dare venture to guess at the numerical position about to be occupied by this youthful bride. I heard, however, that a sweeping divorce of former wives was to be included in the new marriage contract, but I vastly doubt if such were the case; at any rate I should think the divorce would be only in name, just to satisfy the possible objections of the priests, and any little religious scruples that the young

* There is an interesting account of this visit in Cassell's Illustrated Travels, Parts xxxiii., xxxiv., and xxxv., 1871. It is written by a gentleman who accompanied Colonel Mathews.

lady and her family might themselves possess; but I don't suppose that these latter were many or very heavy. She was to be married, however, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church. This was a great scandal to the Moors. Also, the future saintess after her arrival, rode about, in public, with the saint; but accompanied by her mother in accordance with French ideas of propriety (the French are so proper); she was dressed according to European fashion, and rode on an English side saddle. This proceeding was almost more obnoxious in the eyes of the True Believers than the marriage itself. Had the saint been any ordinary man, such conduct would have covered him with indelible disgrace in the opinion of all his co-religionists; but a descendant of the great prophet in Morocco is, like his holy ancestor, exempt from the observance of those rules and customs by which ordinary Musselmen are restrained and bound down.

This latest choice of Muley Abd-Sulem el-Hadji was a fine-looking girl, and seemed quite pleased and satisfied with the position she was about to occupy.*

* This match was, however, afterwards broken off, but the saint easily supplied the place of the fickle fair one. He was married on the 17th of January of the present year to an Englishwoman, a Miss Keene. The marriage ceremony was performed at the English Legation, by Sir John Drummond Hay, the English Ambassador. It sounds odd, and somewhat disagreeable. But "pity 'tis, 'tis true."—*February*, 1873.

CHAPTER XX.

WIVES IN MOROCCO.

It was before the arrival of his French intended, that I, and a party of other English ladies, went to the Tangier town residence of the Sharif of Wazan, to visit his wives.

Unfortunately on the occasion he was just moving to his summer residence in this part of the empire, a house situated in one of the mountains about a couple of miles from the town. For such slight change of quarters as this, he does not consider it necessary to have two sets of wives, his Tangier establishment answering for both his town and country residence in this place. So on this account we were only able to see two of the wives, as the other ladies had preceded the saint to the country house the day before. However, as one of these two was the saint's favourite in Tangier, and the beauty of the establishment, we less regretted the absence of the rest.

The great man, did us the honour to receive us himself, at the top of his staircase. His wives stood behind him; it would, I suppose, have been too great a degradation of Moorish and saintly marital dignity, for him to have introduced them to us, but his own greetings over, he stood aside a little, and allowed them to come forward;

which they did, with ready, smiling eagerness. The saint having shown us into an apartment near at hand, and begged us to be seated, then retired. The room was very small and ill-furnished,—a bare, dirty looking place. There was a shabby European sofa, a few chairs, and a little table, nothing else. The seats were barely sufficient to accommodate our party, which the saint, who presently re-entered, perceiving, he retired again. Immediately after the two wives hurried in with two more chairs, which they placed next the door fronting us, when the great man came back and seated himself. The younger and prettier wife took the other chair, pushing it a little behind her husband's, and the other wife took up her position standing behind his back.

The conversation commenced with elaborate apologies on the part of the saint and his wives, he speaking first and they after him and both together, for the disordered condition of the establishment, the deficiencies in the furniture, and the meanness of the apparel of the ladies; all which was owing to the fact that the good furniture and best dresses had all been sent, with the other wives, to the house in the mountain the day before.

I was rather disappointed, it must be owned, in the toilettes of our hostesses, who were both habited, altogether in dirty white calico, except that they wore the usual broad, stiff, silk sashes, and had gaudy coloured silk handkerchiefs tied round their heads.

The elder of the ladies was a tall, stout, florid young woman apparently about six-and-twenty, with a particularly broad flat face, a very wide mouth, and an especially turned up nose. Her eyes, however, were good, and, like her companion, being *en déshabillé* she was unpainted, which rendered her, if not beautiful or fascinating, at least unobjectionable. The favourite wife looked about twenty. She too had fine eyes, and softer and more intelligent looking than the other's, whose large dark orbs expressed about as much feeling and intellect as those appertaining to a dummy in a hair-dresser's window. This girl had rather a wide mouth too, but it was well shaped, and showed, when she smiled, her even pearly teeth. Her features, altogether, though not regular or refined, were pleasing. Her complexion was pale and clear. What attracted me most about her, however, was the expression of her face, for, unlike the majority of Moorish women, her face had an expression. It was very sweet and winning, and showed her not devoid of sensitiveness or intellect. Inconvenient qualities for her, poor thing; that was, I should think, why, though she was the beauty and the pet, she did not look half as jolly and contented, as her plain, and less favoured, companion.

Neither of these girls had any children. Indeed, very few, I believe, of the Sharif's wives are blessed in that way. He has had, I was told, but three or four children altogether.

The conversation proceeded. It was carried on entirely in Arabic, between one of our party, who could speak that language fluently, and the saint, who knows no other; "the gift of tongues" not being among his supernatural endowments. He inquired the names of those among us with whom he had not been previously acquainted, but I was surprised to find—the dialogue was translated as it went on—that he was familiar with circumstances concerning some of us, which, considering how little he, or any of the Moors, mix with the European society of the place, I should not have expected him to have been aware of.

There were some questions on the other side. Amongst others, our spokeswoman asked when he expected his French bride. He replied with cool gravity, "by the next trip of the *Vérité;*" a Marseilles steamer, which trades down the coast of Morocco. But the youngest wife when she heard the question started visibly, and blushed, while an expression of pain, that she vainly tried to subdue, stole over her face. The other young woman laughed heartily, and said that they were all very anxious and curious to see the new comer, and she looked as if she were speaking the truth, as far as she herself was concerned. The young one tried to join in the laugh, but she did it very ill; she even made an attempt to joke with her husband about the expected addition to the family circle; but it was a jest of which she did not appear to appreciate the

point herself, though he smiled benignly on her as he replied.

As it was quite evident that the subject was not a pleasant one to the poor wife, it was quickly changed. There was a little girl among us who had brought her doll, and this just now attracted the attention of the Moorish ladies. It was a particularly good specimen of the doll-maker's art,—wore its hair in a chignon, could open and shut its eyes, and squeak; and little Rose had dressed it in its best clothes in honour of the occasion. Observing that the saint's wives were regarding the waxen beauty with looks of admiration and curiosity, the child's mother bade her go forward and show it to them. Rose hesitated at first, being rather afraid of the saint I think, a feeling in which I could sympathise with her, for he is about as truculent and unprepossessing looking an individual as I have ever seen; but she was at last induced to advance, and place the doll in the lap of the younger of the ladies. They both turned and twisted it, and examined it and its clothes all over, with exclamations of surprise and delight. When shown how to make it shut and open its eyes, they clapped their hands in astonishment. The favourite wife timidly pulled the saint by the sleeve, to call his attention to it; when, smiling at her excitement with a half-amused, half-contemptuous expression, he too condescended to regard it. The childishly timid demeanour of the girl towards him, and her deferential and humble manner

when addressing him, might have been amusing, considering that she was his wife and he was her husband, had it not been so exceedingly painful and humiliating to witness. I confess that I felt very unkindly inclined towards this saint. He was the first I had ever been introduced to, and would probably be the last, a circumstance which I did not regret, so unfavourable an impression did he make upon me.

So that I, for one, did not feel sorry when we all rose and bade farewell to the Sharif and his wives.

We visited at two or three others of the Moorish houses that day, because, though we all owned to being tolerably disgusted, with what we had, as yet, seen, of domestic life in Morocco, we were all more or less tinged with curiosity on the subject, which there was no way of satisfying but by personal inspection. From the English or other European gentlemen in Tangier, some of whom had resided long, and travelled much in the country, it was impossible to obtain any information as to the appearance, manners, or habits of the Moorish women; they being most rigorously excluded from their society.

I may as well narrate here an incident bearing on this subject, which took place some time ago in Tangier; and which exemplifies forcibly the jealous conservatism of the Moors in this matter; and the risks which Europeans run, who, even unintentionally, do anything to offend that feeling.

A young Gibraltarian, who had resided for some time in Tangier, with his mother, formed an intimate acquaintance with a Moor of higher education, more liberal mind, and more genial manners towards foreigners, than the generality of his countrymen possess. As a proof of his confidence and esteem, this man invited his Christian friend to his house, and introduced him to his wife, of whom he was very fond; and whom he did not keep quite in the condition of subjection, usual in Morocco. He repeated his invitation, and the young man soon became a constant and regular visitor at his house.

This infringement of Moorish customs caused, however, great resentment to all the other Moslems in the town who were aware of it.

One day, when the Christian called, his friend was out; as, however, he was to return shortly, the visitor said he would go in and wait, and accordingly entered the house. This proceeding was, however, observed by some jealous watcher, on the look-out possibly for such an event; who instantly spread the information amongst his friends. The husband, as he was returning to his house soon after, was met by some of his fellow-Moslems, who reported to him, that the Christian with whom he was so intimate was in the habit of visiting his wife, secretly, in his absence; and was at that very moment in his house. Unfortunately he was a man of a violent and ungovernable temper. Mad with rage and jealousy, he rushed into the house, where he found the young man

talking to his wife, and without asking him a question, or giving him time to utter a word, he stabbed him to the heart!

The affair created a profound sensation; the murdered man's consul of course interfering to have the murderer brought to justice, who was accordingly tried and condemned to death. But the sentence was not executed. The Moor's mother having vainly entreated the Bashaw to spare her son's life, went to the mother of the victim and implored her to intercede with the Bashaw for the purpose. Her entreaties and persuasions were so moving that the bereaved woman at last consented, and, at her request, the sentence was changed to one of imprisonment for a term of years.

The next house we called at was that of one of the wealthiest men in Tangier; one of the talebs or notaries, and the owner of large property in the town. I had frequently heard him spoken of as being distinguished for his liberal education and enlightenment of mind. He had travelled much in Europe, and had acquired a knowledge of several foreign languages; his ideas and tastes—so it was said—becoming at the same time in a great degree assimilated to those of Western countries. In consequence I hoped to see in his house some tangible effects of his advanced education, and those loftier sentiments with which he was supposed to be animated. But I was doomed to disappointment.

We were admitted by a negress slave. The house

was a very handsome one, the handsomest I had yet been in, in Tangier. It was built altogether in the Moorish style. The patio was very spacious, the floor beautifully inlaid in squares of coloured marble. The gallery was supported by pillars, also of coloured marble.

There was a good deal of fuss and excitement on our entry, and the ladies did not immediately present themselves; but we heard a running about to and fro upstairs, and were conscious of being peeped at over the gallery railing. We were invited into a room on the ground floor, to wait; but it being windowless, and the day being very warm, it was so close and stuffy that we preferred remaining in the patio. While here, we saw the negress who had admitted us, and who had run upstairs to announce our arrival to her mistresses, return hurriedly to the room below, into which she had shown us, and collect from underneath some cushions, several articles of rich and handsome wearing apparel. Guessing the meaning of this, and not feeling inclined to wait while the ladies made elaborate toilettes, one of our party, who had been here frequently before, told the slave to beg them to come to us as they were, as we did not at all mind. The slave explained to us that the master was away from home, in the country, and therefore, of course, they were not nicely dressed, and the house was in disorder; but if we would only wait for a few minutes they would come down. We explained in return that we had very little time, but as we were very anxious

to see them we would wait a moment or two, and that we did not at all mind how they were dressed.

This had the due effect. Two fat, dirty, ugly, little girls came hurrying down almost immediately, all smiles and excitement. They were very young, one being, she told us, twelve, and the other fourteen. They did not look at all older than that, and indeed were not as tall as well-grown English girls of the same age, and were much more childish in manner. Little Rose, who was only seven, was a sedate, accomplished woman compared to them. The elder was *enceinte*. She looked like an idiotic Chinese. They had both broad flat faces; but her skin, features, and the shape of her little expressionless eyes, were altogether of the celestial type. Her forehead was low and narrow, and not a single ray of intellect illumined her whole countenance. The other was nearly as ugly, but the colour of her skin was better, and her eyes, though so wide apart that they did not seem to look together, were large and bright. She appeared, too, as if it might be possible to teach her the alphabet, though with difficulty, or sufficient arithmetic to be able to count a hundred. They were both awfully fat, so fat indeed that they were nearly as broad as they were long, particularly the young lady in an interesting condition. Their apparel certainly left much to be desired. Like the saint's wives they were both dressed in dirty white calico, only theirs was much dirtier. One of them, however, had managed to induct herself hastily

into an embroidered silk waistcoat outside these unpleasant habiliments.

They took us into what was evidently the show-room of the house—the private sitting-room of the lord and master of the establishment. It was scantily furnished with an English "drawing-room suite," consisting of round table, sofa, and eight chairs, by no means of the handsomest or best manufacture. The room looked bare and ugly, with its plain, hard, white-washed walls and tiled floor, which require the rich Moorish curtains and draperies and cushions and rugs, to look comfortable and picturesque. With great pride we were called upon to observe the English writing materials on the table. These, as well as the furniture, were thickly covered with dust. I dare say they were regarded as too sacred and valuable to be meddled with by any but the owner, for I noticed that the girls glanced about the room, themselves, with an air of awe and curiosity, that made it seem as if they were not in the habit of entering it very often.

But notwithstanding his walnut chairs, and steel pens; I felt as I left, that I could not believe much, in the elevation of mind or refinement of feeling, of a man who had such horrid, dirty little wives.

Our next, and concluding visit, was to a bride. This young lady's nuptials had taken place about a fortnight before, so she was now able to get up, open her eyes, and speak. She was nineteen. She had been married, we were told, to her uncle—or rather, uncle-in-law, the

husband of her aunt—aged about sixty-two. I don't know whether her aunt was still alive, and presiding over the establishment. If so, it must have been a very nice snug family party, altogether.

Here we met with a most cordial reception. The house was small, but all clean and in festive order. We were immediately ushered upstairs, to the room where the bride was sitting in state with her friends. Outside the door, were about twenty pairs of embroidered slippers, belonging to the ladies inside; the bride's, which were particularly rich and handsome—velvet embroidered in gold and silver—were pointed out to us by the slave who was showing us the way.

The room was small and very narrow, and was already well filled, with the row of Moorish women, seated closely all round by the walls. We were eight in our party, and it was with difficulty that we made our way, up through the narrow centre space, to pay our respects to the bride who was seated at the top of the room. This manœuvre having been at last successfully accomplished, we had to accede to the request of the ladies, and squat down on the floor with them. When we did, in a long line from the bride to the door, there was not an inch of space left on the floor of the room. If well ventilated, six or eight people might have sat in the room without discomfort or risk; but it was not ventilated at all, and we were, at least,—I didn't count, but the room looked crammed—eight-and-twenty. Such atmosphere

as there was, too, was loaded with the heavy, sickening, Moorish perfumes.

I was at the top of the room next the bride, with the lady who acted as spokeswoman and leader to our party. The bride was a large, coarse, plain-featured young woman; such charms as she possessed not being at all heightened by two large, triangular, patches, roughly daubed in vermillion, on her cheeks. This was over a groundwork of white paint. Her eyebrows, too, were blackened and drawn together over her eyes. Modesty, at this stage of her married life, permitted her to wear her veil hanging down her back, instead of over her face. She was of course loaded with jewellery.

Next to her, was a very nice and interesting-looking woman, a sister of the Bashaw's, and whom it was considered a great honour to have present; as women of this rank rarely go out, even to visit brides. She had a long, and rather thin, but expressive face, and beautiful, soft, dark eyes. Her smile, though very sweet and winning, was somewhat sad. She seemed very glad to see Mrs. ——, whom she knew well, and conversed with her for some time in an interested and intelligent manner. Her dress and jewellery, too, exhibited a taste and refinement, quite wanting in the habiliments and ornaments of the rest. Amongst other jewels, she wore a very beautiful pearl necklace with an emerald drop, and exquisite earrings of emeralds and pearls. These were of Moorish workmanship, but the stones and pearls were really good.

The other ladies, meanwhile, were busily occupied examining our clothes, concerning which they talked and commented a good deal, and with considerable animation, among themselves. Knowing the gratification that looking at dress affords these women, who have no other object of interest in life, most of us had put on our gayest and best apparel for the occasion. Our entrance had no doubt been an agreeable diversity to the entertainment, which, on these occasions, consists simply of sitting round the room, talking, with—owing to their narrowed lives—very little to talk about. Rose's doll was again an especial object of curiosity and admiration. It was passed up to the bride, and put through its paces for her benefit; and she manifested great delight and surprise, at its appearance, manners, and education.

But the heat, and crowd, and smell; and the unaccustomed, and uncomfortable, attitudes in which we were seated, after about ten minutes got too much for some of our party; and the signal for a move was passed down the line. We were entreated to remain and partake of tea and sweetmeats, which were just being brought in by the slaves; but the idea of having to swallow hot tea, flavoured most probably with mint, rue, or some other horrible herb, only hastened our departure. Some of the women held our gowns while imploring us to remain a little longer, so that we felt that we were really "tearing ourselves away." Of course, these poor

creatures, do become in a degree, inured, to their life of seclusion; but how little they enjoy it, is plainly seen in the melancholy or fretful expression on the face of every woman, who in mind appears to be anything above the ordinary level,—which is an exceedingly low one,—and by the evident delight, afforded to all, by the sight of new faces; and even such transitory association with strangers from that outer world from which they are debarred, as visits like ours occasionally supply them with.

CHAPTER XXI.

JUDAS ISCARIOT, THE FEAST OF PURIM, AND THE PASSOVER.

Tô any one anxious to study the peculiarities of three of the greatest and most important religions in the world, Tangier, I should say, would be about the best place he could go to. Here these religions are to be found side by side, and each in its most purely orthodox condition of superstition, bigotry, and intolerance; wholly untouched by reason, and perfectly untainted by common sense. That the followers of these creeds should each entertain a thorough hatred and contempt for the other's peculiar beliefs, is not inconsistent with the fact that these creeds are all very closely related; a good, cordial hatred being a by no means unusual state of feeling between near relations. While their mutual abhorrence of one another's beliefs, is the surest test of the unshaken fidelity of each to its own opinions; as the next step to admitting the possibility of being a little wrong one's self, is to admit the possibility of some one else being a little right. It is the most certain proof, that those enemies of authority and faith, (and upon authority and faith, all, even the most respectable of dogmatic religions are based) scientific discovery, historical criticism, reason, and common sense, have as yet done

nothing to undermine religion in Morocco, that the adherents of the different creeds there, are still in the happy condition of each believing his own little doorway to be the only one into heaven, and regarding with considerable complacency and satisfaction, their neighbours, hurrying up the broad path to the wide, open portals—wide enough for all the rest of the world to go in at once—of hell.

Two religious celebrations enlivened the month of March to the residents of Tangier. I shall leave it to all impartial readers to decide which was the more interesting and edifying of the two. To me it appears as if they might divide the palm.

The first took place on the Saturday after Good Friday, and was a commemoration of the treachery and suicide of Judas Iscariot. This was a distinctively Christian ceremony. The second was the Feast of Purim, observed by the Jews in exulting remembrance of the murder of Haman and his sons, as recorded in the book of Esther.

All the devout Spanish and Portuguese Christians of Tangier arose early on the Judas Iscariot morning, and forming into parties carried about monstrous effigies of the recreant apostle, with much firing of guns, shouting, and noise.

They paraded chiefly through those quarters of the town where the Jews resided, and every time one of the processions arrived outside a Jew's house it was

brought to a stop, and Judas Iscariot was flogged with as much zeal and ardour as if he had been the real live traitor, instead of a bundle of straw and old clothes.

After this had gone on for an hour or so, a party arrived at the United National Hotel, when Selam went up and aroused a gentleman whose bedroom looked into the street (it was still tolerably early), with a polite inquiry as to whether he would object to have "a person" hanged out of his bedroom window. The gentleman, who had slept through the riot, and had forgotten all about Judas Iscariot, was naturally somewhat startled at the request; to which he of course gave an indignant refusal; and arousing himself, began to make a hasty toilet, with the intention of interceding with the authorities for the life of the unhappy culprit (whom he supposed had possibly been sheep stealing), whose execution was thus, as it were, brought home to his doors. However, when Selam explained, as he soon did, that the "person" was only Judas Iscariot, who was to be suspended from a rope hung across the street, from the window in the United National Hotel to a window in an opposite house, his ready compassion evaporated, and he permitted a party of the zealous religionists, who were observing the holiness of the day after this pious fashion, to bring in poor Judas, and hang him out of the window. A party then assembled below, and fired at the suspended traitor, till he was literally riddled with bullets; when he was taken down and burned.

All this was for the edification and reproof of the three or four families of Jews who lived in the street.

All the other Judases in Tangier met with a similar fate.

I need scarcely observe, however, that none of the respectable Spanish or Portuguese residents took any part in this performance.

About the Feast of Purim there was nothing at all intended as, or that could in any way be construed into, an offence against the members of other creeds in the town. Indeed the same may be said of all the Jewish religious celebrations, and of the Moorish as well. To insult the beliefs of others while practising its own religious rites, seemed in Tangier to be the prerogative of Christianity alone. Amidst the darkness of Judaism and Moslemism, its "enlightenment" of course shone very triumphant when thus displayed.

The Feast of Purim was kept in a very peculiar manner. As far as I could see, it consisted in all the women dressing in their finest clothes, all the children first gambling for and then eating lollipops, and all the men getting drunk. The Bible injunction is, that it shall be "*A day of feasting and gladness, and of sending portions one to another;*" but where they derive the authority for the "nine glasses of rum" which every pious Jew swallows at one sitting on that day, I don't know. Some of the more abstemious used liqueur glasses, and these got only moderately tipsy; but as a licence was

allowed in this particular, I should be afraid to guess what must have been the size of the glasses that some of the sons of Judah drank their nine drams of rum out of. But judging by the condition of helpless drunkenness in which some of these worthy members of society were to be seen in the streets, I should suppose that they stretched their licence to the utmost. I was forcibly reminded of the "Rabbi Ben Israel," and his frank description of himself in "The Golden Legend,"—

> "My fame extends from west to east,
> And always at the Purim Feast
> I am as drunk as any beast
> That wallows in his sty;
>
> The wine it so elateth me,
> That I no difference can see
> Between 'Accursèd Haman be!'
> And 'Blessed be Mordecai!'"

After the Feast of Purim there was a rest from religious demonstrations until the latter end of April.

Then the Feast of the Passover drew nigh.

It is not my intention to enter here, into any minute or detailed account, of all the different forms observed by the Jews in celebrating their feast of the Passover; as these have been already repeatedly described, in other books by other authors. I shall therefore confine myself altogether to what was brought under my own notice.

For a week or more before the commencement of the

feast, the Jews of Tangier appeared to devote themselves altogether to a general cleansing of their houses and themselves. In neither respect could this be considered a work of supererogation. The Jews in Tangier are not, like those in Fez and other towns in Morocco, confined exclusively to one quarter of the city; still, they seem to prefer congregating in particular localities, and the streets in the immediate vicinity of the United National Hotel happening to be one of these favoured spots, that establishment had several of the residences of members of the Hebrew community, mostly of the poorer class, in close proximity to it.

Nests of filth these residences were. Every wretched windowless room, was the home of an entire family. The patio of each house, common to all the residents, was made the depository of all the offal and rubbish that was not thrown into the streets before the doors; and high as were the piles of abominations there, it was wonderful what a fine surplus was left to accumulate in the interior receptacles. In the patios, too, the women washed their clothes, nursed their babies, combed their children's and each other's hair, painted their faces, quarrelled, and kneaded their bread. One of these agreeable Hebrew neighbours was a sweetmeat manufacturer and seller. The sweetmeats were made in the general patio. During the process, all the other domestic duties and occupations were carried on uninterruptedly. I need scarcely say I never bought sweetmeats in Tangier.

But everything was cleaned up for the Passover. All the dirt removed, and the houses scrubbed and whitewashed. In addition to a great brushing and combing of their hair, the women "got up" each other's eyebrows and eyelids in a wonderful manner. The Tangerine Jewesses are remarkably handsome women; they are mostly tall, straight, and well made; with fine dark eyes and hair, and, when young, beautifully clear complexions. This latter is, I was told, mainly the result of the use of a stuff called soliman, the effect of which is to remove altogether the outer cuticle of the skin, rendering the complexion exquisitely clean and delicate, but only for a few years; after that it becomes irremediably yellow and wrinkled. If this be true, soliman I should think must be identical with "Antiphillic Milk," a deleterious compound largely advertised in England, a few years ago, as a certain remover of freckles; but which was soon discovered to remove the skin along with the freckles; after which the English women resolved to keep their freckles and their skin together, and no more was heard of antiphillic milk. Certainly, though the young Jewesses in Tangier are, as I have said, remarkably good looking, the elder ones are almost invariably hideous old hags, either fearfully fat and bloated, or wrinkled and shrivelled like a piece of old parchment. They all lead unhealthy lives, the younger women, among the better-class, seldom going abroad, never for air or exercise, lest, it is said, the sun

and wind should injure, as it undoubtedly would, their delicate complexions.

But to return to the preparation for the Passover. Besides all the scrubbing and cleaning, the women were employed in sifting the wheat that was to be ground into flour, wherewith to make the unleavened bread. So important is it considered that this flour should be free from all impurity, and so carefully, and with such exactitude is the duty of sifting performed, that every single grain of wheat is taken up separately, examined, and passed through the hands of the sifter. The utmost particularity is also observed in the making of the unleavened bread, or, as they are generally called, "Passover cakes." Great care is taken to see that the mill, in which the wheat is to be ground, is thoroughly cleansed. As the Jews in Morocco use the same small hand-mills—the stones for which are cut in the caves near Cape Spartel as I have already mentioned—that the Moors do, this is of course easy. The same caution is observed throughout the rest of the process, including the kneading and baking. The cakes are round and flat, made with flour and water alone, and are as dry and disagreeable as might be expected.

Before making the bread, the house is all thoroughly swept, and searched all over; lest any crumb, even the smallest, of unleavened bread should remain in it. The father of the family, or other male head of the household, generally superintends this business himself; as he

is supposed to be responsible for its being thoroughly done.

At the Passover supper, besides the unleavened cakes, there is always a dish of lamb, or kid is sometimes used, to represent the Pascal Lamb, roasted, with an egg. Then a dish of kesksoo, flavoured with spices and coloured with saffron, to represent, it is said, the bricks that their ancestors made in Egypt. Besides these there is a dish of salad, which is eaten with vinegar, as a substitute for the "bitter herbs" commanded at the first institution of the feast. At the supper every-one drinks four glasses of wine.

No doubt the religious significance of these various observances, and all the others connected with the Feast of the Passover, was highly edifying and comforting to the pious descendants of Israel in Tangier; and they derived from it the same refreshment of soul that the Mohammedans did from killing and eating rams, and the Christians from the beating and burning of Judas Iscariot.

But, of course, the uninitiated could not judge of the inward advantage to be derived from eating nasty saw-dusty bread. I tasted one of the Passover cakes to try, but after a mouthful or two decided that I should be much more likely to derive indigestion, so didn't proceed further. On this subject, therefore, I cannot enlighten my readers, but I conclude that being accustomed to eating unleavened bread, the Jews did not

get indigestion from it, but received much spiritual benefit and support instead.

The most wonderful and curious part of the Feast of the Passover, to me, was the gorgeous apparel, in which the descendants of Judah arrayed themselves for the occasion. There was not a Jew or Jewess in Tangier, down to the very poorest, who did not turn out in new clothes, from head to foot, for the Passover; and in these they strutted about the streets from morning until night, apparently for the sole purpose of exhibiting their finery to each other. The majority of the Jews in Tangier, especially the elder ones, dress habitually in the garb I have already described. For these there was no opening for bright colours, except in the matter of the sash, and in this they came out very strong. Some, too, wore light blue, or other coloured vests inside their black or dark blue gaberdines, visible where these are open at the throat. But amongst those who adopted Gentile habiliments—and they were numerous, as all the friends and relations of the Tangier Israelites, in Gibraltar and neighbouring Spanish towns, came over to stay with their African kindred at this time, Passover being made an occasion for family gatherings among the Jews, as Christmas is in England among Christians—the widest range was given to individual taste and fancy. The consequence was, such eccentricities in coats, such vagaries in trousers, such monstrosities in hats, and such utter horrors in waistcoats

and neckties, as the wildest dreams of civilized tailors, hatters, and haberdashers never reached. Every imaginable variety of form and colour was adopted fearlessly, and regardless of all ordinary rules supposed to regulate male attire. A coat and trousers of light lilac cloth, the former with an immense black velvet collar and sleeves so full at the shoulder that they resembled gigots, the latter made tight, fearfully tight, to the knees, but bagging gradually to the insteps, where they fell over patent leather boots; a pea-green silk waistcoat, a sky-blue silk necktie, coral shirt studs in an embroidered shirt, a light-brown felt hat, with a purple band, and yellow gloves, formed a costume, that I am not exaggerating in saying would make Ramsgate look aghast, and Margate bury itself in the sea for shame. Yet this was quite ordinary attire. Blue, green, mauve, salmon pink, and snuff-coloured brown, were the favourite colours; and these were worn in every arrangement of hideous antagonism that could be devised. The women were nearly as bad, but not quite. I did see a blue skirt with a green body,—when Jewish women wear European gowns they rarely have skirt and body of the same colour or material,—and a purple headkerchief; but as a general rule, the younger women wore a good deal of white in their attire, and gave their taste for colours rein only in ribbons, sashes, headkerchiefs, and Zouave jackets. The attire of the women who did not adopt European dress was

generally a gown of very dark green cloth, embroidered round the edge and up one side in gold, a broad sash of silk and gold, and a large scarf made of the beautiful white Moorish stuff, woven in alternate stripes of silk and wool, worn wrapped over the head and shoulders. This attire is rich and tasteful, and harmonizes well with the peculiar style of beauty of the Jewish belles. Still there were some who made themselves as ridiculous as their male relatives, wearing huge crinolines, and flounced dresses of poor English stuffs of showy colour, and hats laden with the cheapest and gaudiest artificial flowers. On this occasion the women walked abroad a little. They did not, however, go any distance beyond the precincts of the town. Indeed, they could hardly have done so, their attire was so very unsuitable to the roads of Tangier. They all wore thin shoes, which must have been a perfect misery on the ill-paved streets, and rough stony, or else soft miry, country paths. The light, flowing, white muslin skirts in which so many rejoiced, though not unbecoming or unpicturesque, would also have been most inconvenient robes for the narrow lanes, overhung with wild roses, brambles, and other trailing thorny plants, or the breezy mountain tops, over which the Atlantic gales sweep freely. To any one not prepared to accept the Darwinian theory in its fullest extent, it is not pleasant to contemplate one of one's fellow-creatures with a low forehead, cunning little eyes, and a generally roguish expression, and dressed

in a mauve coat and trousers, green waistcoat, blue tie, brown hat, purple band, coral studs, and yellow gloves. It is unpleasantly convincing. One cannot help fancying that if it came into fashion among monkeys to dress, in such garments would they probably array themselves.

To make themselves look, if possible, more absurd, the Jewish swells all took to riding during the Passover. Afraid to venture any distance, they rode up and down the town, on the sands and the Marshen, and among the most frequented lanes; on horses, mules, and donkeys,—the boys sometimes going three on one donkey. They all rode very badly, being most of them quite unused to the exercise, so it was some comfort to see the frequent spills. I say some comfort, and I may add some consolation, for it was one of the disagreeable features of the Passover, that it created a demand for horses in Tangier, for which the supply was so inadequate, that we—Gentiles—were frequently obliged during this period, to take our accustomed exercise, on brutes too decrepit and diseased to be serviceable even to London cat's-meat men; and more often were obliged to forego it altogether. There was, no doubt, a great deal of selfishness and prejudice at the root of the resentment which we felt towards our Hebrew brethren on this account; for after all the Passover only lasted a fortnight, and at no other time did they interfere with our pleasure in this respect; and really there seems to be no reason why a

man may not be a worthy and honourable member of society though he wear a lilac coat or a purple embroidered waistcoat. And yet, though I always try to be above prejudice, I must confess that I grumbled at the want of my favourite pony, chiefly because I knew he was being ridden by a creature dressed like a dancing ape.

There were one or two other inconveniences connected with the Passover that made us all glad when it was over. I think I have said that complete idleness was one of the most important parts of its observance; consequently, as the laundresses in Tangier were almost all Jewesses, visitors there, were obliged to dispense with getting their clothes washed during the time the Passover lasted. All the shops, too, kept by Jews, were shut throughout the entire period; and as almost everything needful was sold by Jews, there was an awkward stoppage in trade.

On the last night of the Passover, there is a custom observed by the Jews in Morocco, that I am not aware of being generally kept by their brethren in other parts of the world. A table is laid out, decorated in the best manner that each family's means will afford, and spread with a number of dishes containing portions of every kind of food that is to form part of their diet during the ensuing year, mostly in an uncooked state. All the members of the household dress in their best clothes, and either sit within to receive

the visits of their friends, or sally forth to pay visits. Every house is open, and lit up, to receive visitors; and though some members of the family may be out visiting, some are always within to welcome the guests. In company with some other Gentiles, I called at several of the Jews' houses on this evening, to see their supper-tables. This was not considered an intrusion, every one, even the merest strangers being welcomed cordially. Indeed, as the laying of the table in the best style possible, is a matter of pride among the Jews, the visits of admiring strangers afforded considerable gratification. We first went to a house opposite the Hotel. This was occupied by very poor people. An entire family, consisting of the father and mother three young girls and three little boys, living in one small room on the ground-floor, while another still smaller apartment was occupied by an elderly widow and her daughter. There was but one room upstairs, and this was the residence of a Spanish family. That room might have been about twelve feet square, it could scarcely have been larger, judging from the size of the house outside. The one window was nearly half as large as the window of a four-wheeled cab. Three of the Spanish family had small-pox all at once in this room, one time. The large family of Jews on the ground-floor, slept in the patio in summer, I was told. I don't know what they did in winter, but some of them bivouacked in the little passage, I should think. From

this it may be understood how necessary it was to cook, comb, and quarrel in the patios, there being no space to carry on such occupations with any comfort indoors. The patios are especially suitable for quarrelling, as all the neighbours can (and do) collect on all the roofs around and lend the aid of their eloquence to the settlement—or generally to the further unsettlement—of the question in dispute.

But to return to the supper-tables. Poor as these people were,—the man worked at the Marina as a porter, and had no other means of subsistence,—every one of the family were gaily and cleanly dressed, and the table was arranged with great taste and nicety. The elder girls had clean white muslin dresses on, necklaces of gilt or pearl beads, earrings, and wreaths of natural flowers in their hair. Two of them were very pretty, and though only thirteen and fifteen years of age looked quite young women. The dish of most importance on the table, and which was pointed out to us with great pride and satisfaction, was a large fish—a bream I think—uncooked. There were besides, dishes of flour and grain of different kinds, dried fruits, oranges, sweetmeats, and preserves. In the centre of the table was a huge bunch of flowers. We were very much pressed to taste some of the sweetmeats; I unwarily complied, and got a mouthful of some horrible compound, the like of which I had never before tasted. It was a conserve, I believe, of

figs and honey, and seemed as if it had been burned in the making.

We next visited the widow's room, and here I was more wise, and only took a flower from the bunch. It is etiquette always to take something from each table. These poor women had also done their best to make a creditable appearance, and were very pleased at the praises we could honestly bestow on the result of their labours. The daughter was a very handsome girl, and supported herself and mother by her industry as a seamstress. I may add, that here, every sign of the ordinary occupation of the rooms was cleared away; where to I don't know, but I suppose to the all-useful patio. After this we went to several houses of the richer members of the Hebrew community. At these the guests were all pressed to partake of strong home-made liqueurs of different kinds; I tasted one and it was very good. Several of the male visitors it was very plain had been visiting and tasting rather more than was good for them. Everybody seemed to take a flower everywhere, and some of the young men were stuck all over with flowers, having one in every buttonhole of their coats and all round in the bands of their hats. The full dress of some of the families was wonderful, the ladies who adopted European fashion wearing finery generally of a most tawdry and frippery nature, and which represented every mode that has been in vogue for the last ten years. The dresses of those, however,

who were in Jewish garb, were exceedingly rich, tasteful, and harmonious.

This concluded the Feast of the Passover. Next day all the shops were open, and every one was at work once more. It was possible to get horses again, and the unfortunate donkeys returned to only their ordinary condition of over-work and ill-usage.

It is impossible to ascertain definitely the number of the Jews in Morocco, as no census of the population in that country is ever taken, it being contrary both to the Mohammedan and Hebrew religion to "number the people." As far as I could learn, however, the Jews make about a quarter of the population in Tangier, and are probably about 1500 in number.

The Jews in Morocco are mostly the descendants of those, who took refuge, there when expelled from Spain in 1492, by order of Ferdinand and Isabella. About 800,000 souls, it is calculated, were at this time expelled from their homes by order of "the most Catholic" sovereigns. Some took refuge in the Barbary States, some in Italy, and the rest in Portugal. These latter were driven from their refuge four years later, and followed their brethren into Africa. Some of them returned to Portugal afterwards, where great numbers of Jews are to be found at present. So numerous are they, indeed, that an eminent Frenchman has said, "Portugal is the country where there is more 'hope' than anywhere else in the world; for one half of its

people hope for the coming of the Messiah, the other half for the return of Don Sebastian."

The Jews in Morocco are held in great hatred and contempt by the Moors. In most of the cities they are compelled to walk barefoot through the streets, and are confined to a particular quarter of the city enclosed with walls, and the gates of which are locked every night by the Moors at a certain hour. This Jewish quarter, or "Jewry," in the towns in Morocco, is called—not inappropriately—the *Melak*, or *dirty* quarter, an appellation which the Jews themselves accept and use willingly. In the city of Morocco I have heard that it is also sometimes called *El Messous*, the *saltless*, or dull insipid place.

In Tangier, on account of its closer approximation to Western civilization, they are not treated with the same severity and indignity; still in the memory of many persons they were compelled to remove their shoes on passing the mosques. Even in Tangier a Jewish boy will rarely retaliate if annoyed or bullied by a young Moor; but in Fez and Morocco, even if struck or kicked, Jewish juveniles dare not avenge the insult.

At the Moorish Feast of El Aid Ashor, a fair was held in the Soko, at Tangier. No Jew dared venture to enter the Soko, or take any part in the diversions, or if he did, it was part of the amusement of the Moors to hunt and pelt him out of the place. I visited the fair, and was much amused at the swings and merry-

go-rounds in which the young Moors and Negroes diverted themselves; but the most sensational fun was when every now and then a pretence was made of discovering a Jew, and hunting him out. If any young Moor or nigger made himself disagreeable amongst his companions, a shout was set up that a Jew was found, and the obnoxious individual was chased and pelted with stones until he was supposed to have been sufficiently punished. This, however, is only a holiday amusement; ordinarily the Jews in Tangier can go everywhere about the city unmolested.

But they seldom venture any distance beyond the gates, except in large parties. The Moors laugh at this cowardice, and make disadvantageous comparisons between the behaviour of the Jews, in this respect, and the Christians. English and American people, ladies even, do not fear to ride, two or three together or even sometimes quite alone, a considerable distance into the country. At the same time, though generally unnecessary, this exceeding caution on the part of the Jews, is not altogether unwarranted, by deeds of violence that have from time to time been committed upon members of their fraternity; as the following circumstances will show.

A few years ago, a rich Moor of Tetuan made out a claim—I believe an unjust one—against a Jew, for a large sum of money. The Jew, after disputing the exaction for some time, was at length obliged to give

in. The Moor came to his house to be paid. He was received cordially, and got his money, after which he was invited to partake of coffee. He consented. The coffee, however, was poisoned, and no sooner had he swallowed it than he fell down dead. His brother swore vengeance against the murderer, which he presently executed; but not content with the blood of the perpetrator of the crime, he vowed to kill a hundred Jews to avenge his brother's death. For this purpose he armed himself, and took to the road between Tetuan and Tangier. He murdered, at different times, between twenty and thirty Jews, who were travelling from one city to the other. A pretence was made on the part of the Moorish authorities, of endeavouring to capture and bring him to justice; but as there was little doubt that his crimes, so far from being condemned, were approved of by the population of the district in which they were committed, and the soldiers sent to take him, he still continued at large and in the successful pursuit of his vengeful career; until happening to kill a Jew who was under French protection, the representatives of that government interfered, and he was then taken and executed.

Great efforts have of late years been made, by wealthy and philanthropic members of the Jewish community in London and Paris, to improve the condition of their oppressed brethren in Morocco. They have taken the best means for this purpose, by the establishment of

excellent schools in several of the towns—Tangier, Tetuan, Mogador, Saffi, and others—which have already proved highly successful. Fez and Morocco are so remote, and so difficult of access, that it is almost impossible for the slightest ripple of the tide of European civilization to reach them. The Jews in these cities seem to have adopted, too, many of the most pernicious of the social and domestic customs of the Moors; as their brethren in Europe have, while holding as firmly to the religious creed of their forefathers, assimilated their habits of life and modes of conduct to the social progress of the day. Polygamy is practised by the Jews in Fez and Morocco; and though the women do not suffer the same rigid seclusion that the Moorish women do, as little trouble is taken to educate them, and their entire interests and occupations, even amongst the wealthiest, are as rigidly confined to the narrow circle of the household. This latter is indeed the case with the Jewish women everywhere in Morocco. A horrible custom also prevalent, indeed almost universal, amongst the Jews in Fez, is the marriage of the women before they have arrived at years of maturity. Ten, even eight, is an ordinary age for a girl to be married at. It is needless to say, that at such an age as this, a girl must be quite an irresponsible party to the transaction, and must enter into it simply at the arbitrary dictation of her father. And the husbands of these child-wives are not infrequently decrepit old men. The consequences of

this abominable custom, and that of the frequent intermarriages between near relations, is a marked deterioration in the race. The Jewish men in Fez are a wretched dwarfed set of beings, and the women, though not quite so bad, can still bear no comparison in beauty and stature to their sisters of Tangier, who seldom marry before sixteen, and much more frequently between that and twenty; and where, owing to the frequent intercourse with Spain, alliances between families from the different continents, and totally unconnected, commonly take place.

CHAPTER XXII.

SLAVERY IN MOROCCO.

THERE is one subject, intimately associated in every mind with Africa, and just now, owing to recent movement in England regarding it, exciting particular interest, which it is impossible for me to overlook in the present work; namely, slavery.

Slavery is, and has always been, an institution among the Moors. This fact I should not deem it necessary to state, but that when I landed in Tangier I was myself still in ignorance of it, and some who read this book may perhaps be in the same condition. Indeed, I was living in the town for some little time, before I was aware that all about me there were human beings in that condition, the recital of the horrors of which by the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and other American writers of sensational fiction, had often in my childhood thrilled me to the soul with pity and indignation.

This may appear curious; and equally curious it may seem, that when I did become aware of the fact, it excited in me none of those sentiments of horror and disgust that might have been expected.

In telling this I do not mean it to be supposed, that I have not as strong a belief in the inherent right of every human being to personal freedom, and as great

an abhorrence of human slavery of every kind and in every sense, as any person in the world can have.

But in the first place it must be understood, that *negro* slavery, as I saw it in Tangier, and as I believe it exists generally throughout Morocco, is very different from negro slavery as it existed in our West Indian Colonies, and till more recently in the United States of America, or, as it even now, exists in Cuba. The principle may be the same, but the practice is very far removed. It was consequently not unnatural to view it somewhat differently. That is, seeing it in the very mild and modified form in which it is presented to view in Morocco, it was impossible, while condemning the system itself just as strongly, to feel roused to that pitch of enthusiastic indignation against the slave owners, or enthusiastic compassion for the slaves, which is the normal state of English feeling on the subject,—familiar as that subject generally is to us by the above examples. In the second place, it must be borne in mind, that negro slavery in Morocco, is only one feature of the entire principle of slavery upon which both the political and domestic systems of the country are altogether conducted; upon which, in fact, every institution in the empire, imperial and social, is entirely founded. The negro slave is only the smallest brick in the edifice.

It was impossible, therefore, in regarding the question of slavery in Morocco, to confine one's attention alto-

gether, to that one feature of it, presented by the domestic enslavement of the negroes. And viewing it in its entirety, and with what study and consideration I was able to give to the subject, I came to the conclusion that the negroes were by no means the worst off of the "slaves" in Morocco. In some respects their condition was a safer, even a freer one than that of their actual owners; while it was hardly ever so miserable as that of the majority of the "free" population; the wretched, impoverished peasantry of the land.

To prove the truth of this assertion it is necessary that I give a brief sketch of the mode in which the government of the country is conducted. This is a subject which I have not otherwise entered upon, in this work; not because I underrate the interest or importance attached to it, but because I have felt that neither my knowledge or my capacity fitted me for its treatment; I have therefore left it, in the hope that it may one day become the theme of an abler pen than mine.

The power of the Sultan of Morocco in his dominions is absolute and unlimited. As he cannot, however, rule the whole of his empire actually in person, he delegates some of his power to the governors of the provinces, called bashaws. These, in their turn, as it would be equally impossible for them to personally tyrannise over every individual placed beneath their sway, repose their authority in the hands of minor rulers, called the "headmen" of the villages. The community under the rule of a headman

is sufficiently small to admit of the chief exercising his individual and absolute control over every member of it.

The mode in which the revenue is collected, is as follows:—When the sultan wants a sum of money he calls upon the bashaws for it, who, in their turn, call upon the headmen, who collect it from each inhabitant of the little village that every headman is responsible for the government of. But the sums of money the sultan calls for, are very much in excess of the imperial requirements. Nevertheless it is not uncommon for each bashaw to demand from every headman under him, exactly double what should be the contribution of each village towards making up the sum. The headmen again extort from their subjects twice the amount called for by the bashaw. Thus, besides the sultan's receiving a revenue, quite inconsistent with either the necessities or the expenditure of the state, the bashaws and the headmen also fill their money-bags at the expense of the people.

The consequence is, that the peasantry are reduced to a condition of the most utter wretchedness and penury. They live in miserable huts, are clothed in a few dirty rags, and barely obtain as much of the coarsest food as will sustain life. So hopeless are they of bettering their state in any way, that when their fields bring forth a more abundant harvest than usual, they leave the surplus grain to rot where it has ripened. If asked why they do not cut it, they reply that it

would be no use to them, as it would be sure to be taken from them. But they cannot be robbed of what they have not got.

But the dwellers in the towns, mostly Moors and engaged in various professions, trades, and manufactures; though they have a better chance of acquiring wealth, and very often do acquire it, are not exempt either from undergoing this "squeezing" process. The demands made upon them in the way of taxes are equally unjust and exorbitant. But, in addition to this, it is well known that when a man has, by the exercise of especial prudence, industry, and intelligence, amassed any considerable sum of money, he instantly becomes a mark for the avarice of the bashaw of his province; or, if brought under his ken, of the sultan. Then some charge is trumped up against him, and he is cast into prison; from which his only chance of escape is by the forfeiture of all, or a greater portion, of the wealth he is possessed of.

The bashaws are in exactly the same position. When known to have accumulated money they are always liable to be "sent for" by the sultan. Well understanding what this means, they instantly squeeze as much money out of their unfortunate subjects—through the medium of the headmen—as they can possibly get, in order to take a suitable "present" to the avaricious tyrant; but it is seldom that they are not obliged to draw upon their private hoards in order to bring this present up to the

expected value. If it falls below, imprisonment, not unfrequently death, is the consequence; of course accompanied by complete confiscation of the property of the offender. While I was in Tangier the Bashaw was thus sent for. He took a sum of over £2,000 in money, as a present, and nearly as much in goods, which included furniture of the most costly description, ordered expressly from England for the purpose, with stereoscopes, firearms, and a variety of other articles. And yet the general opinion was that he would never return.* He did, however; chiefly, it was thought, because that on his way to Fez he was fortunate enough to fall in with one of the Angera hill tribes, then in revolt against the sultan; and with the troops forming his escort he attacked and defeated the rebels, burning

* I suggested to a Moor who had expressed this opinion before me, "But why does he go? Why not take all his money across the Straits and live in Europe in peace and plenty for the rest of his life?" But the Moslem shook his head. "No, Señora, he must go; it is the will of Allah."

This "it is the will of Allah" settles everything with the Moors. An American gentleman, whose horse was ill, ordered his Moorish groom to bruise some oats and give them to the animal. The man did not do so, and on being asked the reason for his disobedience, replied, that it would be "contrary to the will of Allah." "If Allah" he said, "had thought bruised oats good for horses, he would have made them *grow* bruised." This man was as consistent as if he had been one of the Peculiar People.

their village, killing or taking prisoners all their men, and leaving their women and children to wander houseless, unprotected, and starving. In reward for this noble service, the sultan sent him back to Tangier; bestowing on him also some signal marks of the imperial favour.

Thus it will be seen that the slave who has been sold and bought, is, in reality, scarcely more enslaved than his master. Were that master even one of the highest officers of the state, his fortune, liberty, life, are at the absolute disposal of the sultan.

But besides this what may be called political slavery, there is another form of slavery existing in Morocco, which I shall lay before my readers, in order that they may consider it, as I did, in comparison with negro slavery; which latter is too generally taken as embodying the whole question of slavery, not only in Morocco, but elsewhere. I mean the enslavement of one sex to the other, which is involved in the condition of complete subjection in which, among the Moors, the female half of the population is kept; and which makes the whole fabric of domestic life in Morocco, nothing more than a system of slavery.

The position occupied by women, in any country under the sway of the Mohammedan religious code, is tolerably well known and familiar to all. Any one who has studied that religion, in even the most cursory manner, or lived, for however short a period amongst

its professors, knows, that in it, woman is recognised as existing only for one purpose, the use and benefit—the pleasure or profit—of man. The result of this doctrine being, that she is kept by man in the condition which he believes conduces most to his gain and advantage, viz., absolute slavery and subjection to himself.

That some improvement in this state of things, in other countries, brought more into contact with English civilization and English inconsistency has taken place, I do not of course deny; though from all the evidence we have on the subject, I am not inclined to think that the amelioration has as yet been very great. In Morocco, however, where both imperial and domestic government has been kept wholly untainted by Western ideas, the condition of the women remains the same; and that condition is one of the most complete and degrading slavery it is possible to imagine. The abominable institution of polygamy is the natural outcome of this. Its advantages to men, in a certain sense—but certainly not an intellectual or moral one—are, I suppose, undeniable. There are some shallow but specious reasoners amongst ourselves, who endeavour to defend it also on the score of its advantage to women. But they forget, or omit to state, that it is only advantageous to women, in any degree, when women are already kept by the laws and customs of their country in a state of brutish ignorance and childish helplessness; and so reduced to a complete

dependence on, and consequently subjection to, men. Such reasoners must, therefore, first prove, that such a state of ignorance and helplessness is the proper and natural condition of women. To show that it is the natural condition, they must also prove that it is the condition most in accordance with the progress of civilization, and that which tends most to elevate the human race altogether. And to do this, they must prove, in addition to all the rest, that the advantage of licensed tyranny and sensual indulgence, is more ennobling to the character of man than the wholesome discipline of even-handed justice, with moral restraint and intellectual culture. When they have done this, polygamy may be fairly defensible, but not till then.

To show some of the "advantages" of slavery and polygamy to women in Morocco. Before marriage, a woman, there, is considered as the property of her father; her sole destination further in life is marriage, and her disposal in marriage rests entirely in her father's will, she not being permitted any choice in the matter, even to the extent of seeing beforehand the man into whose power she is to be consigned.

To get any human creature gifted with reason and a will, so to submit herself contentedly to the control of others, would seem to be rather difficult. The Moorish women cannot release themselves from this position, the laws—such as those laws are—being all against them; but it is of course evident

that they could, if they chose it, make themselves excessively disagreeable to their lords and masters, by not accepting their position contentedly. To obviate any such consequences as this they are kept wholly uneducated; which, combined with their complete exclusion from all affairs but those that concern their own households, and utter seclusion from all society with the outer world, especially with any men but their own especial masters for the time being,—their fathers, brothers, or husbands,—reduces them to a condition of complete intellectual inanity, that produces, certainly, a sort of dull contentment with their lot. Seldom, however, more than this. And in many cases, when brought in contact with women of other nationalities, and made aware by them of the difference in their relative conditions, the Moorish women feel, and openly express, no little envy of the freedom and independence enjoyed by women of other countries and races, partial—as in the case of the Jewesses, and with regard to education of the Spaniards, with both of whom of course they have the more frequent intercourse—though that independence may be. But this is a feeling which they dare not express to their masters, no more than they dare exhibit any of those petty disagreeablenesses, those small but effective retaliations, which women of other countries make use of, when the authority that the law of almost all countries at least nominally invests a man with over his wife, is used unnecessarily and without discretion.

The Moorish women dare not do this, as, in addition to giving absolute control over them, the laws of Morocco permit their husbands to divorce them on the slightest pretexts; and, therefore, if a Moorish wife were to make herself in the slightest degree disagreeable to her husband, the result would inevitably be, the immediate renunciation by him of all his marital obligations towards her. To show the extent to which this facility of divorce is carried, to the benefit of husbands, it is only necessary to note the following. The Moorish men generally contrive to get a surreptitious peep at their intended brides, before they marry, through the intervention of some female slave, or elderly married relative; but even if they do not, it affects them little; as it is always optional with a bridegroom to return his new-made wife to her father at the end of a week, if he finds that she does not suit his fancy!

Nothing more degrading to a woman, than this, can be well imagined. But from the description I have given in another place, of the mode of celebrating marriages in Morocco, it will be easily seen that most of the observances in connection with those events, are of a nature that no woman, possessed of any innate independence or self-respect, could submit to. And yet I have only told what I saw. There are many other practices and customs observed on those occasions, so gross and indelicate that I could not pollute my pages with their recital; and which can have but

one effect, and that is, to debase the human beings subjected to them, morally and intellectually, to a level with the brutes.

That the power usurped by the men over the women in Morocco, is used by no means too gently or kindly, there is good reason to believe. Instances of positive cruelty and ill-usage are not infrequent; but under any circumstances, the wife of even the richest man is, in her position, as regards him, little if anything more than a servant. Indeed, it would almost appear that the lower in the social scale the position of the man, the better and happier, certainly the freer, is that of his wife. The reasons for concluding that it is so are, that as men of the poorer class rarely have more than one wife, she has at least no rival in his affections, and has therefore no necessity to resort to those abject efforts to please, which, when there are three or four struggling for supremacy, all are obliged to resort to in order to obtain it. The wives of poor men, too, are obliged to go abroad sometimes, as they have no slaves or servants to do their behests, and their husbands, being engaged in some continuous labour, are unable to do all the outdoor business necessary for providing their households. The very fact, too, of their being obliged to do all their own household work, indoors, is of use to them even intellectually: it employs their mind in some way, arouses some at least of their faculties, and gives them some interest and occupation in life;

while the so-called "ladies," in their prison-homes, with slaves at hand to do their every behest, are deprived of even this mentally and physically healthful employment. The wives of the poorer men are also of more actual value and consequence to their husbands, as upon them the latter depend for the provision of all their bodily needs, and they are estimated accordingly.

But still, at the very best, the condition of the women in Morocco is wretched in the extreme. What must it be, when that of the poorest—who are really there, as in other more favoured countries, mere household drudges—is the best?

The object of Mohammedans in keeping their women thus secluded, uneducated, and, in fact, enslaved, is, as they avow, solely for the preservation of their purity and chastity. That the means adopted for this end by no means attains it, is affirmed by almost all who have studied and written on this subject. The effect of the system is, on the contrary, totally to destroy all real purity and delicacy of mind, with that natural human pride and self-respect, which are the only really efficient guardians of a woman's virtue. And the very seclusion in which they are kept, affords, as has been frequently shown by previous writers, a thousand facilities for secret immoralities, that it would be next to impossible to carry on undiscovered in a free state of society.

Having endeavoured to give some insight into the miserable and degraded condition of the women, I shall

now turn to that phase of slavery in Morocco, which has probably been mistaken for the sole subject of this chapter; viz., negro slavery.

Negro slaves are very numerous in Morocco. They are mostly natives of Soudan or Guinea, or the descendants—with more or less admixture—born in Morocco, of these. When imported, they are always brought from their own country very young, generally when quite little children; and they consequently retain little or no recollection of it. They are brought up, invariably, in the religion of their masters; the Mohammedan faith.*

Their slavery is purely a domestic one, resembling altogether that of early Jewish times as described in the Bible; and altogether distinct from the trade or business slavery on cotton, sugar, and other plantations, practised in modern times, by Europeans and their descendants, in the West Indies and the United States. They are regarded as members of the family of their owners, the little negro slave children being reared on terms of almost complete equality with the offspring of their masters, and, when grown, they associate on terms of perfect cordiality with the poorer Moors engaged in labour; their colour not being regarded in Morocco, as

* It is curious however to note, that, though forgetting apparently parents, friends, and country, many of them retain some of the customs of their former fetichistic religion, which they intermingle with those of their adopted faith.

a badge of inferiority and degradation. Religion is the grand distinction in this country; and the negroes, being Mohammedans, are not regarded socially as inferiors, except in so far as their humble position as domestic servants makes them so. They obtain their liberty, too, on very easy conditions; and the custom is almost universal of rich men, by their wills, giving some, or sometimes all, of their slaves their freedom. Thus, in all the towns of Morocco there is a large population of free negroes, employed in various trades and labours, and associated with on terms of perfect equality, by the Moors in the same rank of life.

Slaves, when they obtain their manumission, walk about the streets with the paper containing the articles of their liberty fixed on the top of a long cane. When they have been made free by the will of a deceased master, they not at all infrequently remain in the service of his family, receiving small wages. The released slaves seldom rise to any great position, or attain much wealth. Naturally indolent, a little satisfies their bodily wants; and they are so gay and lighthearted of disposition, that they can be quite happy and contented in even the most abject poverty.

There are, however, exceptions to this, and freed slaves do occasionally amass wealth, and become elevated to positions of dignity and responsibility. The present Moorish consul in Gibraltar was formerly a slave. So was the Bashaw of Fez, El-Farachi. He be-

longed to the late Emperor of Morocco, Muley Abd-er-Rahman; and the following story is told of the mode in which he attained his distinguished post. The Emperor, not liking him, decided to get rid of him, and accordingly sent him to the public market for slaves in Fez. Farachi, however, had such an exceedingly bad character, that no one would bid for him. When the Emperor was told that no one had offered to buy his slave, he said, "If no one will buy a slave from my establishment, it is plain that there is some very good reason for it. I have cause either to *fear* this man very much, or to *value* him." The next day, to the astonishment of every one, he made his slave Farachi bashaw of Fez; in which office he showed such ability, prudence, and diligence, that he was continued in it, even by the succeeding emperor. To show also that, as I have said, "black blood" is regarded as no stigma in Morocco, nor would exclude any one from the highest posts, I may mention that the reigning Sultan of Morocco is the descendant of a slave, his ancestor, Muley Ismael, having been the son of a negress slave.

I made many inquiries on the subject, but from everything I learned I could only conclude, that the negro slaves are, as a rule, kindly treated. Not that this is to be attributed to any superior gentleness or tenderness of disposition on the part of the Moors, over Englishmen, Americans, and Spaniards, all of whom it is notorious have, as slave owners, been guilty of

barbarous cruelty. The cause is to be found in the fact already stated, that negro slavery in Morocco is a simply domestic institution, and a Moor, therefore, regarding his slave as a member of his family, treats him with no more severity, than he would use towards any other member of his family, all being equally under his complete control. Also, when a slave is only a domestic servant it is obviously to the advantage of his master to make him as healthy and long-lived as possible, which would not be compatible with ill-usage. Whilst in the other instances of slavery adduced, the domestic, has only an unimportant place in the institution, and in that place it does not appear clear that slaves were often subjected to ill-treatment. It was on the plantations, in the business department of slavery, that those horrible cruelties were practised, which called forth the indignation of all the rest of the civilised world, and ultimately led to its suppression. As it was its value, as a business agency, that caused it to be defended with such—in one case almost unparalleled—vigour. It was because it was supposed to "pay" better in the production of sugar and cotton, to "work off" the negroes, who were considered merely as an element in the production of those articles of commerce, that they were starved, beaten, and otherwise ill-used. That the Moors, if they used slaves for the same purposes, would treat them in the same manner, seems very probable. Numerous accounts are extant of the ill-treatment to

which they have subjected their Christian captives when Christian slavery was an institution in the country. Many of these were sailors who were shipwrecked on the coast and made prisoners by the natives. They were employed in building and other labours, and in the majority of cases the greatest barbarity was practised towards them by their Moslem masters. Doubtless, among the Moors, religious animosity had much to do with this, as the absence of that mere "race" prejudice towards the negroes—a prejudice so striking on the part of Englishmen and Americans, in slave-holding countries, even when not actual slave owners themselves—is due to the fact of their negro slaves being all Mohammedans. A fellow True Believer, no matter how lowly his position, will never be regarded with complete hatred and contempt, by another follower of the Great Prophet.

The law of Morocco permits a master to beat his slave, and even, under some circumstances, to kill him; but it also obliges him to sell a slave who wishes to change his master, and compels him to give him his liberty if he ask for it in his own writing. The latter clause is of course almost a dead letter, as people in this condition never know how to write. But that cannot be regarded as any special tyranny, when it is remembered that few of their masters are possessed of the accomplishment, and none of their masters' wives or daughters, nor any of the poorer free population of the country, whether male or female. It must be re-

membered, too, that as far as the beating and killing goes, the law gives the same privilege to a man as a husband that it does to him as a master. Cases of Moors availing themselves of the extreme privilege, against either their slaves or their wives, are extremely rare; in the latter case owing probably to the fact that the offences for which it is permitted are, as has been already stated, easily committed with complete secrecy. The beating, however, is not so unusual; but from all I have heard, I believe wife-beating to be more common than slave-beating.

In all that I have written above, it has been in no way my intention to advocate, or even excuse, negro slavery in any phase. I sympathise fully with every effort made for its suppression, and condemn as strongly as any one can, any countenance or assistance given by England, or English people, to the support of even the modified form of the institution existing in Morocco.

That such countenance and assistance has been occasionally given, I am sorry to have to state. The following instance is mentioned in "Travels in Morocco," by the late Mr. Richardson, published in 1860. He says, "Soon after my arrival at Tangier, the English letter-boat, *Correo Ingles*, master, Matteo Attalya, brought twelve eunuch slaves, African youths, from Gibraltar. They are a present from the Viceroy of Egypt to the Emperor of Morocco. The *Correo* is the weekly bearer of letters and despatches to and from Morocco. The slaves were

not entered upon the bill of health, thus infringing upon the maritime laws of Gibraltar and Tangier. The other captains of the little boats could not help remarking, 'You English make so much fuss about putting down the slave trade, and allow it to be carried on under your own flag.'" Mr. Richardson adds, that the English Government took measures to prevent the re-occurrence of a like abuse. I wish I could add that they have been altogether effectual; but I am sorry to have to record instead, that a similar event took place in this present year. On the 27th June, 1872, two eunuch slave boys of about thirteen years of age, were brought from Gibraltar to Tangier in the British steamer *Jackal*. They were allowed to pass the custom-house, and were taken into the interior for sale. I fully shared in the just indignation felt by most English subjects who were aware of this transaction.

But, as a general rule, negro slavery is one of those subjects which most readily calls forth British sympathy and indignation. At the same time that too many of these sympathisers are apt to expend all their indignation against "slavery," and all their efforts to suppress or ameliorate it, upon this form of it alone; forgetting that others exist, elsewhere as in Morocco, side by side with this, as degrading to the victims, and as innately unjust; quite as great an infringement of the most supreme of all laws—that of human liberty.

Taking, also, every fact that came to my knowledge

into consideration, and judging the whole question impartially, I was driven to the conclusion that women (so called "free women") are more frequently subjected to actual ill-treatment in Morocco, than are slaves, male or female, there, and that in reality their position is a far more degraded and pitiable one. It is a fact that a female slave has actually more freedom than her mistress. Both are alike completely in the power of a master, but the former is not at any rate compelled to lead the life of imprisonment to which the latter is condemned. All the outdoor business of a "lady" in Morocco is performed by her female slaves, who, thus at least, can enjoy the pleasures of the open air and outdoor exercise; with frequent intercourse with their friends. The slave woman too, may, and very often does, obtain her freedom,—a lady never. The higher the social rank of the latter, the more narrowed her life—and the more hopeless her condition. The daughter of a sultan is born, lives, and dies, probably the most enslaved human creature in her father's dominions.

A little further back, I have made use of an expression that may have perhaps been slightly misunderstood, "English inconsistency." But I meant to convey no reproach by the term. We are inconsistent, very inconsistent; but our inconsistency is the surest mark of our progress. If any one took the trouble to consider the matter for a few moments, he would be

astonished to find, on comparing what are still the most general and were until very lately the almost universal *theories*, amongst ourselves, with regard to the social and domestic position of women, with the *practices* in Morocco, what a horribly close resemblance there is between the two. But, as in almost everything else, we have entirely lost sight of our theories in our real everyday practice. It is still by many thought a right and pleasant thing, and agreeable to both sexes, when discussing this subject, to quote the texts, "A woman should be subject unto her husband;" "Wives, submit yourselves unto your husbands;" adding, as "moral reflections," "Women have no need of learning"; "A woman's weakness is her strength;" "Home is a woman's *only* sphere;" and others of a like nature.

But we generally content ourselves with quoting these texts, and making these reflections. For, in fact, we could not, even if we would, carry out the precepts contained in them. An unfortunate clergyman, not long ago, who tried to enforce the principle that "a woman should be subject unto her husband," by locking his wife up to prevent her "disobeying" him, had his eyes rather rudely opened on the subject by the decision of the judge who tried his case, and the storm of indignation that went forth against him from the press. Home in England cannot be "a woman's only sphere," for statistics show that one-fourth of our women have no homes and no chance of getting them. And "a woman's

weakness" is not "her strength" when she has to earn her own subsistence—as so many women among us have—by her own industry and ability. She needs strength both of mind and body then, if she would succeed; for neither physical nor mental weakness will aid her in the struggle. Under any circumstances, though bodily weakness may call forth pity and tenderness; mental, developing as it generally does into folly, excites, though the fool be a woman, generally no feelings but contempt or anger.

That women have no need of learning, we contradict too, by the fact, that the education of an Englishman's daughter costs him as much, often more, than that of his son. It is true that that education is not, in the learning it contains, commensurate with its expense. But the efforts now being made by so many of our best thinkers, both male and female, and of all religious sects and political parties, to provide as sound and liberal an education for our young women, as our young men receive, are beginning to receive approving recognition by almost the whole community, and is one of the most hopeful signs of our ultimate arrival at a thoroughly just and consistent view of the position of woman in England.

In the meantime I feel sure that what I have told here of the ignorant, degraded, *enslaved* condition of the women—rich and poor, "free" as well as bond—in Morocco, will excite a feeling of pity and indignation in the mind of every one who reads it.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CONCLUSION.

It has been my constant endeavour throughout the foregoing narrative, to give as true and faithful a picture, of the country and people of that portion of Morocco in which I resided, as I could. In doing so, however, I hope that nothing I have said may tend to prejudice intending travellers, against Tangier. Some little disagreeables and inconveniences are to be encountered there, no doubt; but they are nothing but what any person may easily overcome, and the counterbalancing advantages are great. The climate in general is delightful, bright and bracing, with no extremes of cold or heat. From about the beginning of May the sun becomes very powerful, necessitating the adoption of white or light coloured clothing, with white straw hats and puggarees for head gear. But the sea breezes always temper the heat, so that little or no inconvenience is felt from it indoors, and even without, quite thick materials—though light coloured—may be worn with comfort. On account of this equability of temperature, Tangier is becoming very favourably known as a resort for invalids, particularly for those affected by the various forms of chest complaints for which our

English winter climate is so unsuited.* Living is cheap, and the food, though not very good, is equally far from being bad, and probably much better than can be obtained in many expensive continental towns, frequented by English health-seekers. Amusements, properly so called, certainly are scarce, but there is plenty in the country and the people to interest and entertain all but lovers of mere conventional "pleasures," so called; and as there are always a number of English and Americans at the different hotels, most of whom are generally inclined to be friendly with those of their fellow creatures whom they may encounter in this uncivilized corner of the world, there is seldom lack of agreeable society and companionship.

The greatest deprivation however, in respect of amusement—though of course it only affected one portion of

* Dr. Leared (Senior Physician to the Great Northern Hospital), bears valuable testimony to the advantages of Tangier as a residence for invalids, in an article in *The Lancet* of January 4th. The temperature in summer ranges, he says, "between 78° Fahr. and 82° Fahr., the latter being seldom exceeded. This continues till the autumn rains set in." Between the 15th and 23rd of September (inclusive), Dr. Leared made twenty-three observations at almost every hour of day and night, and found that the thermometer ranged "between 78° Fahr., and 72° Fahr., while the mean was 74·2° Fahr. During this time the weather had broken up, and on one day there was heavy rain. In winter the mean temperature is about 56° Fahr., and fires in the evening are acceptable."—Feb., 1873.

the visitors to Tangier—and apparently quite an unnecessary one, was occasioned by the disagreeable restrictions against shooting.

The country abounds with game of different kinds, and to lovers of sport would offer a never-failing source of recreation, did not some most ingeniously contrived game laws place an almost insurmountable barrier against its enjoyment. This I found to be a matter of continual and bitter complaint and animadversion among my countrymen in Tangier and Gibraltar; the feeling on the subject not being at all the less sore because the injury—as it is felt to be—is attributed, not to Moorish pride or prejudice, but to English exclusiveness and selfishness. Every person I spoke to on the subject gave the credit of these disagreeable arrangements to the English diplomatic representative in Tangier.

As I found the matter was one evidently deemed of paramount importance, and continually under discussion,—the discussion being invariably, however, only a reiteration of the grievances of the injured parties, with each one's special commentary on the supposed author of them, there being no single voice ever to say a word in defence of the objectionable measures or their originator,—I took some pains to get at a clear knowledge of the exact nature of these arrangements, and their mode of operation. Not that it was a matter of any personal interest, whatsoever, to me; but find-

ing that it was one of such extreme interest to my countrymen in that part of the world, I concluded that it might also possess some for those at home, particularly for any contemplating a sojourn in Gibraltar or Tangier; and that an exact and accurate explanation of its details would be acceptable in this work.

The following information I obtained from the most trustworthy sources.

Some few years ago, the Sultan of Morocco granted to the representatives of foreign powers, resident in Tangier, the privilege of framing all regulations for the protection of game within four leagues of the town.

The foreign representatives then framed a code of regulations, by which they virtually retained the shooting altogether to themselves.

One of the rules so made, was, that no visitor to Tangier should shoot at all, within the four league radius; and that any one who offended against this law would render himself liable to a fine and confiscation of his gun.

The above will not appear a very harsh or unjust restriction. No ardent sportsman would mind having to walk or ride four leagues for game, if secure of a plentiful "bag" at the end. Nor would any gentleman wish to deny the diplomatic representatives of his own, or any other country, such a privilege as that of the right to frame game regulations, and enforce their observance; which might be so done as to be a clear

advantage to every one; and is suitable to the responsibility of their official positions. Nor would any one grudge them the slight additional privilege of retaining a certain small area to themselves, the right to which, if exercised with courtesy and discretion, few would be found desirous to infringe.

But these, seemingly equitable arrangements, assume quite another aspect when some further regulations, associated with them, are considered.

As there is no native law, or consular regulation, by which a foreigner is prohibited from carrying a gun *anywhere*, nothing then would appear easier, than for any sportsman to take his gun beyond the preserved territory, and there shoot as much game with it as he chose, or could get.

But the foreign representatives have made the discovery, that by their treaties with Morocco, the importation of "munition of war" is forbidden, and the British minister has joined with his diplomatic colleagues in inducing the Moorish authorities to consider fowling-pieces as coming under that category; and consequently to refuse their admission into the country.

Before these regulations were made, Morocco was, as may be supposed, largely used as a sporting ground by the garrison of Gibraltar. When, however, Englishmen found that their guns were stopped, on the plea that they were warlike arms; they naturally applied to their consul in Tangier to request that the

Moorish officials would allow their fowling-pieces to pass, as they could hardly be considered as munition of war, and would be used for peaceful purposes only. Such a request, being a perfectly reasonable one, would without doubt have been granted by the Moorish authorities had it been made by the English consul. He has, however, persistently refused to make it; except on the condition that the owner of the gun first signs a humiliating declaration that he will only make use of his gun when under the surveillance of a Moorish soldier, to whom he would have to pay a fee, so exorbitant that it is virtually prohibitory; besides that such a surveillance would be regarded as a degradation that no gentleman could submit to. In addition he has to declare that he will *respect the game laws of the country*. This, as there appear to be absolutely *no* game laws of the country, would seem to be a sudden freak of wit on the part of the English legation, such wit, however, being to the victims an addition of insult to injury. The consular regulations apply only to the small area mentioned; for the country at large, I am informed, there are no game laws whatsoever. Nevertheless, the prohibition as to the importation of the guns of course operates to "preserve"—as a correspondent of the *Gibraltar Chronicle* has pointed out—an area of fifteen thousand acres each, as strictly to every member of the diplomatic circle in Tangier, as any English gentleman's coverts,

on his own estate in England, are preserved to himself!

Or rather—and this is why Englishmen are so especially sore on the subject—it preserves it strictly *against Englishmen only!*

That this is so, is clear, for the following reasons.

In the first place. From the situation of Tangier, so close to our enormous Gibraltar garrison, it is obvious that the great majority of sportsmen likely to cross the Straits in search of game, would be English. Spaniards very rarely leave their own country in search of sport; and French, Italian, or German sportsmen, visiting this out-of-the-way place, are so very few in number, that the establishment by their representatives of any game laws affecting them, is a matter of comparative insignificance. With the English it is quite another case. Here, within three hours' journey, are several hundreds of English gentlemen, every one almost a sportsman, and almost every one with plenty of leisure time to indulge his inclinations. Besides these, of ordinary travellers who visit Tangier, Englishmen, almost all more or less fond of shooting, are as ten to one of those of any other nationality; and with the prospect of finding good sport it is hard to say how many more they would be.

Plainly, then, it is from Englishmen only, that it is necessary to protect the game. It is equally plain that it is only from Englishmen it is protected, from the

fact, that only against Englishmen are the consular regulations respecting game, rigidly enforced.

To show that it is against the English visitors that the game is strictly preserved; I may state, that foreign residents of other nationalities are daily in the habit of evading or transgressing the shooting regulations, without fear of being prosecuted by their consuls or diplomatic representatives. But an Englishman, on the merest bare suspicion of having infringed these regulations, was summoned to appear at the English consulate and answer a charge of having done so; and so important a matter was it deemed, that the summons was made returnable on a general holiday (Good Friday, 1870), when the consul attended specially to investigate the charge, which proved to be a groundless one. The English consul has even tried to exceed the diplomatic privilege in this respect, by threatening with fine—and imprisonment in case the fine were not paid—an English gentleman, who had his gun in Tangier, for carrying it within the four league radius. The Englishman, however, knowing that there was neither native law nor consular regulation to prevent his doing so, declared his intention of carrying it, even past the door of the English consulate; which he did on the same day.

All this, seems to prove very clearly that the main object in view in framing the game regulations of Tangier, is to exclude Englishmen; both because there

are very few *but* Englishmen to be excluded, and also because, though the other foreign representatives have joined with the English minister in the matter, they do not take the same pains and precautions that he does, to enforce their rules against any of their fellow-countrymen, who, while staying in Tangier may wish to indulge in sport there.

Sir John Drummond Hay is an eager sportsman, whilst most of his foreign colleagues are indifferent on the matter. The control of the game is also a matter of importance to him, as enhancing the power and privilege of his position with his numerous sport-loving fellow-countrymen in Gibraltar; but is not to the other members of the diplomatic circle in Tangier, the bulk of whose countrymen are either as indifferent on the matter of sport as they are, or too distant from Morocco to be likely to avail themselves of the abundant field that country offers, even were it open to them.

For these reasons no resentment or animus of any kind, appeared to exist amongst Englishmen against the other diplomatic representatives who took part in framing the game regulations. The general opinion appeared to be, that their share in the business was due to the very common apathy of foreigners with regard to sport; and that they being therefore aware that it was a matter in which British interests were most concerned, willingly joined in any plans of the

British representative; never doubting but that British interests would be thus best secured and protected. Nothing, indeed, but the most perfect amity and good feeling appeared to exist between the members of the different—to us—foreign diplomatic establishments, and all the English residents and English visitors in Tangier.

English influence in Morocco is undoubtedly great. An amusing incident that occurred, in connection with the game regulations, whilst I was in Tangier, exemplifies the great readiness, even anxiety, on the part of the Moorish authorities to carry out English (as they are popularly supposed to be) wishes in this respect. An English gentlemen, who had his gun already in Tangier, was bringing his gun-case from Gibraltar, and he placed in it, for safety, a large *Pinna* shell which he had purchased there. A *Pinna* shell, as most people know, bears in shape some resemblance to the butt-end of a musket, is of nearly the same size, and not unlike it in colour. The Captain of the Port, on opening the gun-case when it was handed to him for examination, pronounced that it contained "munition of war;" and instantly declared his intention of retaining it until redeemed according to the "game laws," of Tangier. The owner, who had forgotten all about his *Pinna* shell, protested that the gun case was empty, and entreated the "dog in office" to re-examine it, and show him the proscribed fowling-piece, which he, the official, de-

clared that it contained. This the Moor refused to do, and the Englishman then applied to his consul, who in due time replied that the Captain of the Port had positively declared that the case did contain a gun. The owner of the case was sorely puzzled at this, until by a sudden happy flash of thought he remembered the *Pinna* shell. The true state of the matter was then explained to the consul; and after a good deal of Tangier red tapeism, the Captain of the Port was brought to see the difference between a conchological specimen and munition of war, and the case and its harmless contents were given up to the owner.

It may probably strike the reflecting mind, that if half such strictness as this, were observed with regard to the importing of slaves into Morocco in English steamers, such occurrences as that of the 27th of June in the present year, could not possibly take place.

It would be useless to expect, that any representations, made by foreign powers even the most influential, could induce the Moors to do away with institutions having the full support of the Mahommedan religion, and so completely interwoven with their domestic system, as are slavery and polygamy. But to neither need we render support and assistance; nor towards either exhibit countenance and approval. In the instance of slavery, such support and assistance are

undoubtedly rendered by our steamers being used for bringing the slaves into the country for sale.*

There are other matters, however, in which it would seem according to general report, that English influence if used for the purpose, could do much. Trade is, perhaps, the most important of these. At present there are most mischievous restrictions existing with regard to the exportation of grain and other valuable articles of produce, which if removed would bring enormous wealth, both to English and Moorish traders. Palmetto, so valuable in paper making, and which grows in the greatest abundance in Morocco, is entirely forbidden as an article of export. A considerable portion of the beach at Tangier is thickly strewed with the bones of all the animals consumed as food in the town. The exportation of these is likewise absolutely prohibited, so that the only use made of this, also valuable article of commerce, is to supply a continual stench on a portion of the principal public promenade adjacent to the town, making it also a *place de rendezvous* for the hideous starving street dogs. These are only two amongst numerous instances of complete prohibition; but besides, upon almost every article exported there are stupid and frivolous restrictions placed, equally injurious to native producers and foreign buyers.

* The legal sanction given by the English representative to the recent marriage of the Sharif of Wazan to an English-woman, seems a very signal mark of approval of the Mahommedan custom of polygamy. February, 1873.

In conclusion, I have only to say, that in the explanation I have given above of the game laws of Tangier I have done my best to be explicit and impartial. The game laws, of course, were nothing to me, and as I was never in any way concerned with them, I could know nothing of the matter by my own experience, or by my own special knowledge. Therefore I simply "tell the tale as 'twas told to me." Only, it was told to me by several people, all quite independent of each other, and all persons upon whose truthfulness and honour I have the most perfect reliance.

My book is now concluded. I deeply regret that circumstances placed it out of my power to visit any other town in Morocco but Tangier. This renders the work a very imperfect one as regards the country generally; but I hope it will be remembered that I have made no pretence of its being more than a transcript of my own experiences during my WINTER IN MOROCCO.

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